The Saturday Evening
POST
June 6, 1959 - 15¢

JUN 1 '59

AUTO INSURANCE: WHY SO COSTLY?

Faubus and Little Rock

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

State Officials to Seek US Help for Job Woes

emedies Better Than Relief, Hoffa Group Told

By Jackson F. Mormann Special to the Chronicle

Tax Hike Passed By Legisl

KHRUSHCHEV WARN WEST OF WAR DANGE

Threatens Use Atomic Weapo

War Would Be Short

UN ATOM-STUDY PANEL SEES FALL-OUT PERIL

Many Food Items Held Radioactiv

Fall-out Cited in Mental Diseas

NEW YORK—June 1. A

00 At Jobless Rally

nd China Agree nd Denounce US

Advocates Broader

enate Passes Draft Extension

ed for Trained Manpower Will ntinue to Grow in Missile Era, cording to Top Defense Expert

National Safety Council Predicts 250 Traffic Deaths Over Week End

CHICAGO, Ill.—June 1

Rail Unions Asked To Take Wage Cuts

Doctors May Forecast Potential Coronaries Within Next Decade

INFLATION NUMBER-O PROBLEM, SAYS LAND

Heads Unite to Fight Price Sp

By James Becotte

Thugs Beat Two Men Due to Testify Today Against Union Pickets

Two parking attendants

The Weather

Norman Rockwell

LIBRARY
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO 25-59

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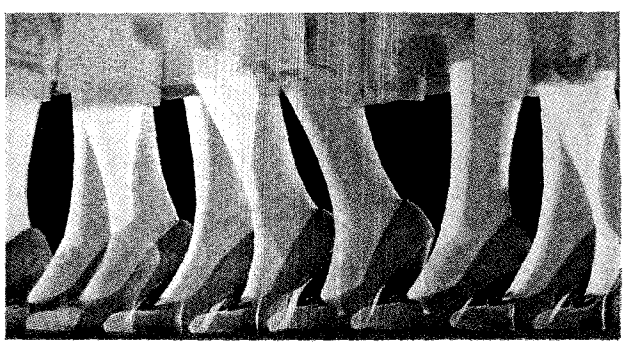
Wood? Gracious, no! It's modern Armstrong Linoleum

IT KEPT THE CHARM IN THE KERNS' OLD HOUSE, BUT CHASED AWAY THE CHORES

A skilled professional from the flooring store put down the floor in this remodeled kitchen. Mrs. Kern chose No. 5300 in Armstrong Embossed Linoleum. It has all the good looks of a real old plank floor. Yet it's practical and moderately priced.

There are no cracks between these handsome "planks" to trap spilled things. Made in six-foot-wide sheets, this floor has few seams, and they were so expertly joined when the floor was put down that they're invisible. Mrs. Kern never knew a floor could be so easy to keep clean.



"Like walking on air," says Mrs. Kern, about the comfort she gets from the layer of foam under her new floor. It's new Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment. Cost her only a few dollars extra—but what luxury! See "Cushion-Eze" at your flooring store.

SEND FOR FREE ROOM PORTFOLIO describing the many ideas in this remodeled kitchen. Sketch plan and list of furnishings are included. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5906 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 69-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

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A *Bedtime Story* FOR BUSY MOTHERS

Once there was a beautiful young mother who had two active, attractive children and an extension phone beside her bed.

Thanks to the phone, she could read or romp with the youngsters and run her household at the same time.

When she had to take or make a call, she saved steps and stairs and time.

When she wanted to plan a birthday party or order a Christmas present, she could talk with complete privacy.

And all through the night she slept more peacefully, knowing that doctor, police, firemen and friends were as close as the phone by her bed.

As a result, life was easier, her family happier, and she looked younger than her years forever after.

* * *

You, too, can share the fun and get things done with the help of a bedroom phone. It comes in a choice of lovely colors, with a built-in night light if you like.

Other handy phones around the house—*wherever* people work or play or sleep—add so much to your comfort, so little to your budget. Just call our local business office.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®

Moment of terror: Car crippled, policyholder is rescued by Liberty's prompt claims service

A Liberty policyholder wrote this about our claims service: "We were twenty miles in the country when the accident occurred. I called your Shreveport office and spoke to Mr. M.

"He immediately took charge, met me at the repair shop, arranged for repairs to start on my car at once and even drove us to a hotel. . . . He also gave us the name of his doctor to call in case we felt any after results.

"What was at best a very disagreeable incident was helped greatly by the friendly, thoughtful cooperation given us by your company and your representative."

Liberty Mutual believes in giving quick help to all its policyholders. Our service is available in every state — 24 hours a day. It's thrifty, too. We have always saved substantial amounts for our car-insurance policyholders.* To insure with Liberty, contact your nearest office (we have 146) and tell us when your policy expires. Ask about our easy payment plans, too.

**Except on assigned risks and Mass. compulsory coverages*

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Personal Insurance: Automobile, Fire, Inland Marine, Crime, Homeowners'
Business Insurance: Workmen's Compensation, Liability, Group Accident and Health

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CAR INSURANCE WORK HARDER

By spending only a few dollars more, you can get much more protection from your bodily-injury-liability coverage. Example: Suppose you now pay $50 for $10,000-and-$20,000 coverage. For another $10.41 in premium payment you can increase your limits to $50,000-and-$100,000.

That's 5 times the protection for only 20% more premium.

(All these figures are typical. The actual rates you pay, of course, depend on where you live, etc.)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

It's traditional to portray college graduates as young men facing the world with quiet—or perhaps oratorical—self-confidence. Sure, they know that although the parental generation has wrestled valiantly with the complexities of life, said life is as complex as ever, or more so. Yet the young men hold to the dream that they, at last, will be the ones to do better. So artist Norman Rockwell sketched a couple of the undaunted ones (see page 124); but then, reflecting on the awfulness of today's newspaper headlines, he created the bewildered chap on the cover. This one is musing, *Boy, aren't things really screwed up? What to do, I wouldn't know. But one thing you can bet on: I'll give it the old college try.* Rockwell says, "I like his feet. They look as if he's standing on eggs."

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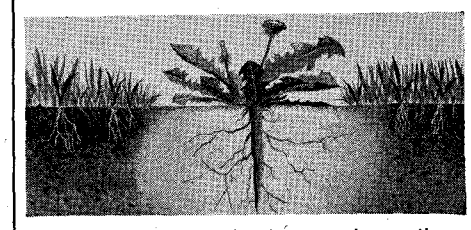
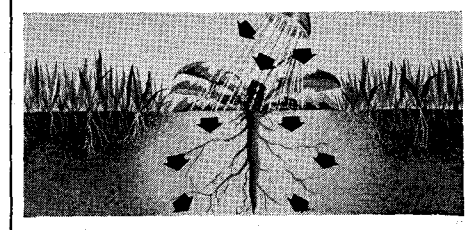
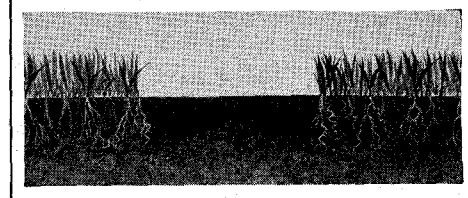
WEEDONE
helps you have
a better lawn



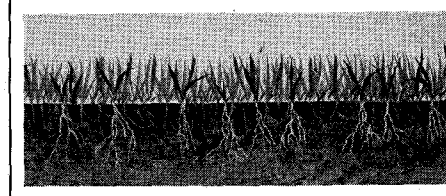
Broad-leaved and other lawn weeds mar the appearance of your lawn, crowd out desirable lawn grasses, rob good grass plants of needed nutrients.



WEEDONE penetrates the weed, kills it roots and all. Dandelion and other lawn weeds die from leaf top to root tip, yet WEEDONE will not injure fine lawn grass.



By killing unsightly weeds, roots and all, you give desirable lawn grasses room to grow, preserve valuable plant nutrients which weeds rob from the soil.



You'll have a healthier, more beautiful lawn if you control lawn weeds the WEEDONE way. It's the original 2,4-D weed killer, now with 2,4,5-T added.

WEEDONE is easy and economical to use—liquid for sprayer, dry for spreader application. Harmless to children and pets. Sold wherever fine garden products are available . . . still at the same low price: 8-oz. can $1.00, 5-lb. bag $2.25. Larger sizes available. (Dry form slightly higher west of the Rockies.)

AMCHEM

WEEDONE

kills weeds, roots and all!

Amchem Products, Inc.
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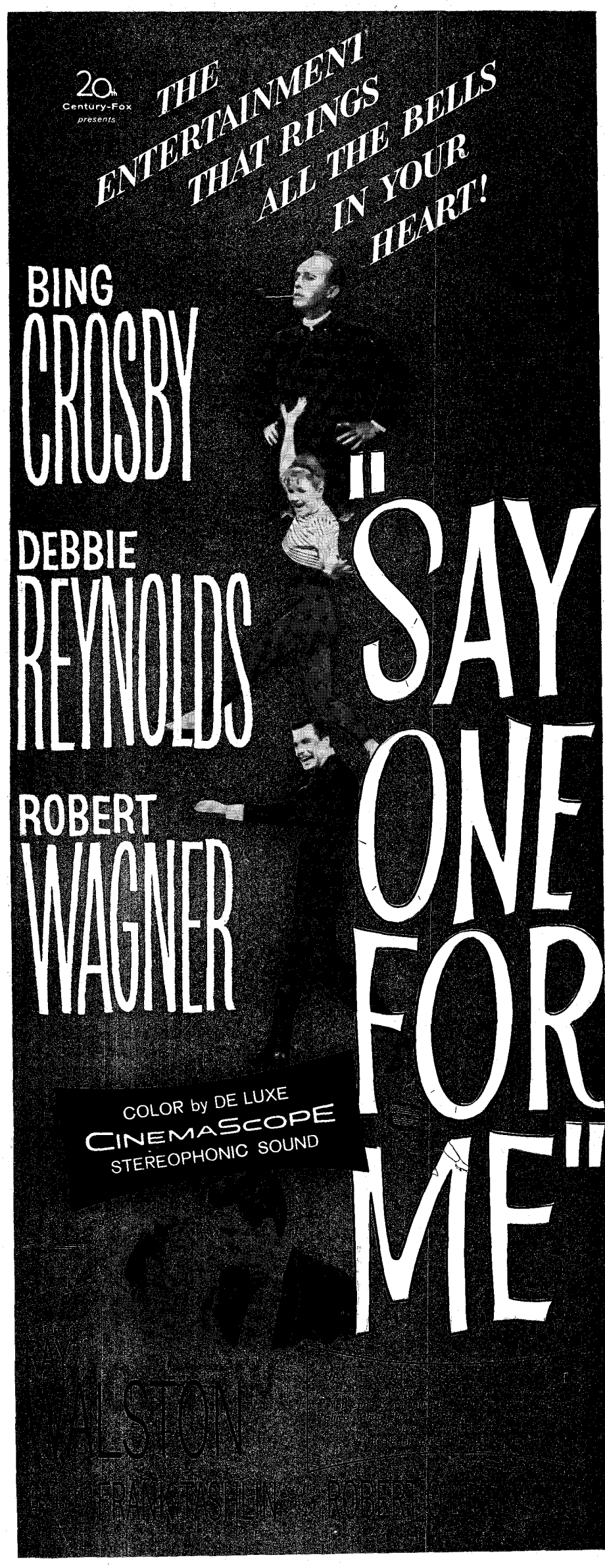

Letters

Artificial Evolution

Dear Sirs:

I thought Jean Rostand's CAN MAN BE MODIFIED? [Adventures of the Mind 26, May 2] sounded familiar, and then I recognized it as the tune composed by Adam and Eve:

"We want to be,
greater than He,
Who made us."

PATRICIA T. ENGLAND
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

A most brilliant reconciliation of science with morality.

EDSON D. CLAPP
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

It should be read and understood by all men who look beyond today and tomorrow.

MERRILL A. YOTHERS
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

The most horrible, terrifyingly evil and devilish thing I have ever read. . . .

Nothing is sacred to the person who maintains the Creator bungled the job biologically when he made man in His own image. . . .

Progress, what crimes are committed in thy name.

N. A. DAVIS
New Lexington, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Shouldn't someone tell Dr. Rostand that man (including the learned Doctor) already has more brains than he has learned how to use? . . .

Man's need for modification has been well known for uncounted centuries. The prescribed operation, however, seems too radical even for our truth-seeking and sophisticated scientists, though it involves no tampering with genes or organic structures: ". . . be not conformed to this world: but be ye *transformed by the renewing of your mind*, that ye may prove what *is* that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." [Romans 12:2]

HAROLD FOX
Ryegate, Mont.

Funny (for a Female)

Dear Sirs:

When you're old enough to have read the Post for dozens of years, as I am and have done, you get fixed ideas about fiction. Examples: (1) Women writers should never [discuss] mechanical things, and (2) the most rib-tickling fiction is written by men.

So now you come along with Peg Bracken's WHAT HUSBANDS DON'T KNOW in the Post for April 25 and unfix both of my fiction ideas. Her treatment of the functional failure of the electric drier is sheer genius ["... all she needed was a shot of oil in the glammis where the freem plates hit the hose trapple."].

CHARLES L. FUNNELL
Valhalla, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

A refreshing sense of humor, for a woman.

FRANK J. BLUMENSTINE
Ogden, Utah

Flustered Flack

Dear Sirs:

That usually reliable Boswell of Broadway, Richard Maney, goofed twice in his S.E.P. Fair Lady piece [MY VERY FAIR LADY, May 2]. He incorrectly labeled Phil Silvers an NBC buffoon [He's with CBS] and he called The Boy Friend a revue. Even we young folk know it's a "book" show.

I guess the unlikely idea that the Post would have a press agent write a piece

about his own client and get paid for it was too much even for this hardy flack.

LESTER GOTTLIEB
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Could Richard Maney have been forgetful or unduly modest when he wrote, "Of all the shows I had press-agented, only one, Arsenic and Old Lace, had run as long as two years"?

I may be mistaken, but I could have sworn I received out-of-town reviewer's seats for Life With Father—which ran about seven years—from Mr. Maney, at a time when his office was in the building with the old Empire Theatre, which housed the hit.

PAUL A. GARDNER
Ottawa, Ontario

● (1) *Maney's office was in the old Empire Theatre building.* (2) *Maney did not press-agent Life With Father.* (3) *But come to think of it, he tells us, another show he press-agented—The Moon Is Blue—ran more than two years.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Greatly enjoyed your article . . . but did you not make an error in captioning one of the pictures as the racing scene at "Epsom Downs"?

In the London production, which I saw quite recently, this was very definitely at Ascot.

FORREST B. SPAULDING
Nashua, N.H.

● *Our caption writer definitely got on the wrong track.* —ED.

Saturday Evening Sport

Dear Sirs:

For years I have played a little game with the editors of the Post. . . . All you need to do is pick up the Post and look for the funny thing that might happen if you read right through as though the "Continued on Page—" was part of the story. Oh, you must (Continued on Page 6)

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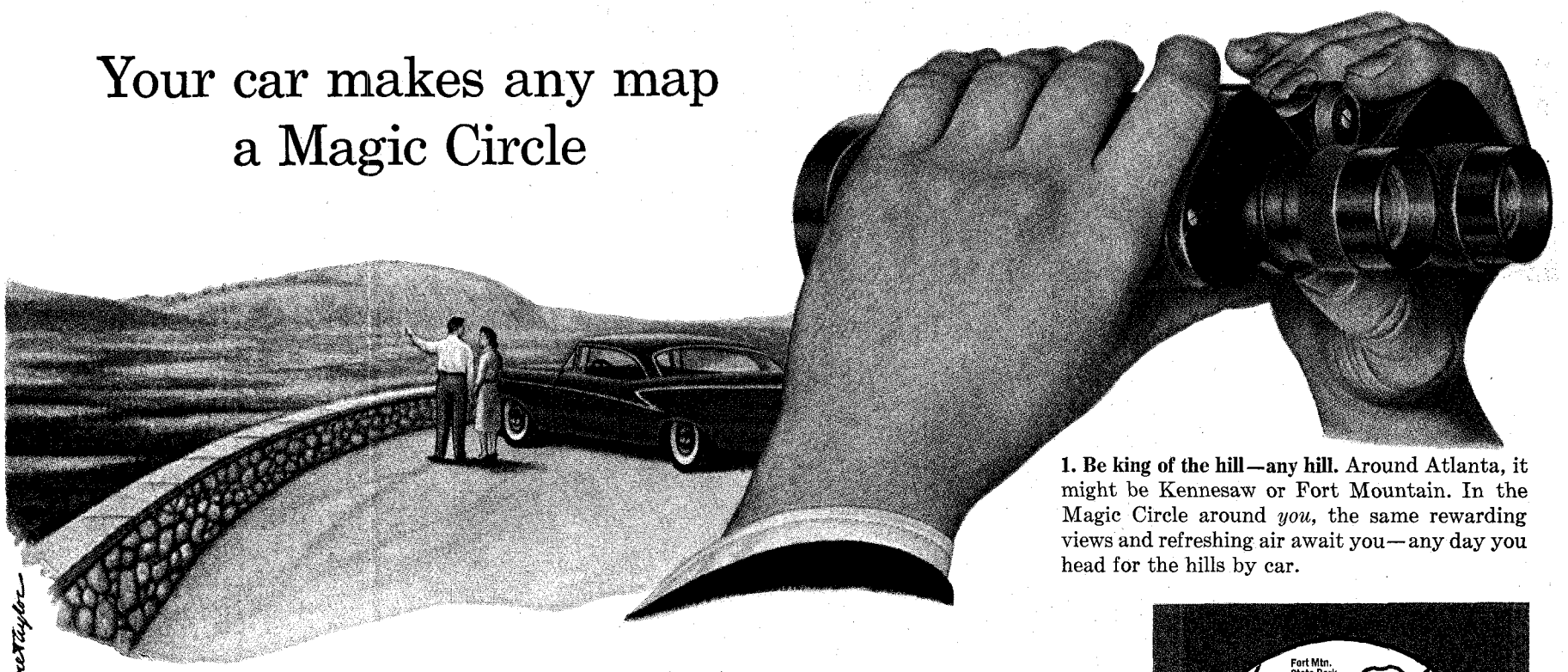
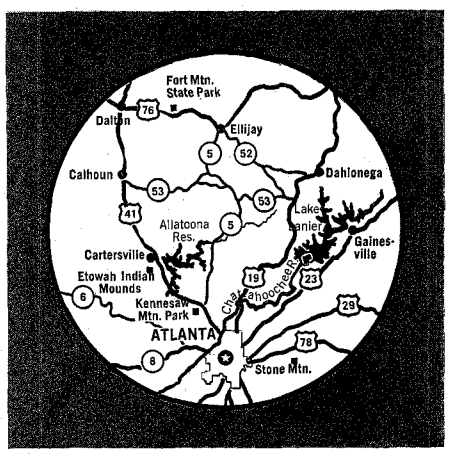
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

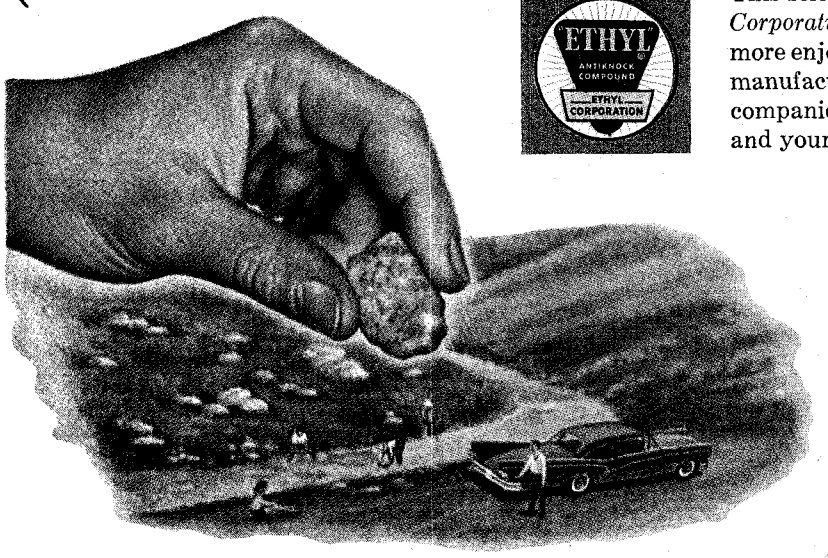


1. Be king of the hill—any hill. Around Atlanta, it might be Kennesaw or Fort Mountain. In the Magic Circle around *you*, the same rewarding views and refreshing air await you—any day you head for the hills by car.

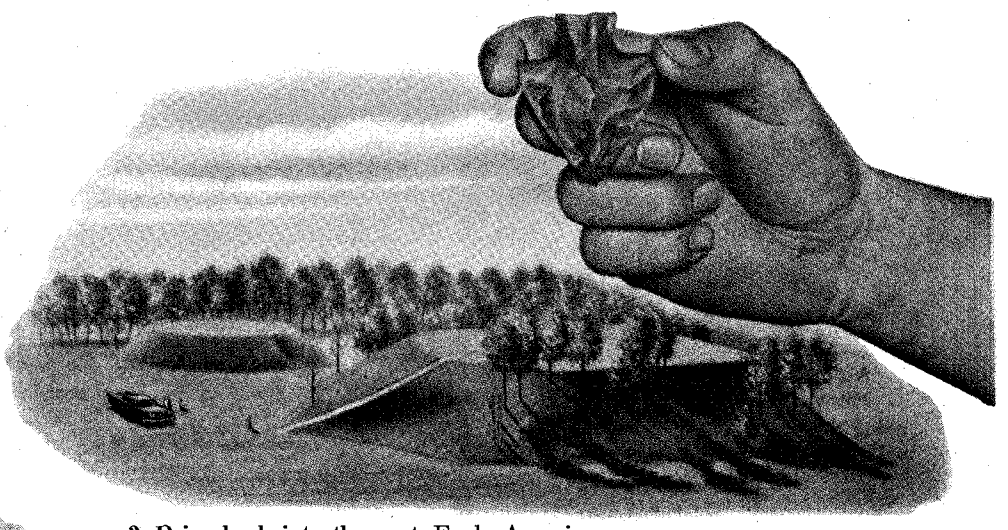


Something old, something new . . . discover an endless variety of both in this Old South Magic Circle. A Magic Circle just as fascinating surrounds *you*. But don't settle for our say-so. Set out by car and see.

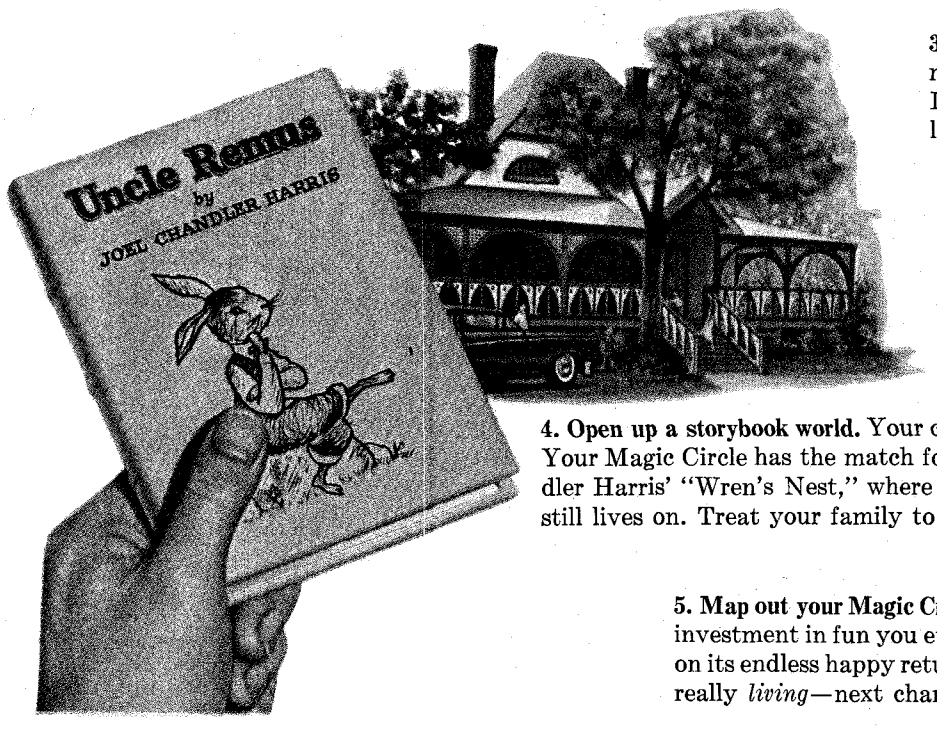
This series of advertisements is published by *Ethyl Corporation*, New York 17, N. Y. to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds, used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.



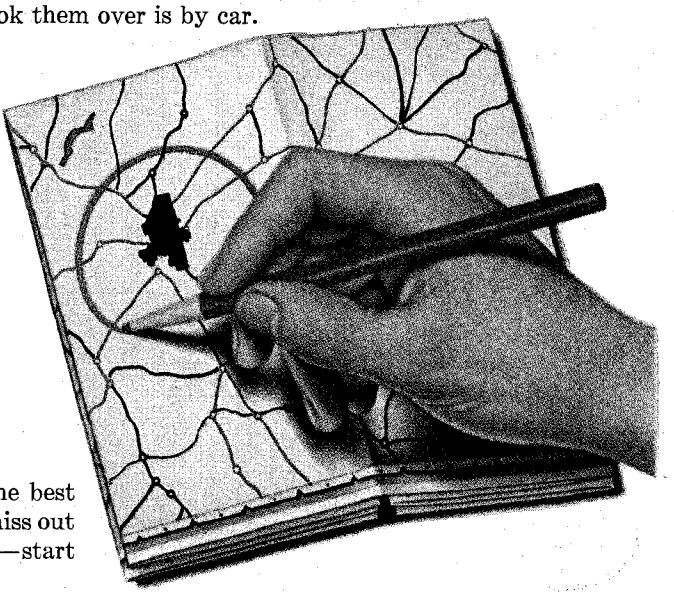
2. Treasure hunt, '59 style. You'll find hundreds of unexpected, off-the-beaten-path discoveries along the fine roads around you. Example: you can actually pan gold at Dahlonega, site of the first big U. S. find.



3. Drive back into the past. Early Americans seem mighty close at history-rich spots like the Etowah Indian mound excavations. And the easiest, most leisurely way to look them over is by car.



4. Open up a storybook world. Your car is the key. Your Magic Circle has the match for Joel Chandler Harris' "Wren's Nest," where Brer Rabbit still lives on. Treat your family to a tour soon.



5. Map out your Magic Circle. Your car is the best investment in fun you ever made. Don't miss out on its endless happy returns. Start driving—start really *living*—next chance you get.

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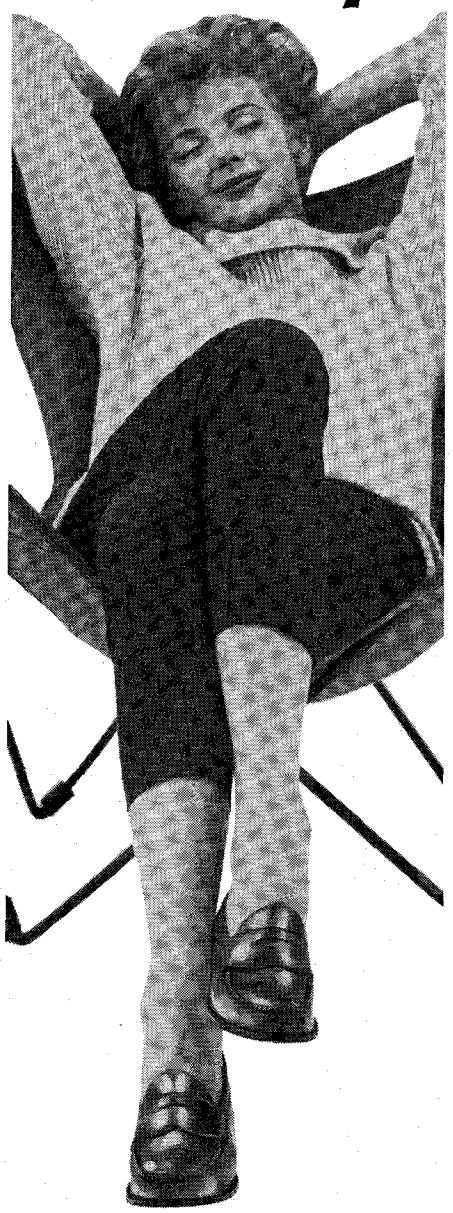
New "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!



With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

take a little liberty, disregard parentheses, drop a period here, insert a comma there. . . .

Now you have the idea, let us look at some in the April 25 issue.

"'How about a cocktail, girls?' Andy said, and then he turned to Mavis. 'After all, it's continued on page 54'. . . .

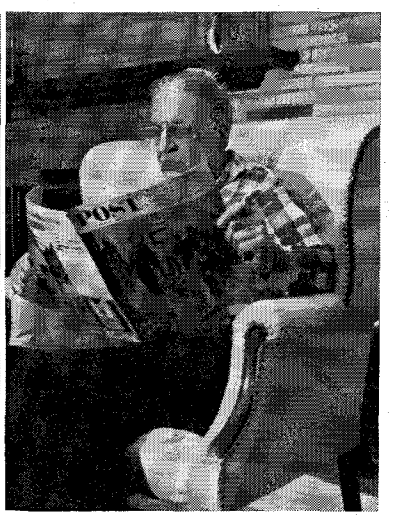
"They threw the tools into the nearby rubble, then continued on page 112. . . .

"Jane gave McCabe some coffee, examined the scar on his hand to make certain it continued on page 114."

FRANKLIN COCHRAN
Chicago, Ill.

OUR STEADFAST READERS

Pittsburgh, 1914.



Pittsburgh, 1959.

Dear Sirs:

Some time ago I ran across an old snapshot [above, left] taken when I was a freshman in college at Carnegie Tech.

I make out the date on the Post I was reading to be October 17, 1914. Today, some forty-five years later, I am still reading the Post, but now I seem to need a few more comforts plus trifocals and a few other props not discernible in the picture.

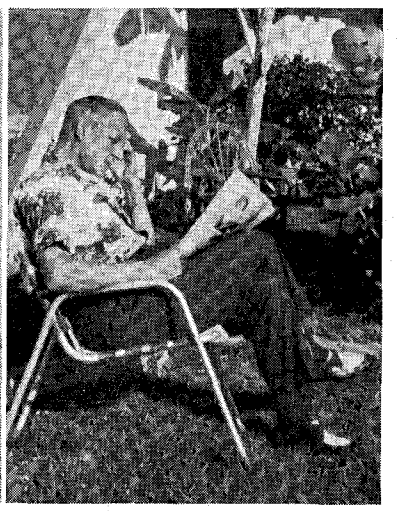
THEODORE F. KARR
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Even though I have been occasionally interrupted during the intervening years, I am not reading the same story in the two snapshots [below].

DONALD A. RAND
Indian Rocks Beach, Fla.

Cape Cod, 1928.



Indian Rocks Beach, 1958.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Two from Theodore F. Karr; two from Donald A. Rand. • 19–United Press International; Wide World. • 20–Larry Keighley. • 21–From Anthony Musico; four by Larry Keighley. • 22, 23—Austin Briggs. • 24–U. S. Navy. • 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26, 27, 28–David Lees. • 29–Two by David Lees; map by Zen Yonkovig; David Lees. • 30–Earl Mayan. 31–Wide World. • 32–Wide World; United Press International. • 33–United Press International; Wide World; United Press International. • 34, 35–Bruce Bomberger. • 36–Ollie Atkins. • 37–Dick Stone. • 38, 39–Jack Fields. • 40, 41–Robert Jones. • 45–James R. Bingham. • 85–Chart by Center Studio. • 119–Larry Obsitnik. 124–Three by Norman Rockwell; Clemens Kalischer; Larry Keighley.

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HI-MILER XTRA GRIP
Year-round low-cost super-traction

SUPER ROAD LUG
Powerful off-the-road traction PLUS long, *smooth highway mileage*

HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
Shatters highway tread-wear records

Hi-Miler, Road Lug—T. M.'s
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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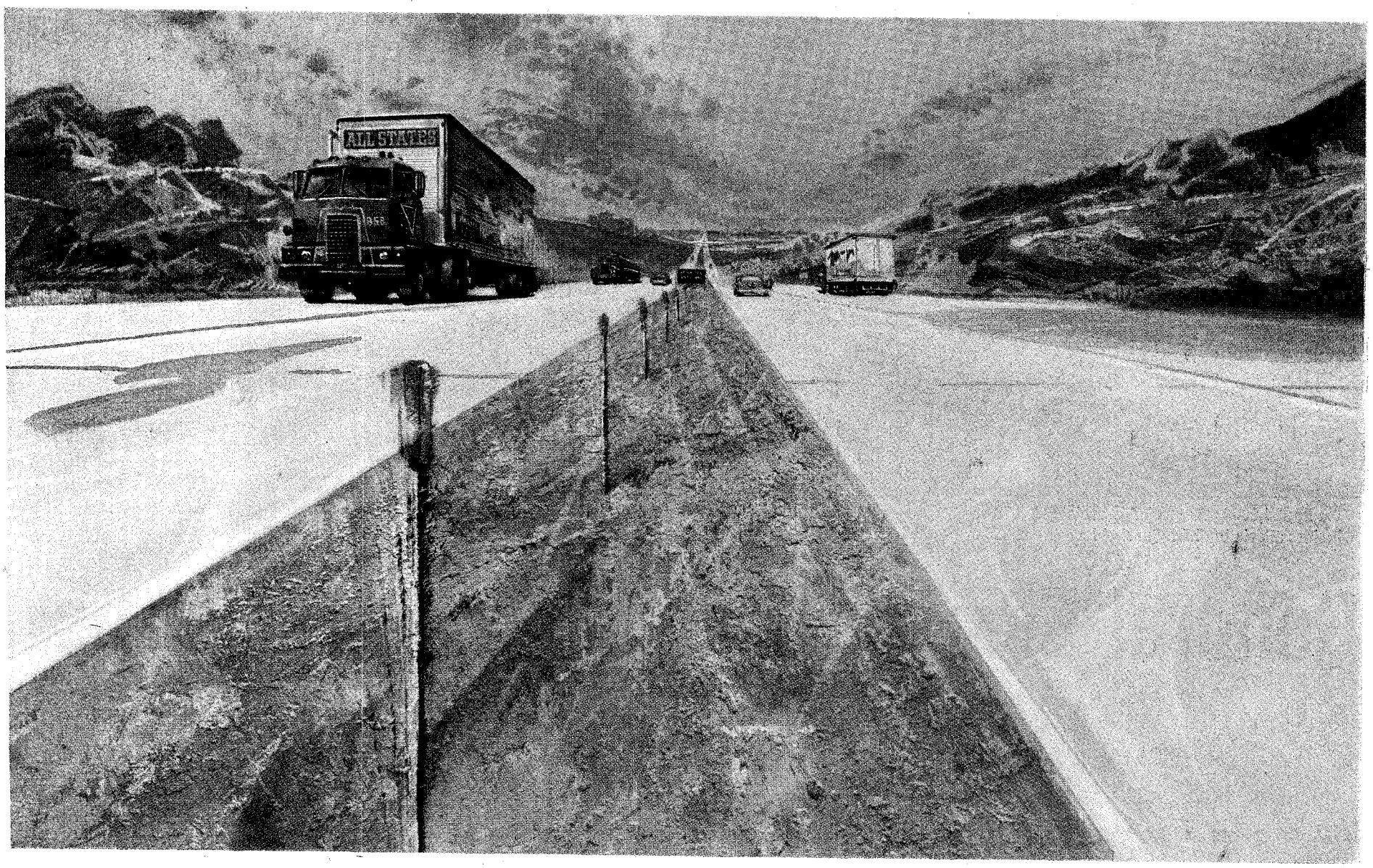
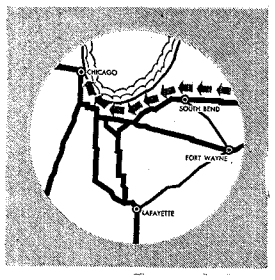
"From Boston to Chicago–tire life improved <u>almost 200%</u> on hot turnpike runs!"



All States Freight Inc., Akron, Ohio, finds good news for operating ratios in Hi-Miler Cross-Rib



"We have our share of rough territory," says D.W.McClelland, Executive Vice President of All States. "But it's those hot, grinding hauls on fast turnpikes that really chew off rubber.

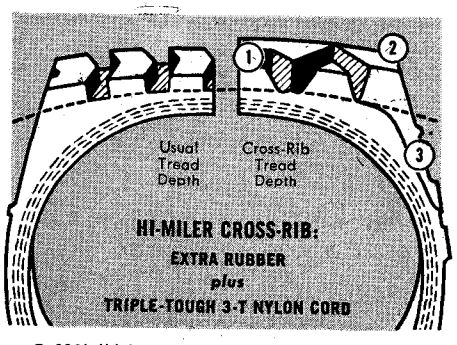
"Take the 1,000-mile run we make from Boston to Chicago. We used to be glad to get 60 thousand miles from standard tread tires before recapping. Now, with Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs, we're getting over 170,000. Man, that's almost *triple!*"

Over All States' 6,835 miles of routes, Cross-Ribs are showing a super-endurance and freedom from trouble. Their economies are helping this fast-moving outfit maintain one of the best operating ratios in the industry.

"The matter of tire cost," points out Mr. McClelland, "is a big item when you run over 18 million miles a year. And if you pay say only 10% more for a tire that delivers about 200% more original miles – well, you're *in* a real bundle of money! And that's without the extra recaps that Cross-Ribs are built to take.

"Yes, we're riding high on that extra tread. That's why we're so high on Cross-Ribs!"

This story from All States is the same heard from fleets, large and small, in all sections of the country, operating under all conditions. They're summed up in four words: *big savings with Cross-Ribs.* Get the facts from your Goodyear dealer – or write Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.



① 60% thicker nonskid tread! ② Cooler-running tread design. ③ Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Goodyear triple-tempers Nylon cord in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time, to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

TRUCK TIRES by

GOODYEAR

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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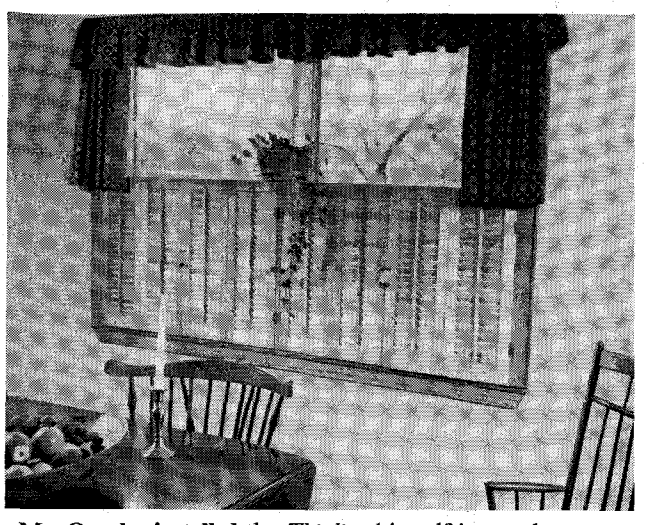
1½ hp, 14,000 BTU* Thinline cools and dehumidifies the house—and keeps it free from outside dust . . . besides alleviating Mr. Quarles' hay fever suffering and eliminating kitchen odors.



Mr. Quarles installed the *Thinline* himself in two hours; built louvered doors to cover it during off-season.

General Electric Thinline air conditions Houston house for $260

Hay fever and sticky summers spurred William Quarles to shop for an air conditioner. He sought the greatest possible cooling power for his money, chose the 14,000 BTU* Thinline Air Conditioner, installed it himself, paid $260 . . .

"I REALLY SUFFER from hay fever. And anybody who's sweltered through a Houston summer can tell you air conditioning is more a necessity here than a luxury.

"But first we wanted our money's worth. I read every article about air conditioning I could lay hands on. I did a lot of shopping and comparing. I wanted full, honest value."

The value Mr. Quarles decided on is the 1½ hp, 14,000 BTU* General Electric *Thinline*. He installed it himself in two hours.

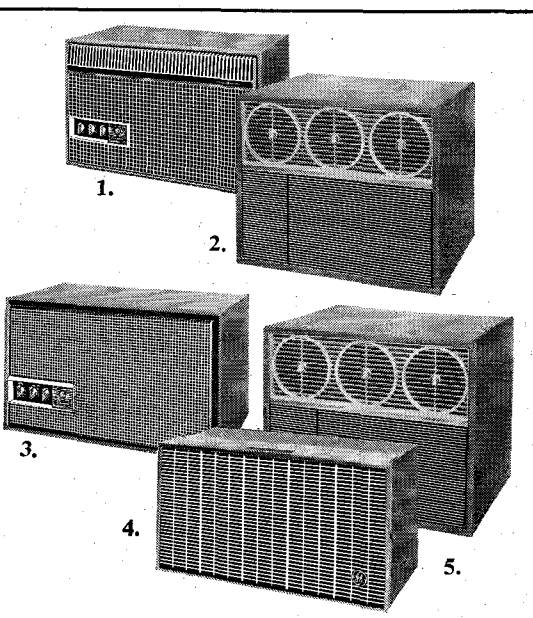
The Quarles' *Thinline* is 70 feet from their bedroom. "Yet we need blankets at night. And what good sleep! I wake up feeling like a young colt. Best of all, our *Thinline* has ended my suffering from hay fever."

Mr. Quarles adds that he likes the General Electric *Thinline* because it doesn't bulge out over the back sidewalk.

As for Houston's infamous humidity, the *Thinline* Mr. Quarles chose has a dehumidification capacity of 3.8 pints of water per hour.

Naturally prices and installation costs vary across the country. But one thing for sure: there's a General Electric *Thinline* to fit almost any window or installation need, almost any wiring, almost any income.

Comfortable terms are available through the General Electric Credit Corporation or through other reputable financing institutions. General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



1. Deluxe Thinline, 9,000 BTU's, 230 volts. A 115-volt model has 6,500 BTU's on 7.5 amps.

2. Super Thinline, 16,000 BTU's, 2 hp. A 1½-hp model packs 13,000 BTU's. Both 230 volts.

3. Custom Thinline, 8,500 BTU's, 115 volts, 12 amps. 26″ wide, 15⅝″ high, 16⅞″ deep.

4. Thinette, 6,000 BTU's. 7.5 amps, 115 volts. 13″ deep, 13″ high, 25″ wide. You-do-it installation.

5. All-Weather Thinline, 10,000 BTU's of cooling power; 10,000 BTU's of heating.

**Capacities tested and rated in compliance with National Electrical Manufacturers' Assn. Standards CN 1-1958.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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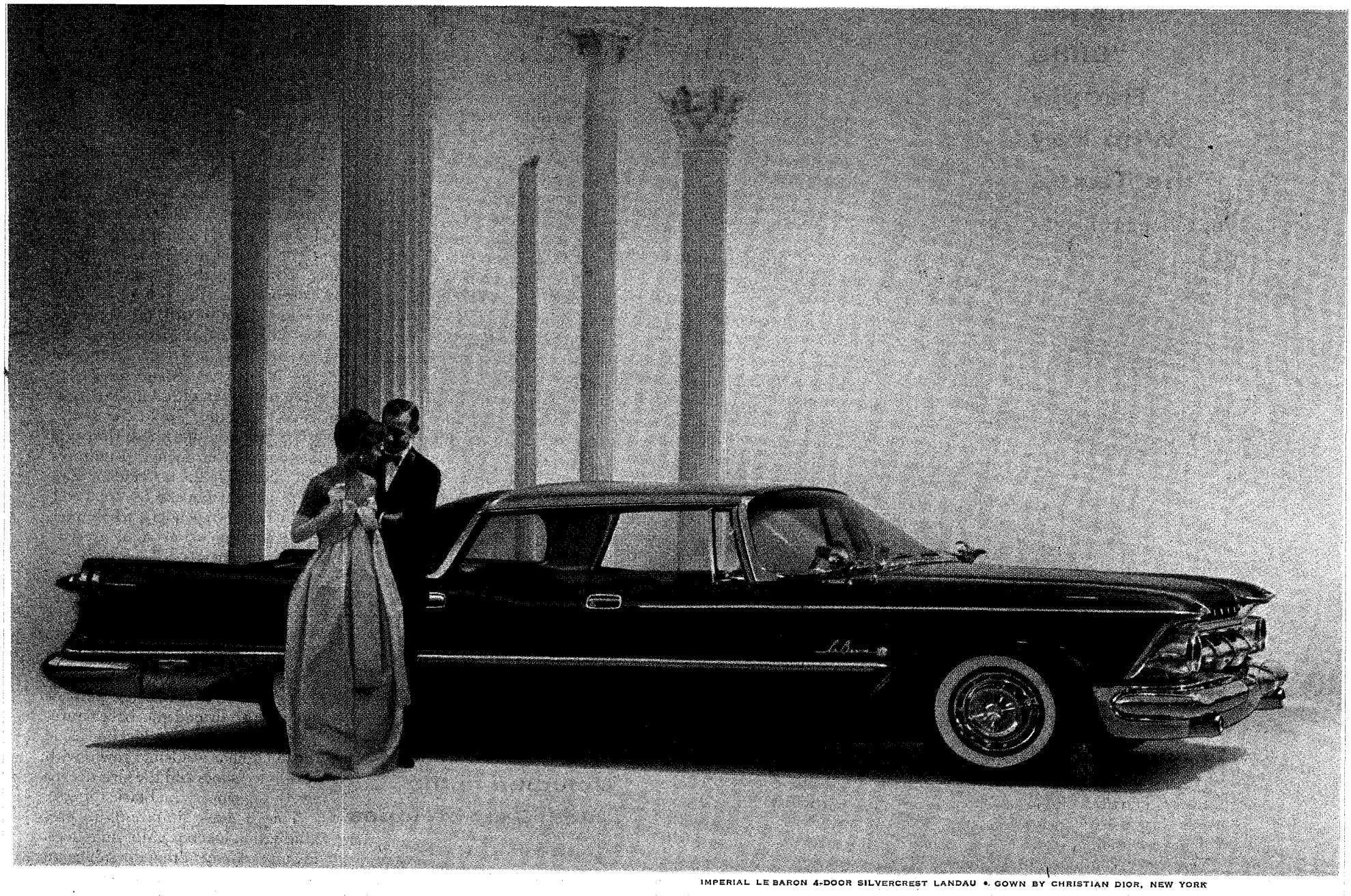

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. . . *the classic concept*

Imperial's classic design expresses not only the poise and dignity of the man who owns it . . . but also an inner excellence which has no counterpart in the automotive industry.

Imperial alone among fine cars gives you Torsion-Aire suspension . . . a riding quality no other car has yet equaled . . . a communicative sense of handling and maneuver you'll find in no other American car, of any size or class.

And you'll find thoughtful, common-sense conveniences, such as optional swivel seats to make entering and alighting easy . . . Auto-Pilot to mind your accelerator on long trips.

Investigate these truths. Compare the three luxury cars on any basis you deem valid. Your Imperial dealer will cooperate. We think you will find Imperial's superiorities important in your buying decision.

IMPERIAL

. . . excellence without equal

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Editorials

It's the "Little People" Who Pay the Taxes

By L. ROBERT DRIVER

It is a strange American political phenomenon that, although most of the vocal protest against more Government spending and higher taxes comes from the well-to-do, it is actually the small- and middle-income people who pay the taxes. This is true simply because there are so many more people with low incomes. Even if we raised the income tax to 100 per cent on all taxable incomes; that is, income, after exemptions and deductions, over $6000 a year, the extra revenue would not pay the annual interest on the Federal debt, much less take care of the new demands of the spenders.

We are now facing a presidential budget for the year ending June 30, 1960, of $77,000,000,000 and tax receipts estimated at $77,100,000,000, indicating a surplus of $100,000,000 provided gasoline taxes are increased and other tax rates remain the same. These tax receipts are probably overestimated, and we face the likelihood of another deficit. The deficit for the year ending June 30, 1959, is now estimated at $13,000,000,000. Regardless of this, many members of Congress are saying that the proposed expenditure of $77,000,000,000 is too little in view of "human needs."

The same politicians who tell us that we should spend more for defense—and they could be right—also insist on more money for public power and handouts. Going into debt for national defense can be compared to a family's borrowing money to pay doctors' bills, but no prudent family would go further into debt to build a swimming pool in the back yard with more medical bills to be expected.

Not only does the "little fellow" pay the bulk of direct taxes, but as the Federal debt continues to mount he faces the prospect of paying an even crueler tax through the medium of inflation.

If we increase our expenditures, we must increase our taxes. The burden will fall on the lower-income people—because the wealthy could not pay a substantial part of our taxes even if we took all of their income. About 53 per cent of our Federal taxes are derived from the personal-income tax, but 73 per cent of the revenue from the Federal income tax comes from people with annual taxable incomes of $4000 or less. The revenue from taxable incomes in excess of $4000 is only 14 per cent of the total Federal taxes received.

At present, income-tax rates are as high as 91 per cent. The Tax Foundation has prepared a table showing that, with a maximum tax of 70 per cent, the revenue for the year 1955 would have been reduced by no more than $145,000,000. This is not enough to operate the Federal Government for one day. But with a 70-per-cent tax on the highest income, an investor in American industry would find it more worth-while to put his money into progressive American industry. If this happened, the Treasury would soon get back the $145,000,000 which it "lost" because of the lower rate.

On the other hand, if the tax should be increased to 100 per cent on taxable incomes above $26,000 it would increase the Government's receipts by enough to pay about 1 per cent of the total Federal taxes proposed. Hardly enough gain to justify the liquidation of many of our most productive people!

The idea of "soaking the rich" is good campaign material, but the figures show that the rich cannot help us much in paying off our large debt and meeting the costs of government. Taxes have to be laid where the income is, and that means on the middle-class and the lowest-income groups as well as the millions of people who pay no personal-income tax.

Federal income taxes from corporations represent 28 per cent of the estimated Federal taxes included in the $77,100,000,000 for the next year, and excise and other Federal taxes 19 per cent. The public has been led to believe that, since these taxes are paid by corporations, the rest of us need not worry about them. The simple fact is that these taxes are inevitably passed on by the corporations to the purchasers of their goods and services. A corporation which didn't include taxes in its cost structure would collapse.

It is a paradox that those who urge reduction of Government expenditures, which would help the tax-ridden "little fellow," are denounced as "reactionaries," while the spenders, whose policies are leading to his ruin, are embraced as his friends.

Waste of Water Can Lead to Real Trouble for U.S.A.

Every day the volume of water required by the American standard of living is climbing.

Yet water continues to be our most wasted product—through preventable floods, stream pollution and failure to level out the periods of surplus and shortage by intelligent storage. The latest warning comes from Maj. Gen. E. C. Itschner, chief of the United States Army Corps of Engineers. He told the Mississippi Valley Association that "We must overhaul our entire concept of water-resources programs and the way we go about carrying them out. If we do not we shall find unnecessarily low ceilings on our growth caused by a lack of water."

A sound and up-to-date water-resources development program for each river basin was described by the general as a prerequisite. These would be based on comprehensive surveys by the Federal agencies concerned, in co-operation with the states and local governments.

One angle of General Itschner's warning particularly stands out. "Reservoirs," he said, "are the key to the future adequacy of water supply for all purposes. As an example, our preliminary studies indicate that by 1980 we shall need almost double the storage now available or under construction for the Mississippi and its tributaries, for flood control, low flow regulation and water supply.

"But we face a critical problem of reservoir sites. Good locations for major impoundments are already being lost at an alarming rate as improvements of one kind or another—industrial plants, housing projects, highways, public utilities and other facilities—are built in the very places reservoirs should be located."

Some foresighted action to save necessary reservoir sites would seem to be in order, not to mention reforestation programs designed to protect the natural reservoir for water—the earth itself.

Welcome to the Latest Crop of Hopes for the Future!

The youngsters who are being graduated from America's high schools obviously have many problems to solve before they fulfill the commencement orator's inevitable prophecy that they are "the brightest hope of the future." They must cope with crowded colleges, Selective Service, the trend toward early marriage, and many other problems that weren't forced on their parents.

Just the same, graduation activities remain an American tradition that, in towns and smaller cities at least, has changed little through the generations. Seniors are released from classes a few days before the smaller fry are freed from bondage. They'll straggle across the park or common to attend the baccalaureate service, the boys kicking aside the unfamiliar academic gowns with two-toned shoes and the girls deceptively enveloped in black dignity.

They'll have impromptu, pre-graduation jukebox gatherings, feeling an excitement that doesn't come from rock 'n' roll, and they'll discover that they like kids they never cottoned to before. They'll attend the senior prom, the boys "formal" in coats and pants of the same material, the girls in many-splendored gowns and very high-heeled slippers.

They'll sit decorously while the commencement orator speaks his oft-told words of wisdom. They'll walk up to the platform to be handed their diplomas, and perhaps feel a little flustered as the crowded auditorium applauds each of them vigorously. In every town and city in the land, all Americans wish these youngsters all the good luck they will ever need in our uncertain world.

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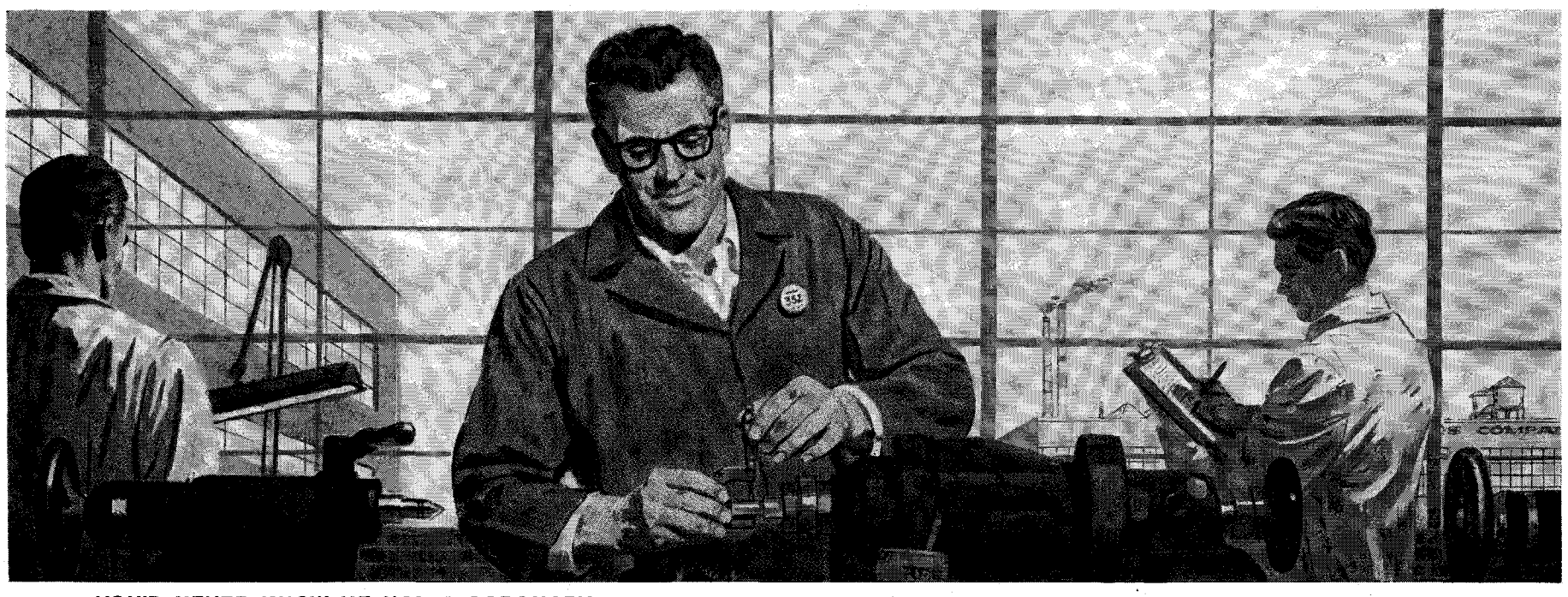


YOU'D NEVER KNOW HE HAD A CORONARY...

Some facts and fallacies about HEART ATTACKS

☑ **The chances of surviving a heart attack are steadily increasing.**

TRUE—Not long ago, most people felt that a heart attack or a "coronary" usually meant sudden or early death—or a life of invalidism.

Now we know that most victims—about 80 percent—recover from their first attack, and many of them recover fully enough to enjoy many useful years.

☑ **After recovery, most coronary patients go back to work.**

TRUE—Recent studies show that the patient who has made a good recovery is not handicapped when he works under proper conditions. Placed in a job which does not unduly tax his heart, and given proper medical supervision, he can engage in daily work without harm. Indeed, most doctors encourage their patients to return to work.

☒ **Heart attacks are caused by strenuous activity.**

FALSE—Most heart specialists now believe that physical exertion has little, if anything, to do with a coronary attack. In fact, attacks often occur during sleep or rest.

Many factors—including age, sex, occupation and diet—are believed to play a part in coronary disease.

☑ **Recovered coronary patients should keep their weight down.**

TRUE—Next to good medical care, nothing is more important for people who have had heart disease than to keep their weight at a desirable level.

It is just as much of a burden on the heart to carry around ten pounds of extra weight all day as it would be to carry around a ten-pound bundle constantly.

☒ **A person who has had one heart attack will certainly have another.**

FALSE—The recovered patient should not live in fear that he will have another attack. He may—or he may not.

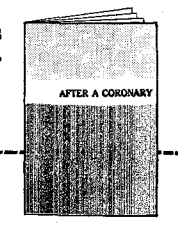
By sticking to their doctor's recommendations about diet and weight control, work, sleep and rest, more and more patients who have had heart attacks are living comfortably without further trouble.

☑ **Medical science is forging new weapons against heart trouble.**

TRUE—Greater progress against coronary disease will almost surely come with new methods of prevention and treatment. There is hope that coronary attacks may be *prevented* by the use of anti-coagulants, or blood-thinning drugs.

Research is also shedding new light on the role of diet, exercise, stress and heredity in relation to "coronaries."

Many questions that trouble recovered coronary patients and their families are answered in Metropolitan's informative and reassuring booklet, "After a Coronary." For your free copy fill out and return the coupon below.



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Please send me the free booklet "*After a Coronary*," 6-59-E.

Name_____
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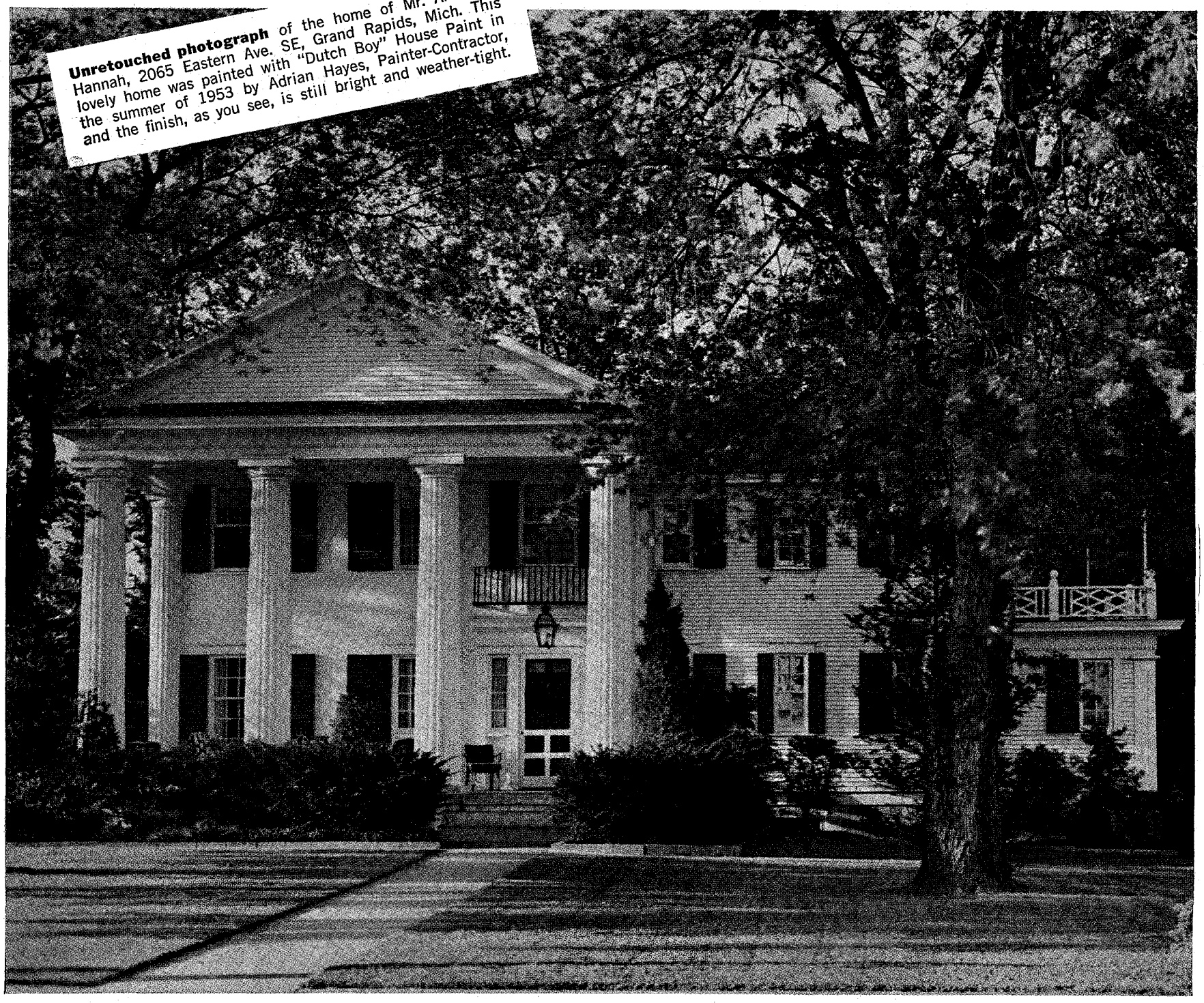
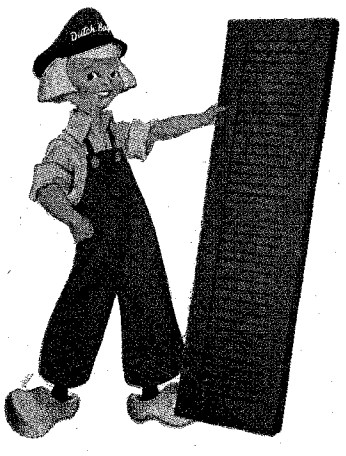
Homeowners are saying "Dutch Boy" is the "5-year house paint!"



Unretouched photograph of the home of Mr. Arthur J. Hannah, 2065 Eastern Ave. SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. This lovely home was painted with "Dutch Boy" House Paint in the summer of 1953 by Adrian Hayes, Painter-Contractor, and the finish, as you see, is still bright and weather-tight.



Homeowners all over the country, in climates and weather that differ widely, agree in saying "Dutch Boy" is "the 5-year house paint." They could also call it "the economical paint," because with "Dutch Boy" you paint less often to keep your house looking lovely. "Dutch Boy" brushes on smoothly, dries to a tough, bright, weather-tight finish. Get free new booklet, "Live Colorfully with Dutch Boy" at your "Dutch Boy" Dealer. He's listed under "paint" in the yellow pages of your phone book.

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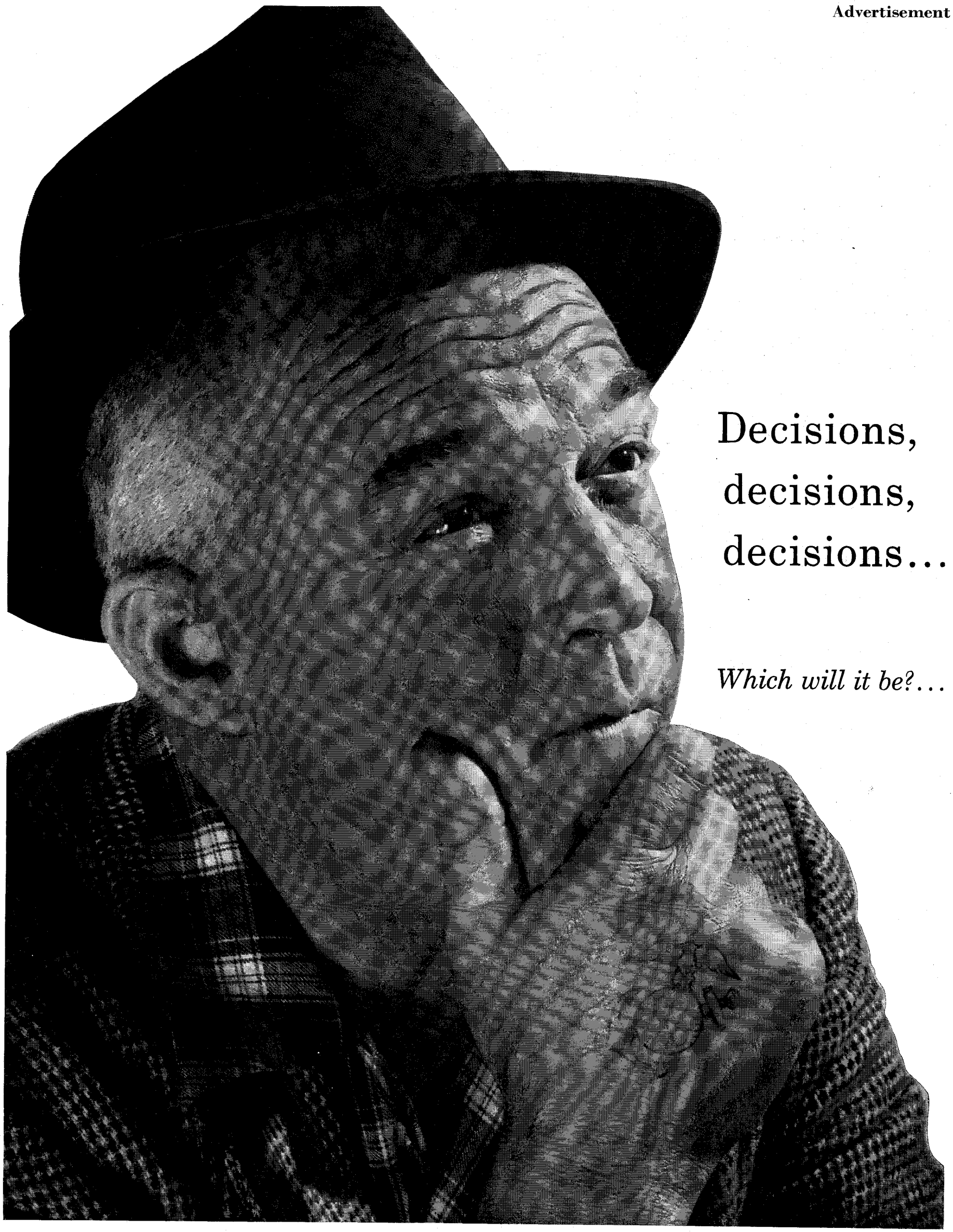

Decisions, decisions, decisions...

Which will it be?...

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soft pack...

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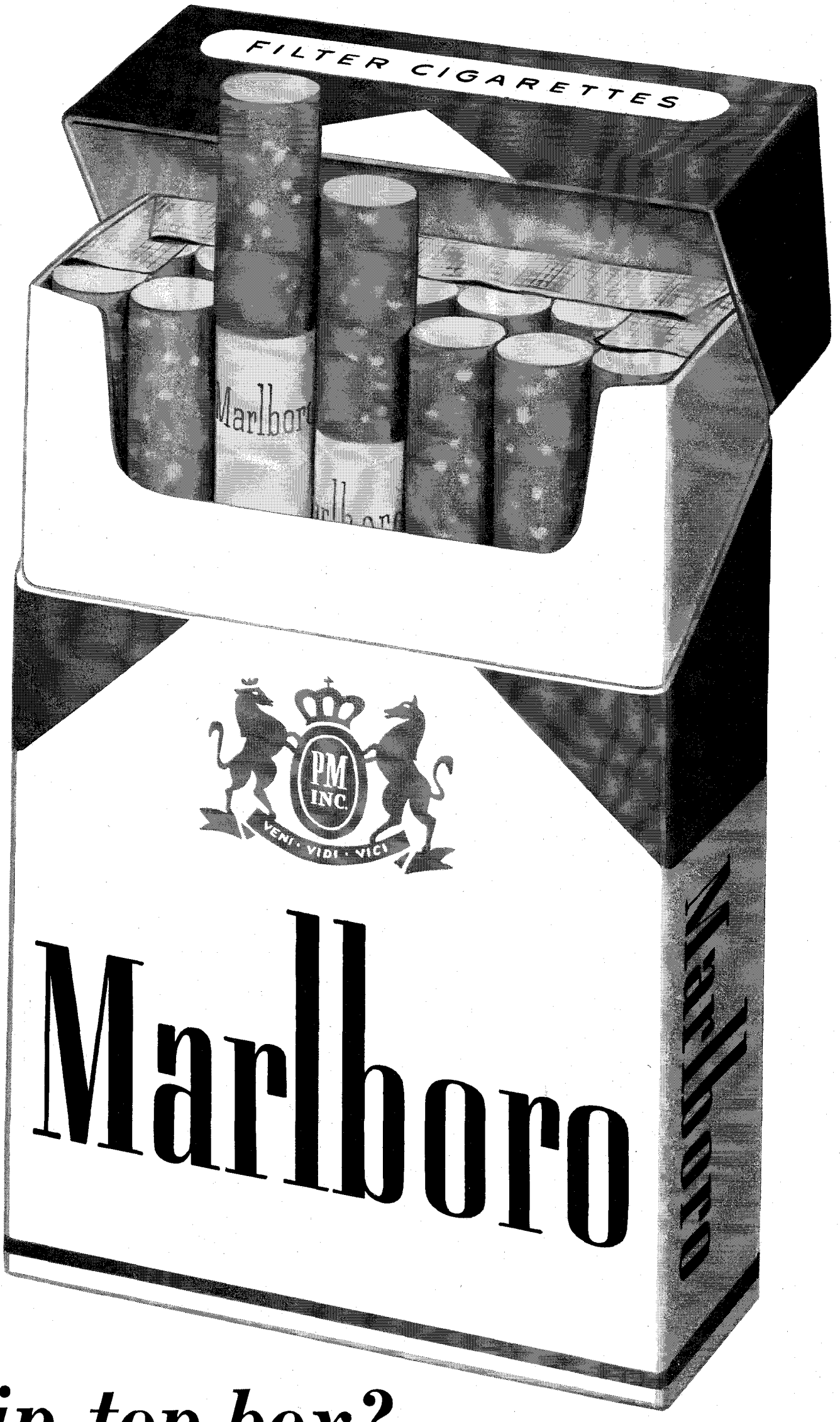

or flip-top box?

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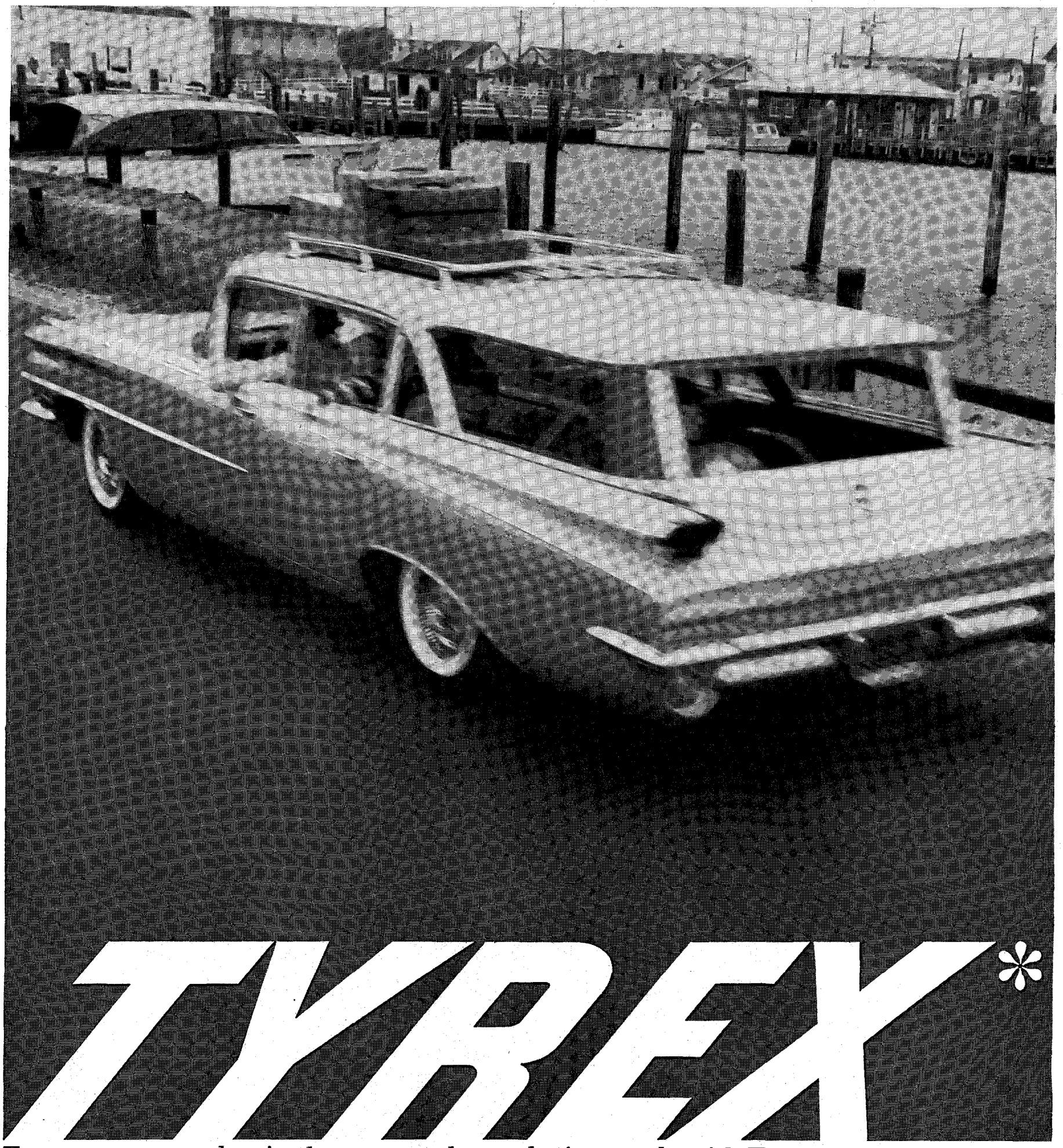
Have a safer, smoother trip with MORE TIRE POWER



Every new car maker in the country demands tires made with TYREX viscose tire cord!

A flat along the highway is a nuisance . . . often dangerous. So before your next trip, take a good look at your tires. And before you buy replacements, make sure they contain TYREX viscose tire cord . . . the tough new cord developed to match the added power in today's cars: higher horsepower—power steering—power brakes.

PROVED on rough-riding, heavy-duty trucks . . . ***PROVED*** in long-distance, high-speed driving . . . ***PROVED*** in 12 million miles of taxicab use . . . Tires containing TYREX viscose tire cord last longer—run cooler, softer, quieter and safer . . . without annoying *"morning thump."*

Get more tire power against blowouts with TYREX viscose tire cord, the tough new cord every new car maker in the country demands. Pound for pound, it's as strong as steel!

TYREX INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

**TYREX is a certification mark of Tyrex Inc., for viscose tire yarn and cord. TYREX viscose tire cord and yarn are also produced and available in Canada.*

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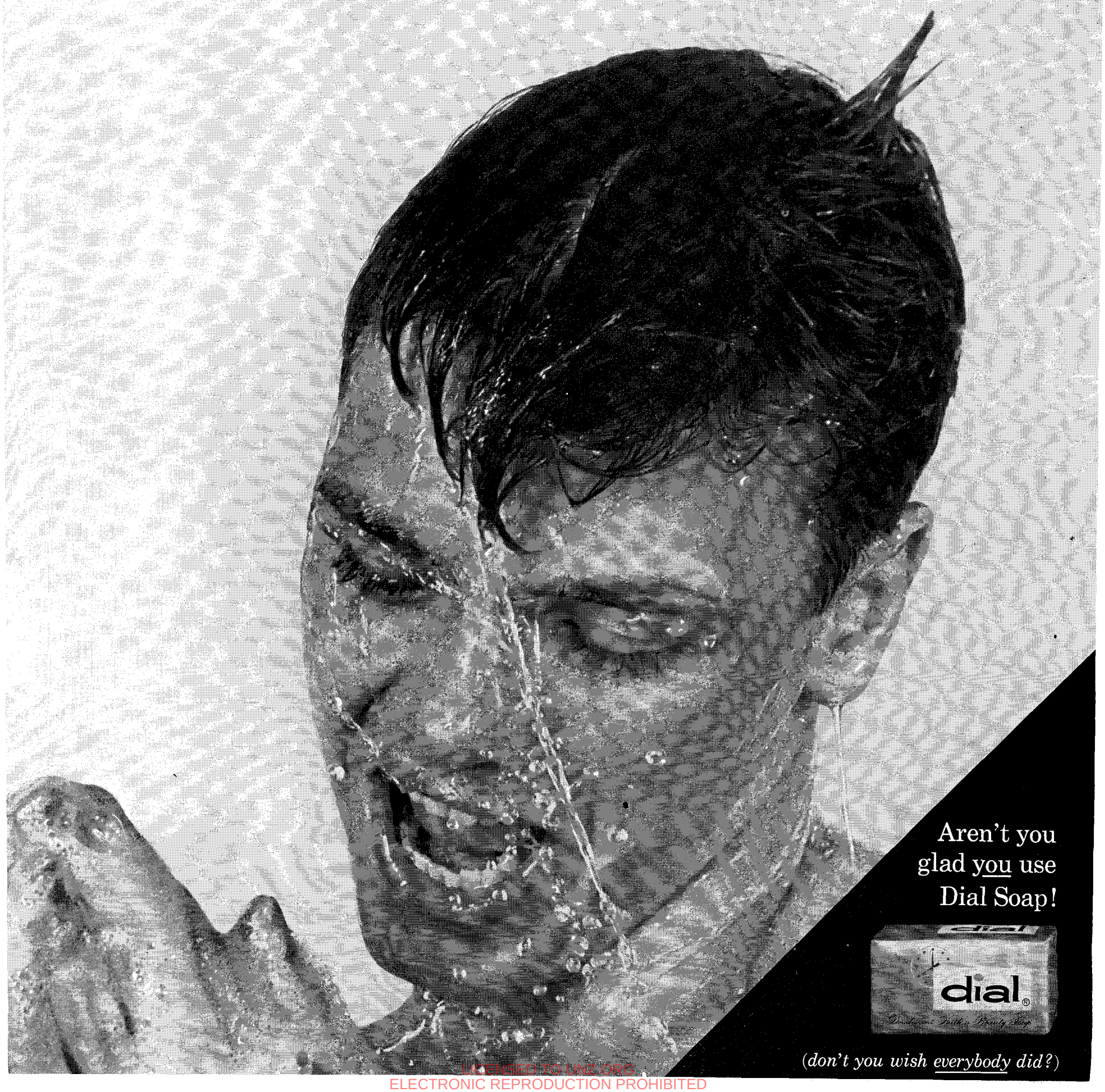
People trust Dial!

People who like people like Dial because it never lets them down. Dial's deodorant protection covers them from head to toe, lasts from bath to bath. The reason? Dial's AT-7 removes bacteria that cause perspiration odor—does it like nothing else can!



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Naturally from

KRAFT

In traditional wedges or handy new 10-oz. sticks

Extra Sharp in red aluminum foil

Sharp in gold foil

Mellow in silver foil

HERE'S GENUINE AGED CHEDDAR

sharp as you please!

Here's honest-to-goodness natural cheese in the great cheddar tradition.

Kraft Master Cheesemakers bring it to you today, in the wedge shape and also the handy new 10-ounce stick, both wrapped in modern aluminum foil to keep the fresh-cut goodness in every delicious crumb!

And the wrapping on each Cracker Barrel package is marked so you pick it sharp (or mellow) as *you* please. None of that old-time guesswork when you get Cracker Barrel! Taste it in its full glory—at room temperature—this finest of natural cheddar from Kraft Master Cheesemakers.

CRACKER BARREL BRAND— THE FINEST OF NATURAL CHEDDAR FROM KRAFT

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Long Island, N.Y.: Covered by blankets at left are the bodies of two boys and two girls—all under twenty-one—who were killed last March when their auto struck a tree. The accident occurred on a straight stretch of road under perfect nighttime driving conditions.

WHY AUTO INSURANCE COSTS SO MUCH

By ARTHUR W. BAUM

Because of reckless teen-agers and immature adults, our annual bill for auto accidents is now between five and seven billion dollars. And the insurance rates are still going up.

His name was Jack, and he was trying to win fifty cents the hard way. He was in the wrong lane of a two-lane highway, racing side by side with his friend Vic, roaring along toward a marker 4000 feet ahead. Jack lost the fifty cents, which would have bought him another gallon and a half of gasoline. He also lost his life, colliding at eighty miles an hour with an unexpected oncoming car.

Vic didn't win, either. He shot by the scene unscathed and then panicked. Fearing the loss of his driver's license, he sped on, abandoning his friend and knowing himself to be a coward. The community found out, and no one can ever count the doors of opportunity that silently closed against him with this discovery.

The third loser was Clinton, thirty-seven years old, laboratory chemist, husband and father. He was that woeful figure, the innocent victim, traveling at legal speed in his proper lane. He tried for the ditch at the last moment, but failed to make it. When this was written he was still alive after twenty-six days in the hospital.

(Continued on Page 83)

The grief-stricken boy below arrived at the scene of a fatal collision to learn that his teen-age buddy was one of the two young victims.

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At Children's Hospital in Philadelphia, Dr. Alfred Bongiovanni examines a 14-month-old boy who is six inches shorter than normal as a result of a blood disorder.

The Doctors Who Make Children Grow

A new kind of medical specialist—the pediatric endocrinologist—helps children who suffer from glandular disorders that stunt their growth or turn them into giants.

By ALICE LAKE

"Dear doctor," a mother wrote recently. "I have heard you can make children grow. My boy is so handsome and bright. But he is sixteen years old and only five foot two inches tall. Please give him three more inches. I am willing to pay a thousand dollars an inch."

Letters like this come as no surprise to a pediatric endocrinologist, a new kind of specialist in children's growth. For these doctors are painfully aware of the depths of parental concern over a child's size. To their offices troop the fourteen-year-old boy who looks eleven; the teen-age girl who despairs of ever developing breasts, and the plump boy who despairs of ever losing his; the child who is too tall and the child who is too small; the girl who matures too early and the boy who matures too late.

The pediatric endocrinologist has no Alice in Wonderland magic mushroom to transform all the boys into six-footers or mold a girl to a curvaceous five feet four. Nevertheless, he has much to offer children who differ uncomfortably from average size. Under certain circumstances he can make a short boy taller or pre-

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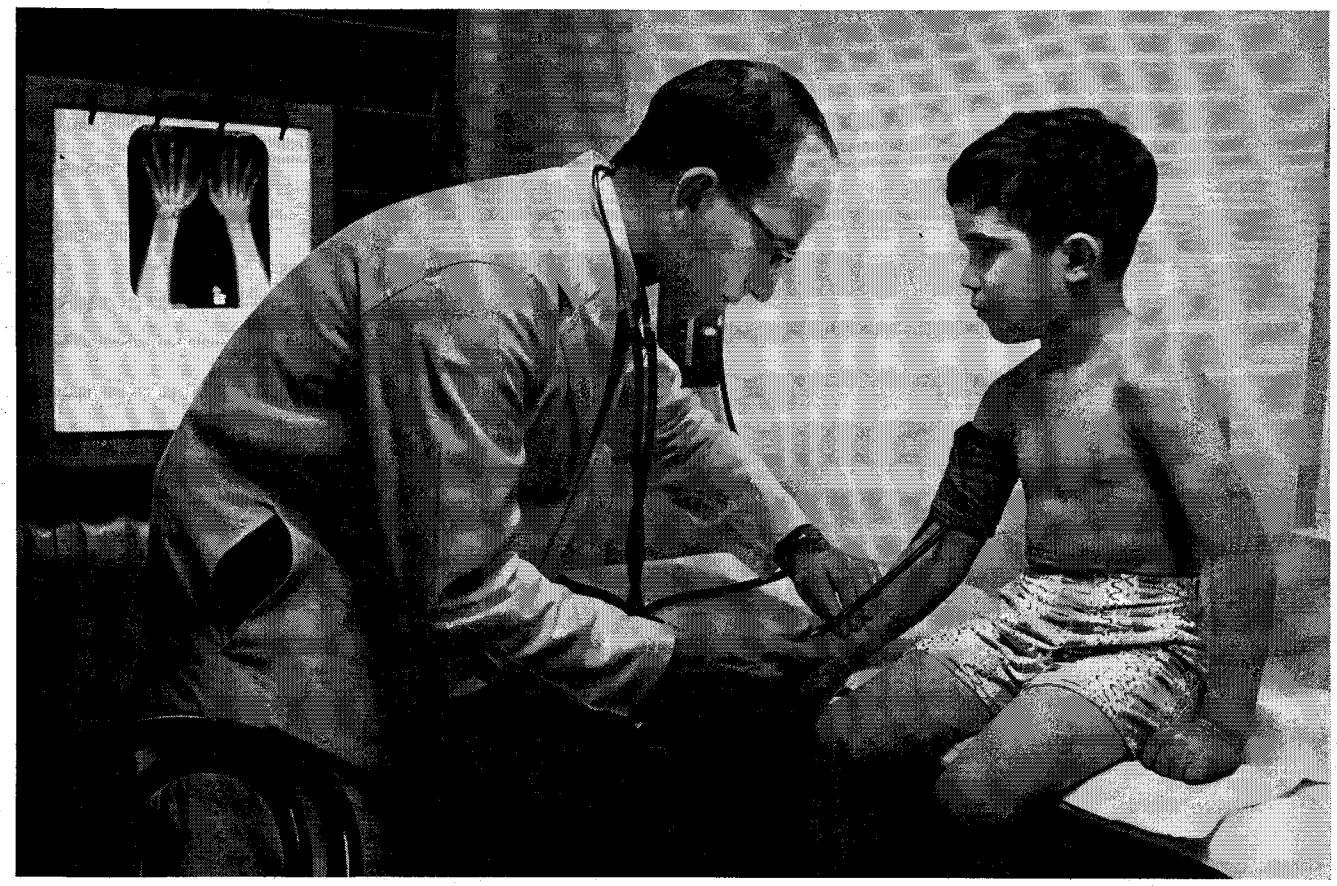
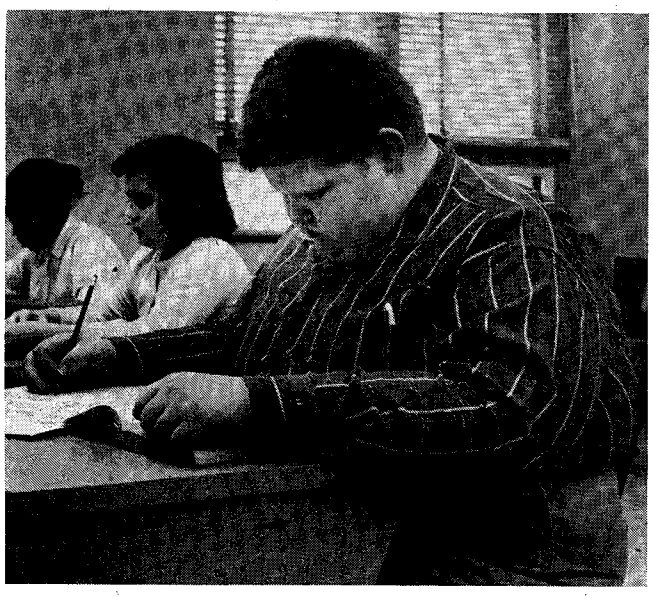


At the age of 2½ (left) Thomas Musico was potbellied and undersized because of a sluggish thyroid. Today, after treatment at New York's Babies' Hospital, he has a normal growth curve for an eight-year-old. With him at right is Dr. Melvin Grumbach.

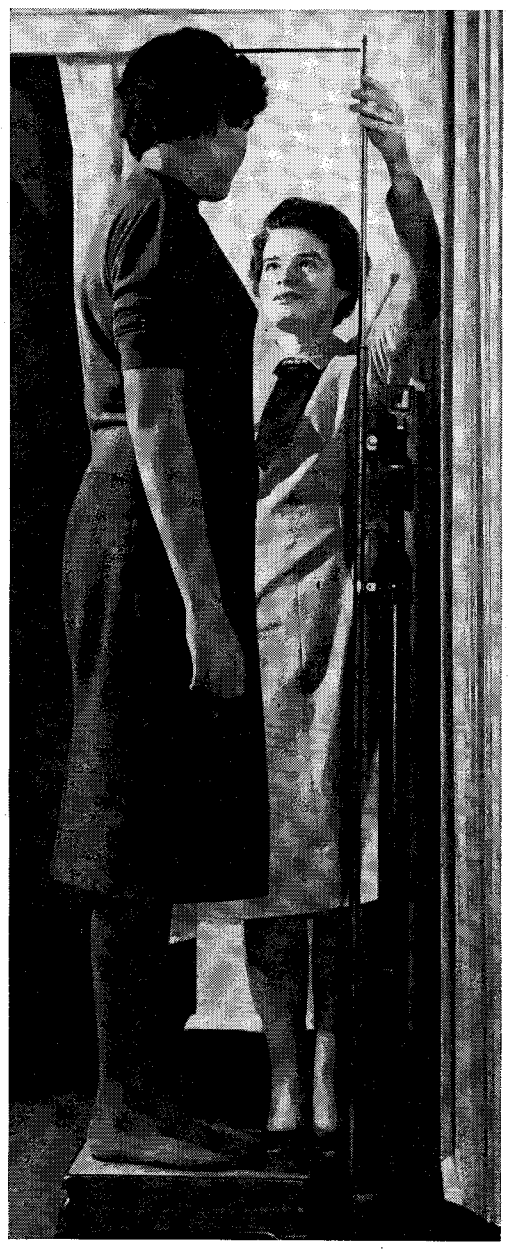


Overeating—not glands—causes most obesity. At 13, Ted Finnerty weighed 384 pounds. On his diet he has now lost 73 pounds.

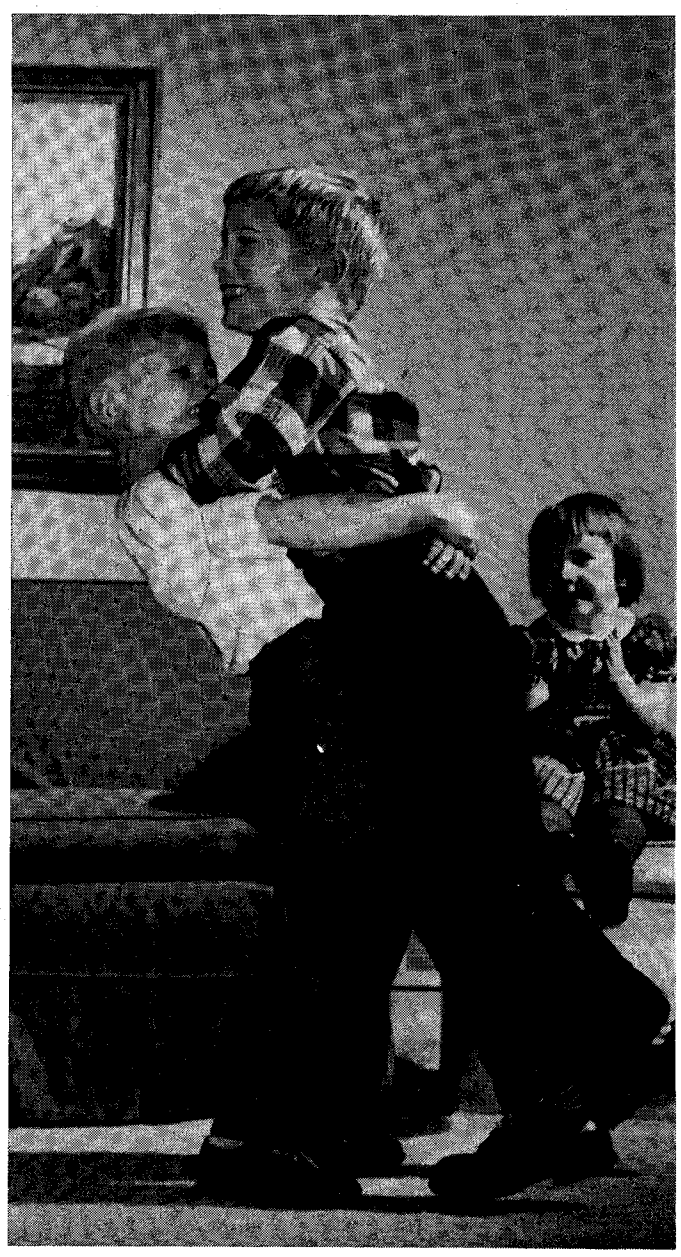
vent a girl from reaching Amazon proportions. To other unhappy youngsters he can offer reassurance that they will eventually grow to normal adulthood.

The most typical fact about a child is that he grows. Yet no two children ever grow alike. Exploring abnormal growth, specialists have come to understand more about the broad boundaries of normal growth. Parents, they believe, would worry less about their youngsters if they knew these five basic facts about all children.

1. Children today are taller than their parents, but not much taller. A short man should not expect to father a six-footer. A child's height is still limited by his hereditary potential. (Continued on Page 46)



Dr. Gertrud Reyersbach, a Boston pediatrician, measures a girl who is abnormally tall for her age—five feet seven at eleven and a half years old.



Russell Schmidt (left) is 10 years old, but he's 5 inches shorter than his brother Glen, who is seven. Russell is now undergoing tests at Babies' Hospital.

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Island of Hate

They struck at the dictator's army—then vanished into the hills. And with them was an American named O'Brien, who fought for reasons of his own. An exciting new serial of guerrilla warfare....

By WARD HAWKINS

The day had just begun. There were still a few places of near darkness in the hollows and beneath the deep undergrowth, but the goldenness of the sun was only moments away. The birds were speaking of it noisily. The sky was becoming very blue, and the frayed veil of high clouds was turning white.

Presently, of course, it would be hot. But now it was pleasantly cool and moist. A man would do well, O'Brien thought, to do all his living at sunrise. There was sweating at noon, there was fear at night, but in the morning there was hope. A man had to work very hard to despair—and to be afraid—at sunrise. At sunrise all his chances were new.

The dampness of the ground was making his back itch, but he did not move. He had awakened thus and had not moved anything except his hands since the moment of awakening. He had used his hands to make sure about the carbine at his side and the automatic at his hip. But the movement had been small, and it was possible the boy, who was watching him, had not noticed it.

The boy's name was Carlos Diaz, and he was ten. O'Brien had heard him come, as softly as a mouse, and knew that he was squatting on his heels close by, waiting patiently. He could visualize the boy's face behind his closed eyelids, the face of a small, deeply tanned angel, with curly dark hair and long-lashed dark eyes. The boy's clothes were torn and soiled, his feet were protected only by calluses and dirt.

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

"Luck of the devil!" Vilar screamed. "Kill them!"

O'Brien was thirty-one. He was long and lean and very strong, with a face burned dark by the sun and hair burned to the color of straw. His nose was formidable, something like a cliff, and while it was true he would have looked better with less nose, he was not ugly. He had gray eyes that could be warm and a mouth that smiled well. To Carlos Diaz, who cared nothing about noses, O'Brien was beautiful next to Christ.

"You do not fool me, American," he said in his native tongue, Spanish. "You have been awake while I counted to one hundred."

"You cannot count that far," O'Brien said in the same tongue. "Not without cheating."

"I cheated only a little."

"You should not cheat at all," O'Brien said. "In any case, I am awake. How can a man sleep with a small boy staring at him? A small boy with a dirty face?"

"You do not know about my face," Carlos said. "You have not opened your eyes."

"I know about small boys," O'Brien said. "Go and wash, and use soap, if you can find any."

When the boy had gone, O'Brien sat erect. He had slept a matter of twenty minutes, and in that time, he saw now, nothing had changed. The eight men in the small clearing beneath palm trees were talking quietly, smoking, cleaning weapons or dozing. Angela Diaz, the boy's mother, was working at a small fire. The commander of the group, Tomás Vilar, was sitting on a flat stone, picking his teeth.

These people were revolutionaries. The government of this Caribbean country called them bandits, murderers, plunderers and much else that was untrue. But such accusations were to be expected of men who themselves had gained control by bloody purge. The man who now called himself president had come to office by approaching his predecessor as a trusted aide and shooting the old man through the back of the head. Officially it was said the old man had died a guilt-stricken suicide.

O'Brien knew the truth now. He had been present when a cousin, a boy of twenty-three, had been taken from his home at night, put against a wall and shot for the crime of printing handbills that asked for free elections. O'Brien's attempt to stop the murder had been answered by a (Continued on Page 96)

"You will die, Julio," O'Brien said.

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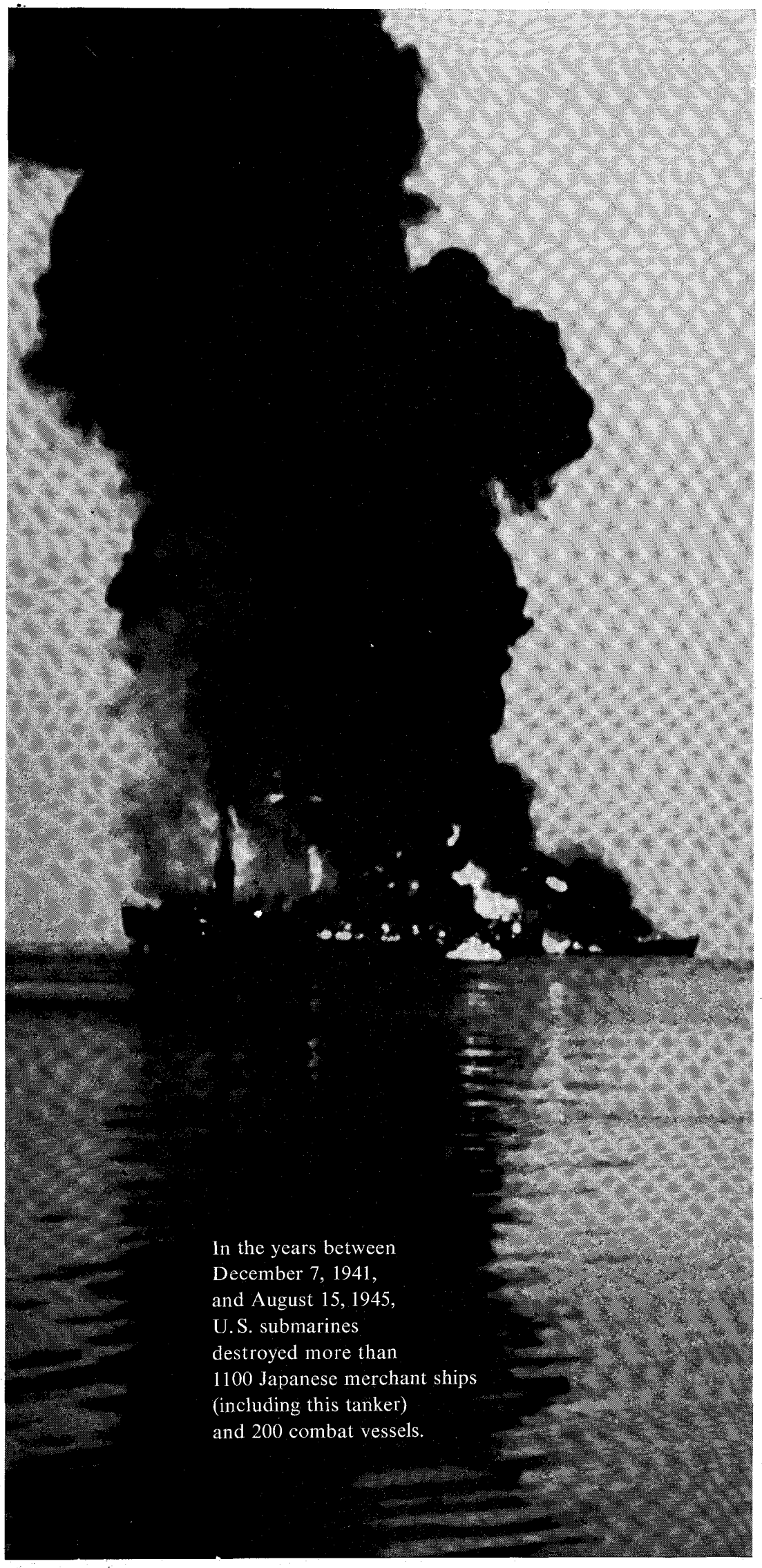

In the years between December 7, 1941, and August 15, 1945, U.S. submarines destroyed more than 1100 Japanese merchant ships (including this tanker) and 200 combat vessels.

Act of Compassion

By F. de SALES MEYERS

A former submariner's true story of a wartime incident which proved that all men are ultimately brothers, even when they are enemies.

During World War II when I was an enlisted man on board a submarine engaged in action against Japanese shipping, I was sometimes fascinated by the fact that the part of war I experienced seemed to be such an impersonal sort of conflict. The majority of the men on the submarine seldom saw the enemy and, of course, they directed all their efforts toward not being seen. It was literally a game of hide-and-seek played with deadly purpose.

A submarine sailor soon got the feeling that he was a part of a terribly destructive machine, that his every move and task was in some way mechanical, and he was made to understand that, without the proper functioning of each part, disaster would overtake the whole vital instrument. Those volunteers who manned the vessels were not chosen because it was believed they would be capable of highly individual acts of heroism. There would be no personal, dramatic and medal-winning charges against an enemy force that could be seen, overwhelmed and thrillingly annihilated. In fact, before a man would be permitted to enter submarine service he would be thoroughly analyzed at the school in New London, Connecticut, to determine that he was not the lone-wolf type of combatant. When the many acts of heroism were performed the captain could say, and in reality did say, that what was accomplished was done by all.

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All this tended to further the impression of impersonality, and it sometimes seemed to me that since these were men who acted as parts they would become largely without feeling and even perhaps not know the hot and cold emotions of hate and fear. During enemy depth-charging, however, I quickly realized that fear constantly dwelt among us, but the men continued to function, and ships got sunk and the war was done and won. As for hate, no man can lie in the hot dark belly of a submarine and regard impersonally the destroyer that roams above him, probing for his very own life with thundering, ear-shattering, soul-shaking depth charges.

There were times, however, when that area of emotion between hate and fear could be felt and expressed. It occurred often enough among men who each frightening day worked in unison for one another's life and protection. There were frequently wild humor and quiet congeniality. It is evident now in the warm and gentle way one submarine sailor knows another and does not forget. And because one time I saw this feeling that is apart from a machine emerge and encompass an enemy, I am a little exalted by it and realize that the war I knew was meaningful not only because we won by destruction but because, even in the act of destroying, compassion for another human being was not obliterated and lost.

On one war patrol, we were assigned to a zone in the South China Sea off the coast of Indochina. We had been out for some time and had had several successful engagements during which enemy ships had been sunk, and in the action we had also been depth-charged.

Late one afternoon we sighted the smoke of a ship just over the horizon and in close to land. After determining its course, we submerged to continue our tracking and to investigate whether or not it was escorted. At that time the submarine onslaught against Japanese shipping had been so triumphant that the Imperial Navy escorted all vessels. So many of them had been sunk, and so desperately did Japan need every bit of war material they transported, that they went to great effort to protect what was left.

The ship, an oil tanker, was escorted. There was a subchaser ranging around it, sometimes swinging out to sea and then back, for certainly they were aware that an enemy submarine was in that area. Despite the escort, however, after much intricate and expert maneuvering by our captain we finally closed in to fire torpedoes.

It was dark by the time the captain brought us to the point of attack, and the approach was made on the surface. There was the dreadfully apprehensive moment when all computations were ended and all angles had been verified, and then three torpedoes were fired and sent on their calculated run. The spread of the torpedoes was timed while we turned to undertake evasive tactics, since the subchaser had discovered our position and was moving out to attack.

The first torpedo missed, crossing the tanker's bow, but the second hit perfectly just below the water line of the forward well deck. It was a vital strike, and the great explosion and immediate flash of fire staggered and shook the ship as though it had been a running animal suddenly cut down by rifle fire.

The escort itself seemed bewildered by the shocking terror of that instantaneous detonation and for a while did nothing. By the astonishingly bright light of the burning tanker we could see that the subchaser was hardly moving at all, and it appeared as though the killer submarine and the protecting vessel were sitting there in the water gazing hypnotically at each other. The subchaser was not picking up survivors, and it was doubtful that there could have been many. After a brief, furious fire the tanker sank beneath the water. Still we remained, enemies on the dark ocean, each nervously expecting attack from the other. But there was no attack. The subchaser fired several shells toward us, none effectively. We maneuvered slowly to set up a torpedo run on them and for a short time prepared to fight a surface action with our one deck gun. Then the subchaser turned away from us, shamefully perhaps, since it had failed in its escort duty, and headed toward the mainland. This small piece of war was over then and we, too, turned for the open sea, leaving the empty ocean to its eternal sepulchral solitude.

Of course, there was great joy aboard our submarine. We had come halfway around the world from American cities and mountain towns and farms, come across seas and lands to encounter an enemy, always knowing that we also were an enemy and therefore targets for destruction. But that night, as on other nights and days, we had stepped to the edge of eternity, assisted into its permanence some Japanese sailors and returned successfully from that terrifying precipice. We celebrated the sinking of a ship, an enemy unseen just then by most of our crew, except by those of us assigned to battle stations on the bridge, an enemy of iron and steel and oil, and no man that night counted the human dead. We had sunk a ship. The dead could be counted when the war was ended.

We remained submerged most of the next day, far out in the ocean, yet continually aware of our purpose, waiting silently for other ships. There were none that day, and in the afternoon the captain directed our navigator to return to the area where we had sunk the tanker. We would further verify its sinking by looking for the signs of disaster at sea—ship's debris and survivors, if any.

There was bright sunshine when we surfaced, and those of us on deck swept our binoculars up and down the empty sea, looking for evidence of death and life. At the place of the sinking we found debris, pieces of lumber and a large oil slick, and not far from the point where the ship had actually gone down we saw a lifeboat floating about aimlessly.

We approached it cautiously, several men on the bow of the submarine with boat hooks and one man waiting with a submachine gun. The after part of the lifeboat was covered with canvas, and it was an enemy, though a decimated one, that we neared. The man with the machine gun was not necessary, however, for the lifeboat was empty. Most of it had been burned away. Apparently the fire had spread over the tanker so rapidly that there had been no time to lower boats, and this one had fallen away, taking with it the lowering device of rope and davits. We pulled it alongside and looked, and one of the men reached in with a boat hook and picked up a charred wooden davit. He threw away a length of burned rope that clung to it, and then we all went below and the submarine drove back to the empty sea.

Again that night we cruised on the surface near shore, patrolling back and forth, waiting and watching, torpedo tubes loaded for another ship. After I completed my four-hour watch on lookout and helm duty, I went below. Before sleeping I wanted to talk to one of the men in the after torpedo room. Going through the engine room I saw that the boat davit removed from the tanker's lifeboat was hanging above one of the engines, with a small sign attached to it. I stopped to read what had been written there on that last remnant of a sunken enemy ship, wondering what emotion, hate or joy, had impelled a man to hang that trophy. What did it signify to him?

Somehow in the days of war that followed I never discovered which of the crewmen had written the inscription, but I wish I had. Though certainly not written to be an ageless, unforgettable memorial to victory, it was a feeling one man had—a feeling of compassion, which itself is ageless in man's memory.

The boat davit was suspended from the overhead, and the sign was hanging from it by a small piece of string. It was a modest inscription, simply a small tag handwritten in block letters. It read: "May 5, 1945. We made a lot of Japanese widows that night, boys. Poor dead yellow guys."

The sign remained there the rest of the war patrol and was there on the following one. In the time I was aboard that submarine until I was transferred, I noticed that no one ever talked about the sign, though I'm positive it was read by all crew members. I never heard a man claim that he wrote it, and I never heard a man condemn its sentiment. It was like a symbol of man's common decency, remembered even in the act of man destroying man.

THE END

Below: the author—a librarian in civil life—revisits the fleet. He served on board the U.S.S. Hammerhead in World War II.

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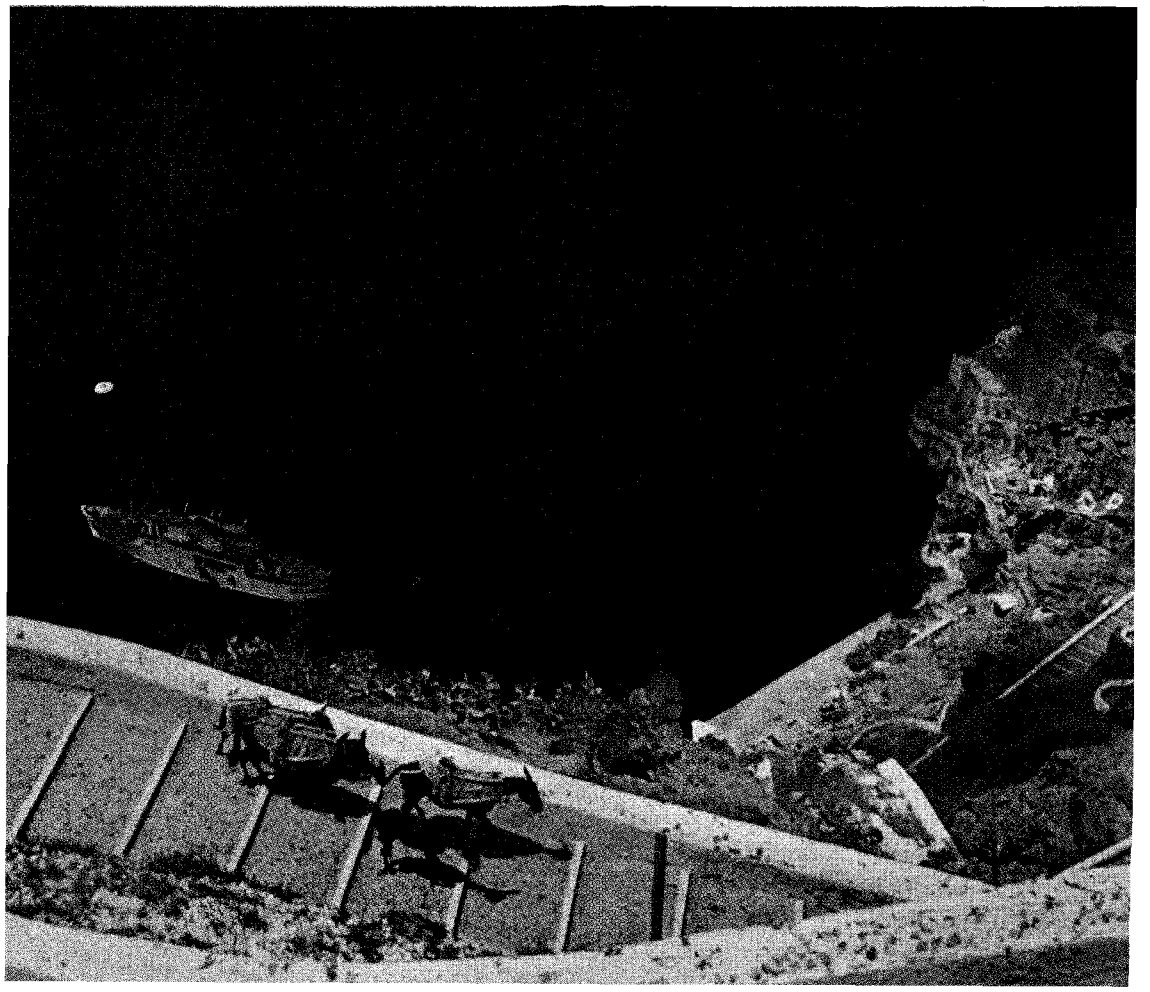
Golden Isles of the Aegean

Weary of the standard vacation spots? Americans are now beginning to "discover" the Greek-island wonderland—still inexpensive, uncrowded and rich in ancient charm.

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

ades. The tortuous trail in the foreground connects the town with its harbor, 800 feet below.



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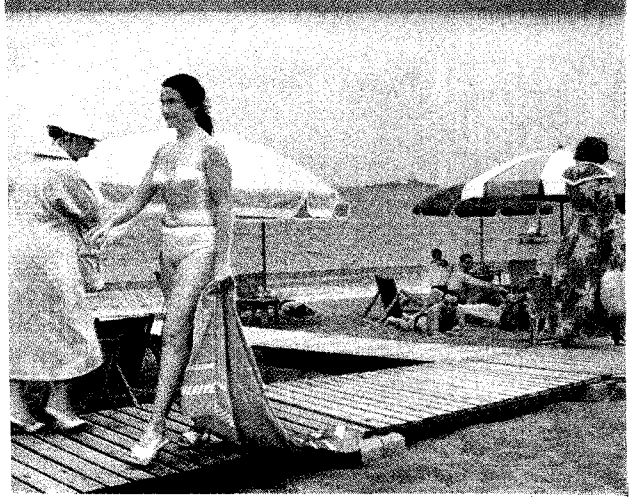


The boardwalk at Rhodes, a resort popular with Americans. A warship of the U. S. Navy lies on the horizon.

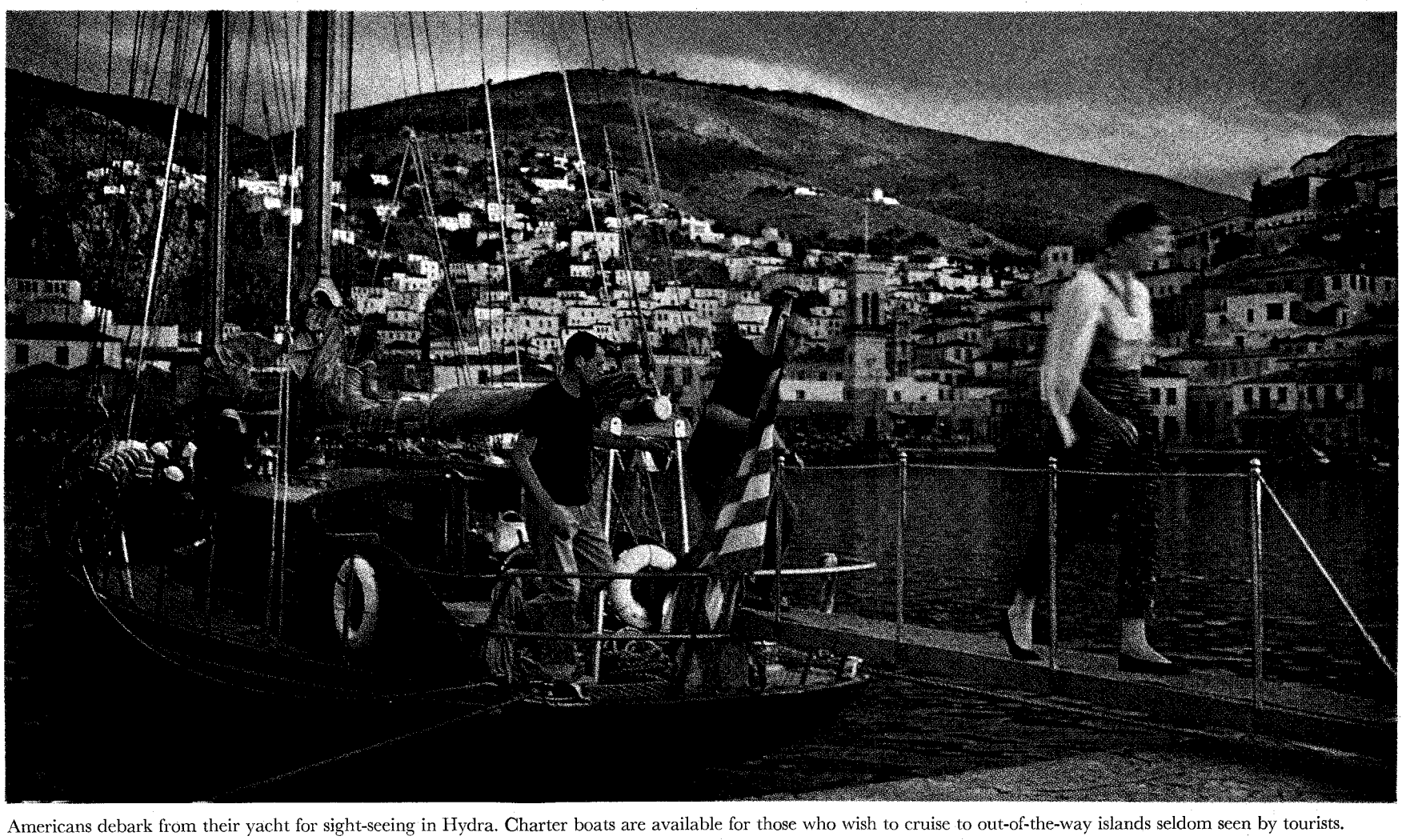
ATHENS.

What is it about islands? They work their magic spell halfway around the globe, calling to us from far horizons, holding a vague, veiled promise—mirages floating in a distant haze. Ever since man first ventured out upon the seas, islands have stirred in him romantic longings, and even now, say "Capri," or "Hawaii," or "Tahiti," and you uncork a bottle full of dreams.

As the world's latest tourist Eden, the golden archipelagoes of the Aegean Sea are up against the competition of island haunts scattered around the globe, islands with well-established names and reputations. The fact that these Greek isles have been emerging more distinctly with every passing year as a new rendezvous for tourists from all over—including an estimated 15,000 Americans this summer—suggests that they CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Photographs by David Lees

The marble lions of Delos. Today the island is inhabited by only a few shepherds. But in the second century B.C., as a center of commerce and the worship of the god Apollo, it was the most important of the Aegean isles.



Americans debark from their yacht for sight-seeing in Hydra. Charter boats are available for those who wish to cruise to out-of-the-way islands seldom seen by tourists.

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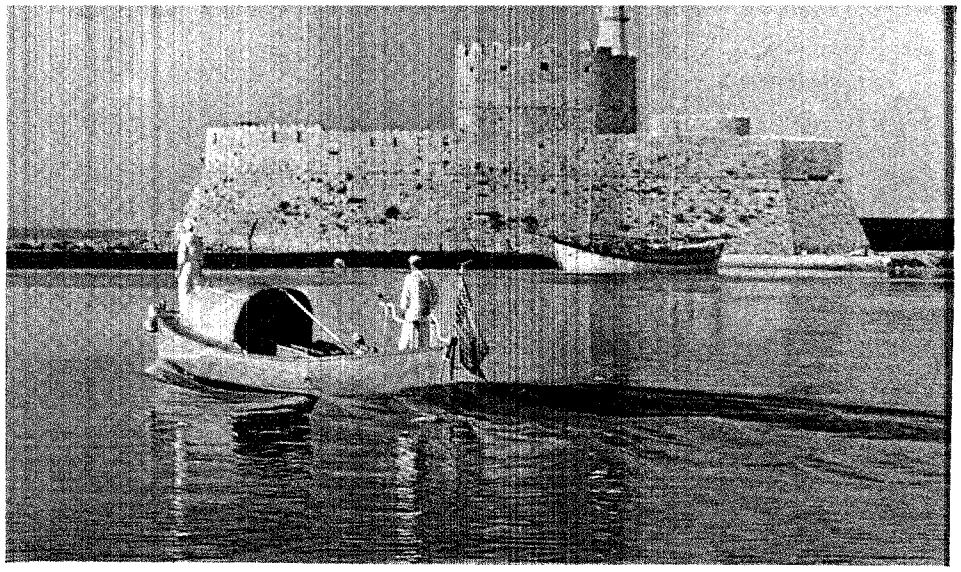
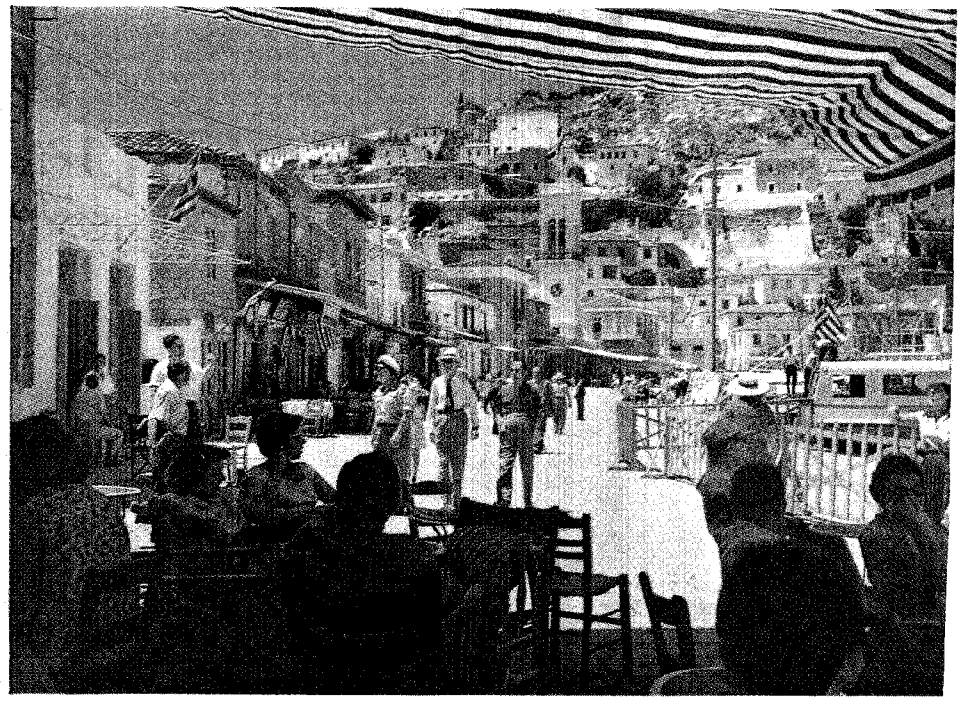
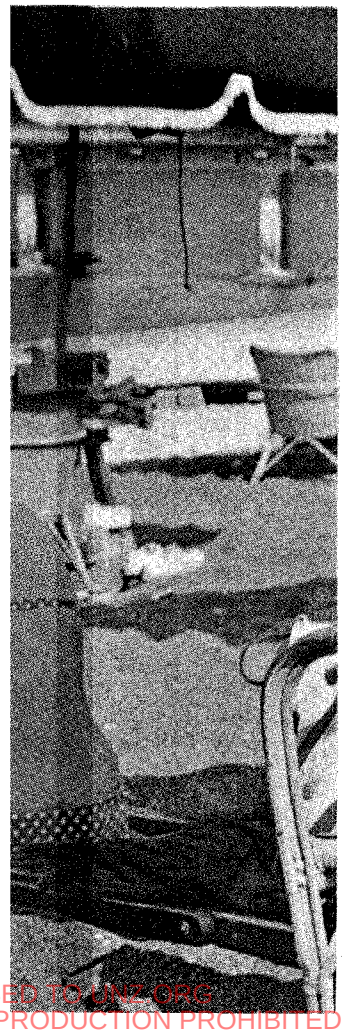


Rhodes: A motor whaleboat from a ship of the U.S. Sixth Fleet passes a turreted stronghold built by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem during the Middle Ages.



The water front at Hydra, a picture-post-card isle with gleaming white buildings and stepladder streets. Here, under an awning, visitors escape the midday sun.

inely luxurious accommodations.



have powerful attractions of their own. For they are far away and hard to get at, and the American tourist is already some $750 out of pocket for his aerial round trip before he steps aboard the coastal steamer that carries him, in a few hours' time, to his own chosen island paradise.

He'll find it worth the effort, as long as he knows more or less what he's after. Soaking up sunshine on a sandy beach? Long walks through lemon groves and pine woods? Greek temple ruins or underwater fishing? All this, and more, will be yours to enjoy if you know where to find it, and if you keep in mind that you are exploring a frontier where tourism is not yet organized.

But the rewards outweigh the disadvantage. Prices, for one thing, are still moderate by our standards. A single room in a hotel costs no more than three dollars; and, if you are a couple, a double room and board will cost you about fifteen dollars a day, and that in a first-rate hotel, including service. At restaurants you'll find it hard to spend more than two dollars for a three-course meal with wine.

The food is "something different." While, in the fancier places, you will encounter what is known as "international cuisine,"

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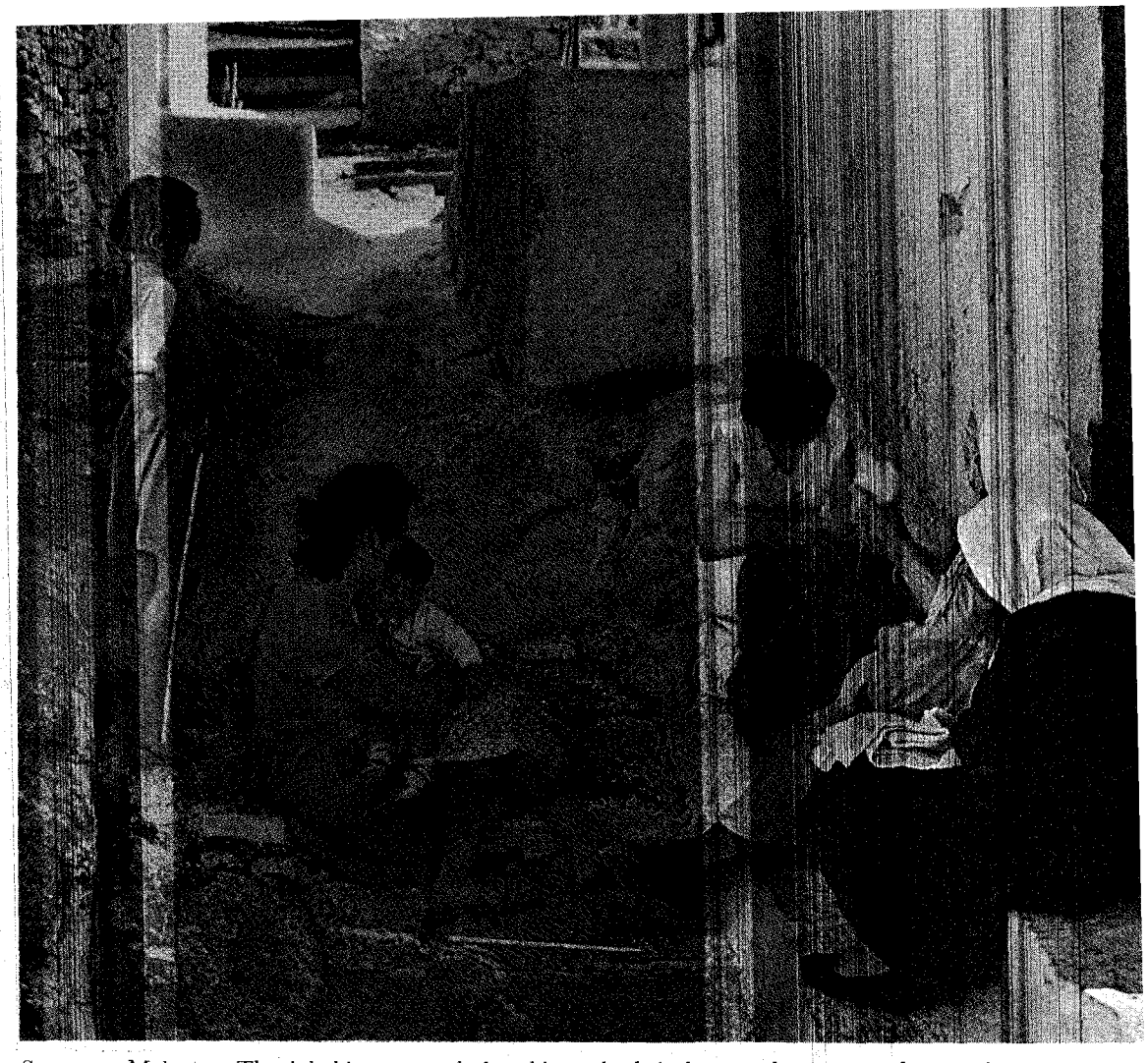
Above: Seaside grotto at Hydra. The island is close enough to Athens, the Greek capital, for a one-day outing by excursion boat.

The island-studded Aegean: Each has its own well-defined personality. But getting to know them all would take a lifetime.

you will fall back on straight Greek cooking elsewhere. The basis of this fare is olive oil. Besides such succulent Greek-Turkish dishes as barbecued lamb and wine leaves stuffed with rice or meat, you will be overwhelmed with a vast choice of sea food. The Aegean Sea is justly famed for fish and lobsters; and those of us who are not on speaking terms with baby octopus or fried fish steeped in garlic sauce can always ask for freshly caught red mullet—grilled, with some rice and bread, and local wine with or without the resin flavor of which the Greeks are fond, it makes a splendid dish. There always is a great variety of cheese which calls for sampling, and the abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables so typical of the Mediterranean world—sweet oranges and tangerines, delicious grapes, tomatoes, olives and exquisite almonds.

All through the season, which begins in April and lasts until the fall, the sun smiles down at you from azure skies as you glide through translucent waters in a blissful trance. You'll find, wherever you set foot on shore, a friendly, unspoiled race of people who greet you with Homeric hospitality—do not refuse the proffered glass of *ouzo*. And, if your Greek is slightly rusty, don't (Continued on Page 114)



Street on Mykonos. The inhabitants regularly whitewash their houses, doorsteps and even the streets. Once a pirates' lair, the island is now at the center of the new tourist boom in the Aegean.

Windmills at Rhodes. Ceded by Italy to Greece after World War II, Rhodes at one time was Turkish.

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"When you leave this school . . ." he began.

HERO WITH A PAST

By N. J. CRISP

Should he shock those who believed in him with the truth about himself?

"Let me see," the headmaster said. "I want to be sure that I introduce you to the boys properly. I'm not really conversant with—ah—service terminology. Wing Commander Roxton D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., of the Royal Air Force. Is that correct?"

"You could leave out the Royal Air Force," Roxton said. "They'll know that."

"Of course. That's splendid. I know they're looking forward keenly to hearing from one of our most gallant old boys. One, moreover, who has attained high rank at such a relatively young age. I'm sure you will inspire them to ——"

Really, Roxton thought, the man was laying it on a bit thick. This was no speech day, no end-of-term affair. They hooked a really big fish from among the old boys then—an admiral or a judge or a politician.

All he was going to do was give a forty-five-minute address on himself and the R.A.F.—"We like to interest boys in the R.A.F. as a career," the headmaster had said—and present the prizes for the annual sports, presumably because he had once represented the air force in the mile.

"I like the boys to have examples of true leadership," the headmaster was going on. "I attach great importance to instilling leadership."

From outside the study came the sounds of feet shuffling, voices, chairs scraping; and Roxton realized that the headmaster was engaged in killing time until the boys were assembled in the hall. He relaxed and glanced at Angela.

As ever, Angela looked cool and elegant. Her blue eyes were fixed with apparent interest on the headmaster, and she nodded in the right places. By now he was talking to her anyway. Roxton knew that he had gone up sharply in the headmaster's (Continued on Page 71)

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A Visit With BILL VEECK

By STANLEY FRANK
and EDGAR MUNZEL

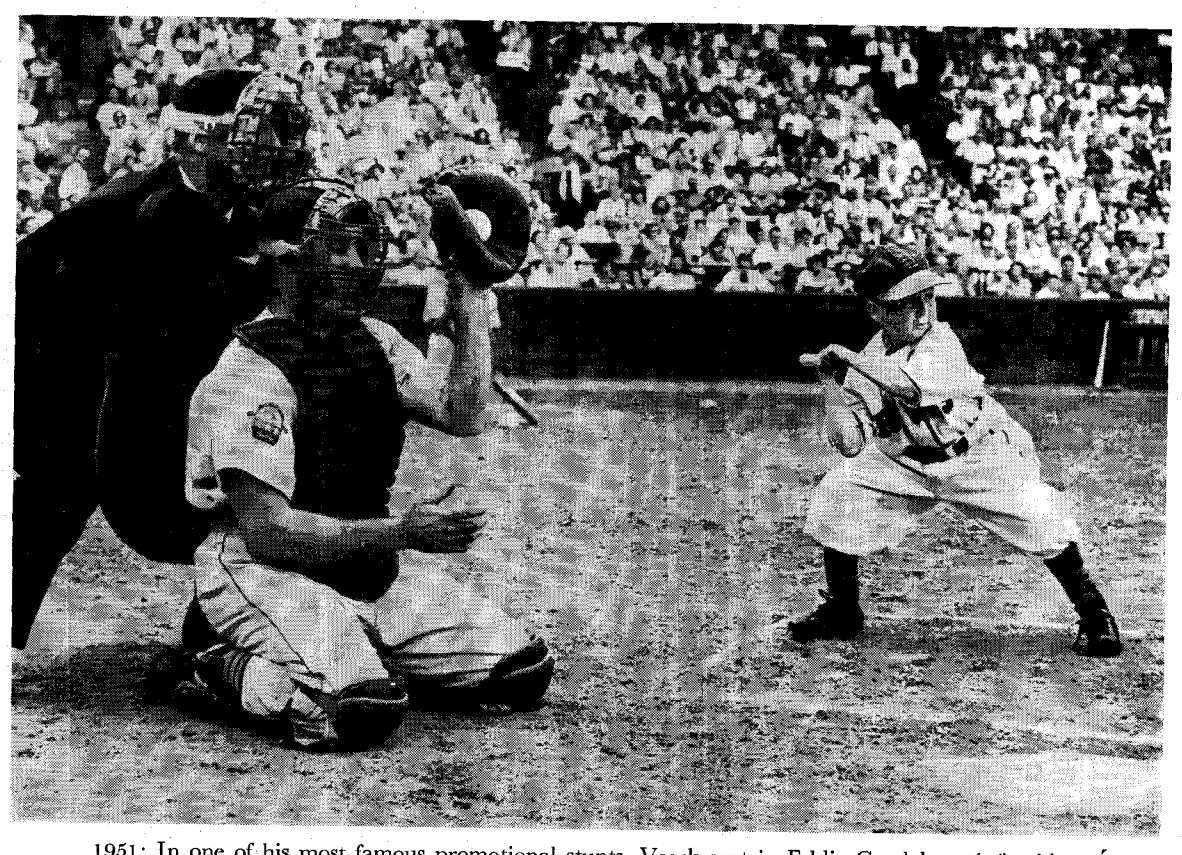
"I hate to admit this," says the new boss of the White Sox, "but we cannot beat the Yankees. . . ."

"I've been a maverick all my life," says Veeck. "And if conforming means I have to become stuffy and stilted, I'd just as soon be evicted from the American League again."

"It grieves me to concede that our pennant hopes are wishful thinking, because George Weiss, the general manager of the Yankees and the man responsible for their continuing superiority, is one of my least-favorite people." Having said this, Bill Veeck did not wait for the obvious question, but went on, "I do not like Mr. Weiss because he is completely devoid of a sense of humor and the milk of human kindness. I suppose a good part of my antipathy to him is jealousy. The fellow is the best operator in baseball, but cold fishes always irritate me. It's fun to deflate and annoy them. The madder they get the more fun you can have with them."

He grinned and rubbed his balding head. "Of course, my notion of fun boomeranged against me once, and it may again."

Five years of enforced absence from baseball have not blunted the trenchant harpoons cast by Veeck (rhymes with "heck"). He has been the most controversial operator in the game ever since he began to annoy certain American League moguls with unorthodox promotion schemes at Cleveland in 1946. Some of the lodge brothers were even more concerned later on when Veeck purchased the moribund St. Louis Browns in 1951 and commenced agitating for a (Continued on Page 92)



1951: In one of his most famous promotional stunts, Veeck sent in Eddie Gaedel, a 3′7″ midget, to pinch-hit for the Browns against the Tigers. Gaedel drew a walk on four pitches.

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The Untold Story of Little Rock

By VIRGIL T. BLOSSOM,
Superintendent of Schools at Little Rock, 1953–1958

PART THREE

Faubus Makes His Move

At the last minute the author pleaded to the governor to take a stand against the agitators. His plea was in vain. On the opening day of school the National Guard ringed Central High under orders to keep the Negroes out.

Late in the summer of 1957, the Little Rock Board of Education asked me to determine whether Arkansas Governor Orval E. Faubus would use his influence for law and order to offset a bitter segregationist hate campaign against our plans for gradual integration of Negroes into Central High School in September.

Little Rock, where I was superintendent of schools, was progressive and law-abiding. Busses, hospitals and certain other public facilities were integrated and a majority of the people were prepared—however reluctantly—to respect the school-integration decisions of the United States Supreme Court. Furthermore, the governor had publicly declared he would support whatever integration policy was adopted by each local school district.

But, in a few weeks before the opening of school, extremists from other parts of Arkansas and from other southern states had stirred up the fires of racial prejudice among a minority of citizens and brought political pressure on Faubus to use his powers to thwart enforcement of the Supreme Court orders. Segregationist leaders of the South were particularly determined to disrupt the Little Rock integration plan just because it was so moderate that it had every chance for success and they feared it would set a pattern for other states.

The governor had made every effort to avoid being put "on the spot" in the integration controversy, but the segregationists were slowly forcing him into a position where he had to make a decision that probably would mean the success or failure of integration at Central High School. And as the time for decision neared, he grew increasingly vague, adding to the uncertainty in the public mind.

I talked to Faubus a number of times in August, sometimes alone and sometimes in the company of Wayne Upton, secretary of the school board, or others. I will not attempt to recite details of these various meetings except to say that the board asked the governor to issue a statement urging the people to respect the law and warning that the state government would not tolerate any violent action against school integration. We explained our belief that if he would make such a statement, outside interference with our plan would die away and all would be well.

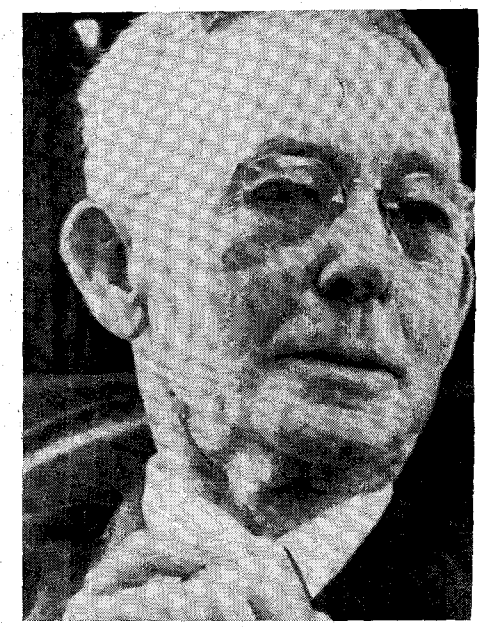
Faubus did not reply directly to this request. Several times he referred to the 1957 state segregation acts, which the legislature had passed and which he had signed reluctantly to gain the support of Eastern Arkansas representatives for his tax program. He said he felt he was "committed" to use these acts to delay integration, and I assumed such commitments were political. Again, when Upton was present, he said the Little Rock plan of gradual integration was the best he had heard of and that he was sure it would work if only the courts held the state segregation acts invalid. This, he seemed to believe, would persuade the segregationists that all legal means of resistance had been exhausted and presumably would relieve him of his commitments. He suggested that we arrange for a state court suit testing the validity of the acts.

"The board is under court orders and cannot seek any delay," we replied. But we offered to consider his suggestion, feeling that if we arranged for a test suit the governor would co-operate and, if necessary, issue the statement we wanted. A test suit was filed the next day by William F. Rector, an insurance man, but it seemed to have no effect on Faubus' attitude and was lost in the shuffle.

"Governor," I finally said at one meeting, "just what are you going to do in regard to our integration plan?"

He thought about the question for a minute in silence.

"When you tell me what the Federals are going to do," he (Continued on Page 119)



Federal Judge John Miller.
He declined Blossom's appeal for a public statement against integration violence.

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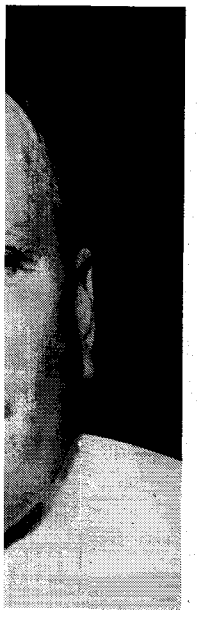
buff Elizabeth Eckford (right), the first Negro student to approach Central High. She tried three times to enter, then gave up and withdrew.



t."

Georgia's Governor Griffin. His inflammatory Little Rock speech was "the biggest and most effective blow of the anti-integration campaign."

Mrs. Clyde Thomason of the Central High Mothers' League. "The mothers are terrified," she told a judge at an integration hearing.

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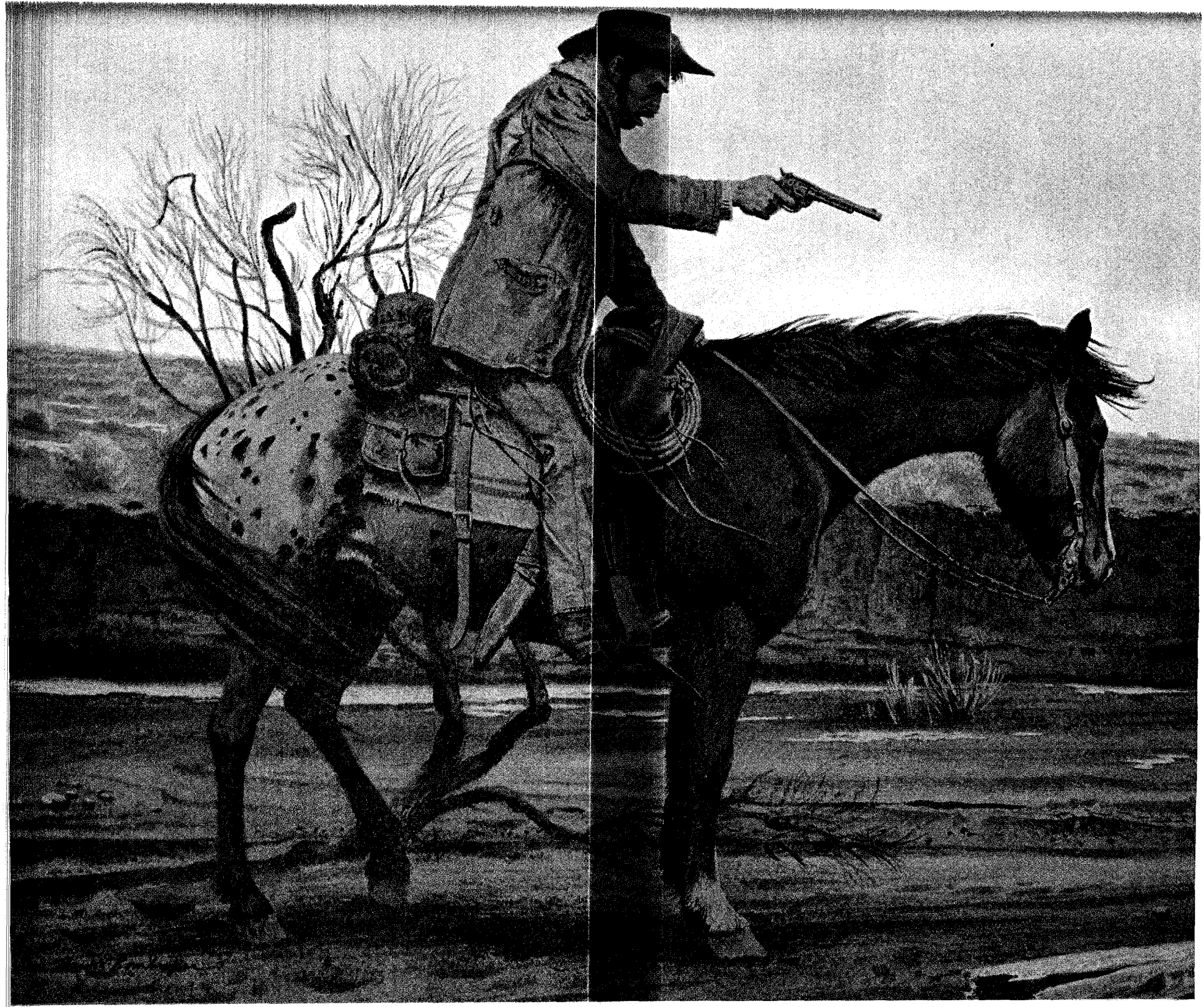

"You're covered," Jug-ears said.

Surprise on the Desert

For the moment, at least, he had the drop on his deadliest enemy.

By CHARLES A. STEARNS

Jug-ears Harris, hibernating in the saddle with his greatcoat buttoned to his chin, awoke to the sound of a man falling off a horse. He reined up to see if it had been himself; then he saw Sonoma Jack sprawled upon the ground.

Sonoma tried to sit up, groaned and fell back. There was grit in his teeth from landing on his face, Wyoming dust upon his new silk shirt, and a dark stain across his fine, embroidered vest. "I am dying," he said.

"Take your time," Jug-ears replied. A mountain range lay between them and the posse from Belle Fourche. He looked down at Sonoma Jack lying there under the moon.

"I forgive all my enemies."

"Amen."

"Except that Butterfield detective, No Gun Paige. He shot me when I was not looking."

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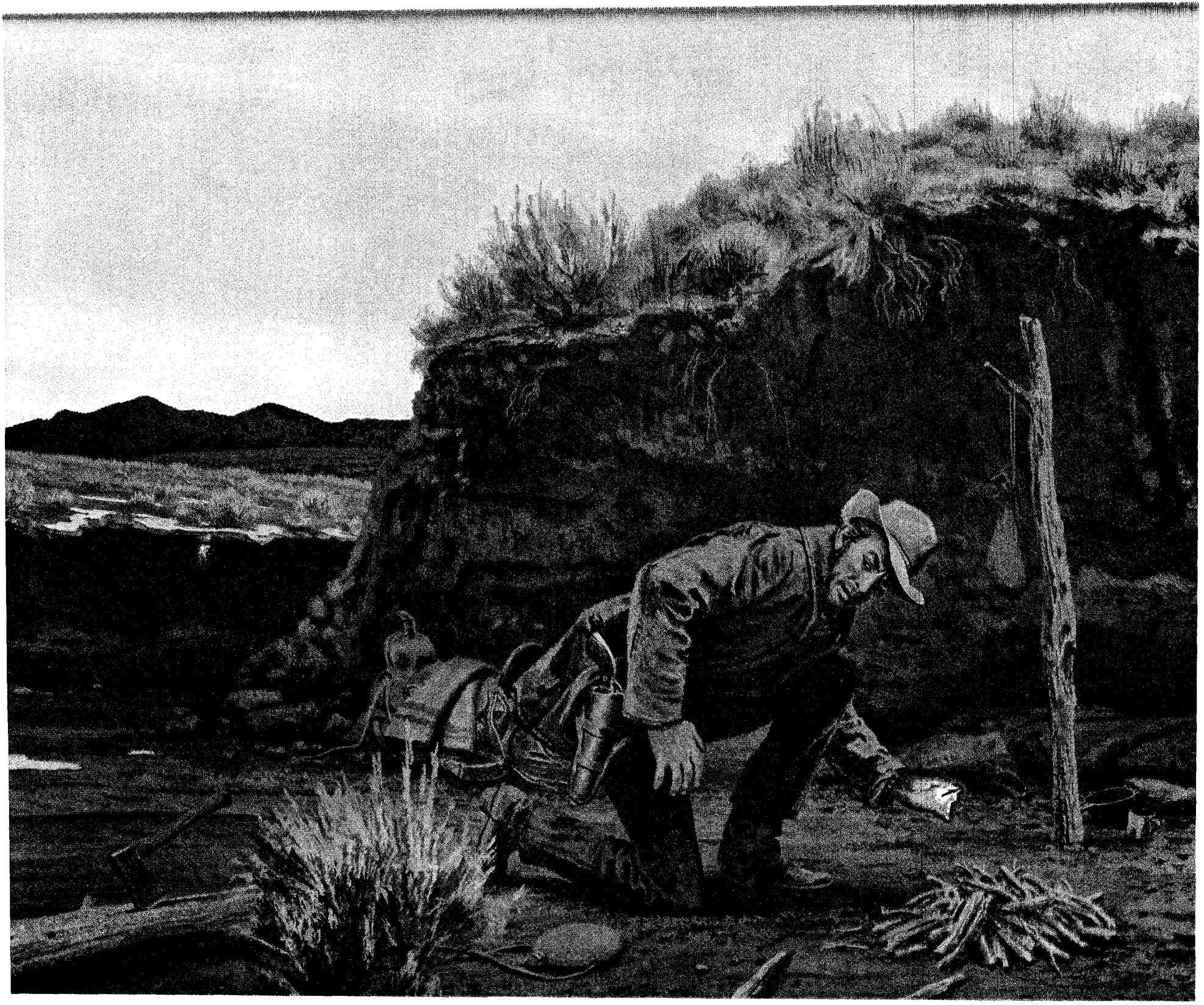

"I know it," Jug-ears said. They had been in Belle Fourche yesterday to test the solvency of its bank when No Gun Paige, who had been trailing them for a long time, came out of this very bank, eating a cheese sandwich. Startled, Sonoma Jack had taken a pot shot at him, and as they were spurring down the street, No Gun had got him between the shoulder blades.

It had been an unlucky meeting and a lucky shot, but Sonoma Jack said bitterly, "He has had it in for me ever since that time in El Paso."

"Who?"

"No Gun Paige. Three years ago I stole his girl, and I married her. Oh, I see, now that it is too late, that it has been eating him all these years, and he finally had to shoot me in the back."

"I never knew you had a wife," Jug-ears said.

"Yes, the fairest woman that God ever made," Sonoma Jack said.

There was an emotional silence, and then Sonoma added, "I was in on that Butterfield stagecoach job last May, all right, but he never could prove it. I see right away that those brand-new '88 mint eagles would not spend across the bar until they had tarnished, and so I hid mine."

"Where was this?" Jug-ears said.

"At my place right south of Hachita." Sonoma Jack began to curse No Gun Paige fluently, and then he groaned and said, "No, I expect it is my fault that I am lying here instead of his, for I had a sainted mother who tried to turn my feet from the path of wickedness, and I had a good woman, who was true-blue—though I am sorry to say that I had to whup her time and again to keep her that way. And now that I have been gathered away, there is no one left to protect her, and No Gun Paige, as well as certain friends of mine, will be after the gold."

"That's so," Jug-ears said.

"But I am the only one who knows where it is cached," Sonoma Jack told him. "She will be needing a friendly gun, however, and I figure I just might tell you where that money is hid, if you will swear to steal only half of it from her, and help her snake the rest out of the Territory, where it will be a comfort to her in her old age."

Then Jug-ears dismounted, took a bottle of forty-rod from his saddle bag and knelt by Sonoma Jack, who lay pale and proud, with teeth clenched and eyes tight shut, awaiting the end.

"Good old Jug," Sonoma gasped ambiguously, opening his eyes and clutching at the bottle.

"Where at do I look?" Jug-ears said.

"Well, sir, you will not have any trouble finding the place, or recognizing my woman, as she is about the only respectable sorrel-haired woman west of the Rio Grande. She is the fairest ——"

(Continued on Page 54)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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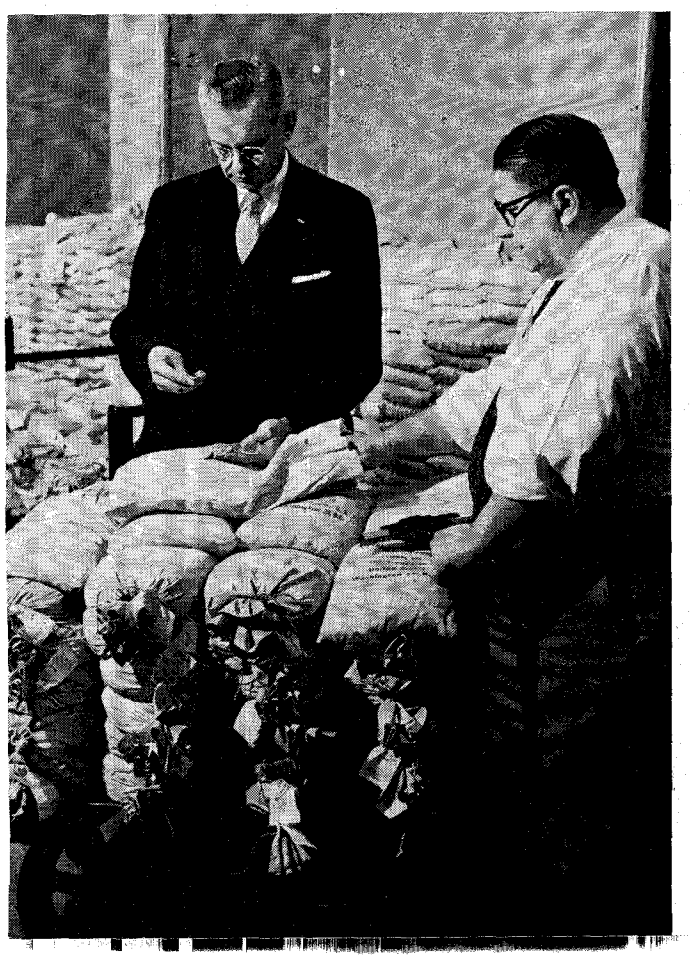
Anderson, shown above on his way to a White House Cabinet meeting, believes that "inflation is man-made and can be man-controlled."

He Knows Where Your Money Goes

Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson copes with the world's most staggering financial headaches, including this year's $12-billion deficit.

By BEVERLY SMITH, Jr., *Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post*



In the Treasury Department's rarely photographed main vault, the secretary inspects some of the $60,000,000 in coin stored there.

Back in 1932 a Texas farm boy named Robert B. Anderson had a little problem—to raise twelve dollars to buy a new suit to wear on his graduation day at the state university.

Today this same Bob Anderson, as Secretary of the Treasury, is again harassed by the figure 12. He must wrestle with the estimated $12,000,000,000 United States deficit which looms for the fiscal year ending June thirtieth.

Financing the suit turned out to be easy because people admired and trusted the young man. Grappling with the present huge deficit is a horribly difficult long-term problem. But here again the esteem Anderson has won for himself is going to help. It extends from the White House to the leading legislators of both parties on Capitol Hill. The respect in which he is held in these two centers of power will make him a key figure in the struggle to get Uncle Sam's monetary affairs back into more sensible order.

During the last year the forty-nine-year-old Secretary of the Treasury has emerged as one of the most quietly effective members of the Eisenhower Administration. The importance of his role is likely to increase in the two difficult years ahead. During that time our Government will be in a strange fix. The Republican President faces a Congress which, in both houses, has Democratic majorities almost heavy enough to override his veto. Such a situation is new to our experience. It has obvious perils. Even in the transaction of normal Government business, it could lead to feuds, fuss and futility; in time of crisis it could weaken or paralyze national action.

Thus there is an almost desperate need for anyone who can serve as a link between the White House and Congress, reconciling differences and working toward sensible solutions. It so happens, rather surprisingly, that Bob Anderson is (Continued on Page 89)

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NIGHT FERRY

By JOHN RHODES STURDY

The skipper seemed to be losing his nerve in the storm—

Captain Garth Davidson from the city, general superintendent of the big North Pacific Steamship Company, drove his station wagon aboard the Orion Island ferry at Discovery Point on the mainland side, and the boat was under way and bucking a sharp wind in the strait before he caught sight of his brother.

Hal Davidson, wearing a nondescript uniform without insignia, was moving from car to car on the automobile deck of the little ferryboat, taking fares from the passengers and punching tickets. He was the mate. When he finally reached the station wagon, Garth was waiting with a smile and an outstretched hand to greet his younger brother.

"Hello, Hal," he said warmly. "You look good."

"Hello, Garth." The handclasp was firm enough, but it was brief.

"How are mother and dad?"

"Fine. They're expecting you."

Garth had his money ready. He received a punched ticket in return, and now he leaned further out of the car to continue the conversation, still smiling, but with less ease. The younger brother said: "Excuse me. I'll see you on the other side. There are some more cars to check."

It was not exactly a rebuff, and yet Hal's impatience to get away, whether from embarrassment or not, was unmistakable. Garth sat back suddenly with a frown after his brother left him. The station wagon was the leading car on the starboard side, and over the square bow of the ferry he had a clear view of the island ahead. In less than an hour they would be there, tied up to the village slip, and in a way he would be home.

A second home, because he had his real home in the city with Mary and the two children. But he had been born over there on Orion Island. His father and mother still lived there—and his brother.

Mary had asked him: "Isn't it about time you paid another visit to your parents?"

That had been a couple of nights ago, and he had replied slowly: "Yes. I suppose so."

"What's the matter, Garth? Is it Hal?"

He had nodded reluctantly. "I seem to embarrass him these days, Mary. I shouldn't but that's the way it is. When I used to go back to the island, he was always happy to see me. But lately ——"

"You mean, he's jealous of you?" Mary had asked. "Why? Hal always said he never wanted to leave the island. He always said ferryboating was the thing he loved. It's ridiculous to be jealous, just because you went deep-sea, and did well." (Continued on Page 58)

"Take over," Hal cried desperately.

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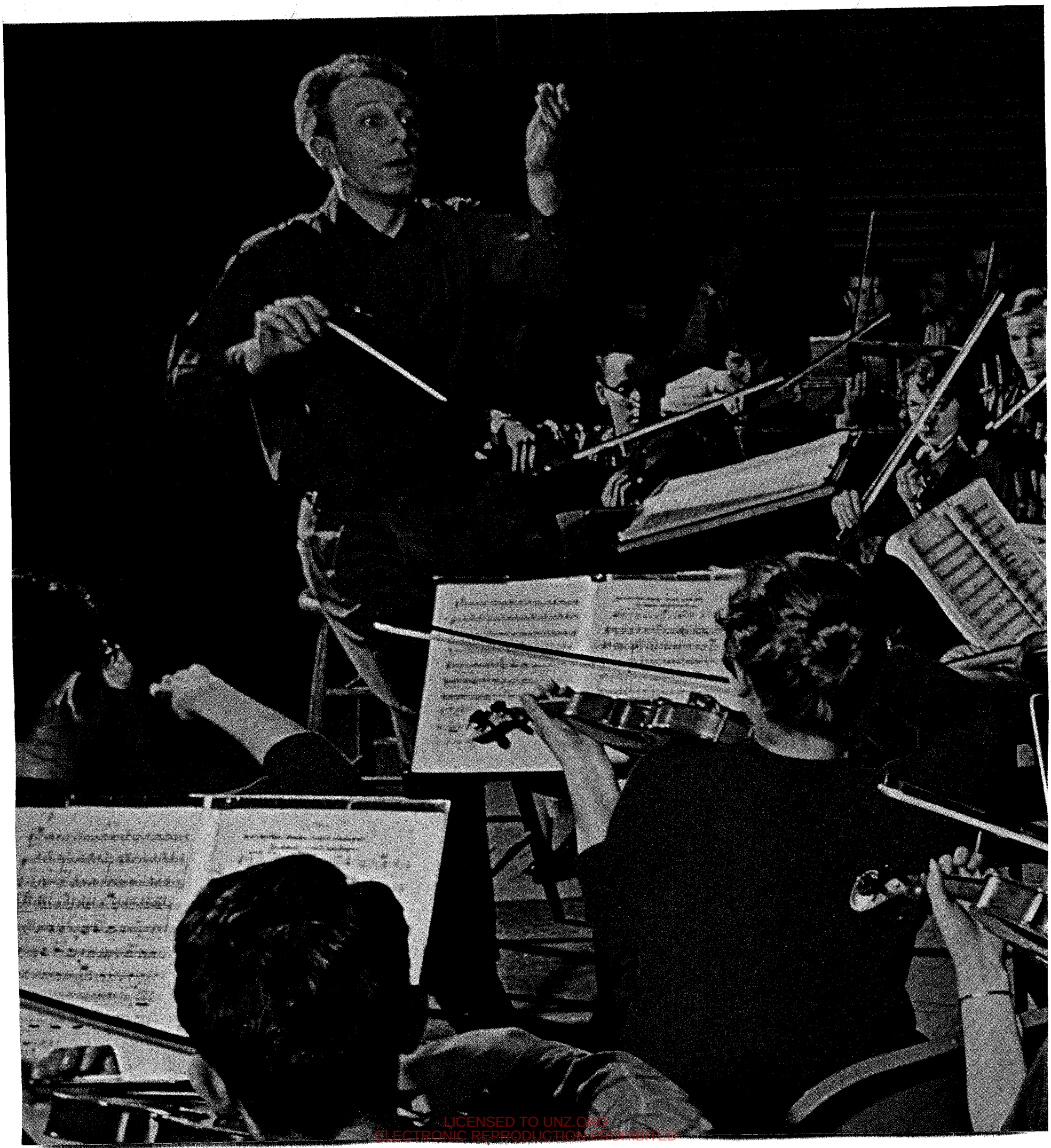
The Face of AMERICA

Maestro and Kids



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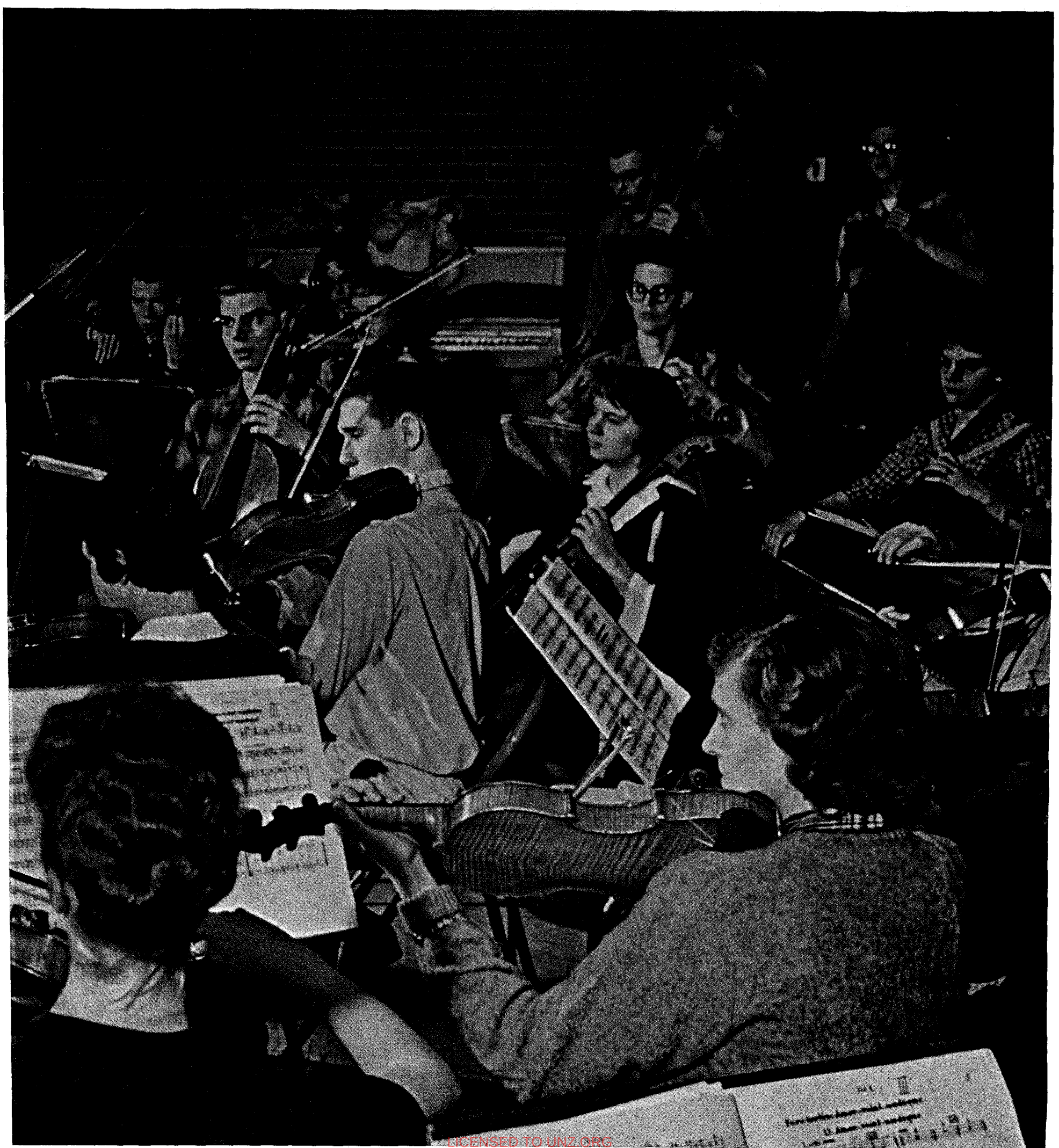
The rules are well known to teen-age musicians in Portland, Oregon. Quite simply, no youngster may join the Portland Junior Symphony without demonstrating superior talent; none may be over twenty-one; and all must rehearse three times a week during the school year. The conductor, Jacob Avshalomov, is a gifted composer who aims high. Even at a run-through like this, he expects his eighty boys and girls to strive for the disciplined technique of mature artists. Whatever they play—Bach or Beethoven, Stravinsky or Ravel—they must read from the uncut scores used by the world's greatest orchestras. There is tradition to uphold, for the Junior Symphony has a long history. It was organized back in 1923 by the late Dr. Jacques Gershkovitch, who liked to say, "I don't teach music—I teach young people. Music is what I start with." In thirty-five consecutive seasons, the Junior Symphony has trained more than 2000 young musicians, including Jacob Avshalomov himself.

• Photograph by Jack Fields



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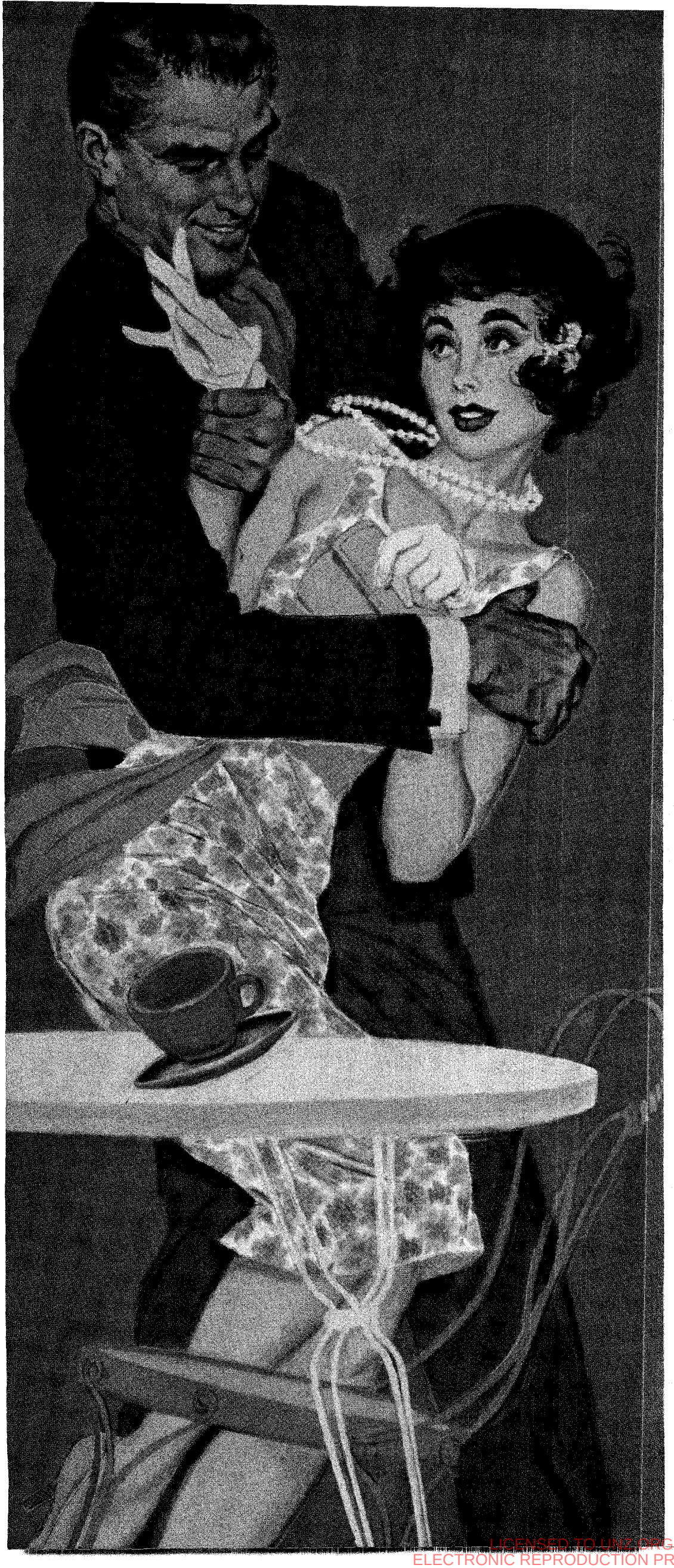

The Lady and The Brute

By ROBERT MURPHY

After he had checked in at the airline ticket counter and watched the porter pass his mountain of baggage in, Jeff Carruthers, a tall young man whose pleasant, serious face bore a harried expression, turned back toward the handsome, dark-haired girl who was waiting across the lobby for him.

"A minute, please," the clerk said. "I'm afraid you're going to be a bit over your allowance. I'll have it in a sec."

The man began putting things on the scales and writing down figures, and Jeff stood watching him, feeling like a fool. He knew he was overweight; he had intended to stand there until the charge was added up and pay it, not act like a chiseler trying to get away with something, but he had a lot on his mind. His Aunt Ruthie, who had brought him up after he'd been orphaned at fourteen by an automobile accident, was pretty feeble now and not very well, and he hated to leave her for three weeks; something had turned up at the office at the last minute, and he wasn't sure his partner knew enough about it; Rod MacDonald, who was going with him, was late as usual; and, last but not least, there was Barbara, the girl across the lobby. She thought it was selfish of him, and rather silly, to go all the way to Alaska to shoot a Stone sheep. He was really serious about Barbara; he'd decided he couldn't live without her, and she was giving him a hard time.

He looked at Barbara, who wasn't looking back at him, and then at the clock and then at the doorway. Rod still wasn't in sight; time was getting short, and if they missed this plane, they fouled up their connections all the way to Alaska.

"Ninety-seven dollars and forty cents," the clerk said.

It was more than he'd expected, and he was glad that Barbara wasn't close enough to hear it. The trip had already cost too much, but he had wanted for years to make it. He passed over two fifty-dollar bills.

"Thank you," the clerk said, giving him change. "You have fourteen minutes."

He looked at the door again, in anguish, just as Rod came in. Rod had a pretty, laughing and rather flighty-looking blonde with him who was carrying his hat; Rod's hair was curly and red, and he was laughing too. They were having a fine time. Another mountain of baggage followed them to the counter.

"I made it," Rod said, passing over his ticket. "Sheila, this is Jeff. I told you he'd be in a sweat."

She struggled furiously when
he caught her and swung her about.

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How one man learned the secret of handling girls who insist on having things their own way.

Illustrated by Robert Jones

"Hi," Sheila said, grinning. "You are, too, and I'm sorry. I had to buy Rod a drink, and we got lost in the bar."

Jeff tried a smile, for she was a friendly girl. "I was getting a little worried," he said. "We'd have missed all our connections."

"Rod said you were a worrier, but I did have to buy him a drink, didn't I? Those things he's going up there to shoot might make off with him, and I'd never see him again."

Rod joined them, tucked a thinner wallet back into his pocket. "Might be a good thing," he said. "You're getting too fond of me."

"I know," Sheila said. "I oughtn't to let you go, but you've wanted to for so long I think you ought to do it."

This brought Jeff back to his other problem. "Barbara's over there," he said, "and we haven't much more time." They all started to walk toward Barbara.

"Hi," Sheila said when they got there. "I'm Sheila Downes. Don't you think it's nice they're going?"

"How do you do?" Barbara said. "I'm afraid that I don't, really."

Sheila's eyebrows went up. She saw Barbara had no engagement ring, estimated the situation with great swiftness and aplomb, and drew Rod off a few feet. "Look, lover boy," she said. "I like your pal, and I think his girl friend would be fine if she didn't feel she had to wear the pants. While you've got him away you'd better give him the word about that. If he waits until he's engaged he's a dead duck."

"I've given him lots of words," Rod said. "He's too much of a little gentleman to straighten her up with a smack or two. It's going to take a cataclysm of nature to change him."

"See if you can arrange one," Sheila said. "And you'd better kiss me now. They're about to drag you off."

Things were going a little differently with Jeff. "And you aren't even going to kiss me good-by?" he asked. "Why, Barbara?"

"Because you're going even if I didn't want you to."

"But, Barbara, I'll probably never have another chance. I want to shoot a ram and see the country the hairy mammoths lived in. You know how interested I am in paleontology."

"Dirty old bones. I do wish you'd be interested in something nicer." (Continued on Page 64)

She fought like a sabertooth until he hit her jaw.

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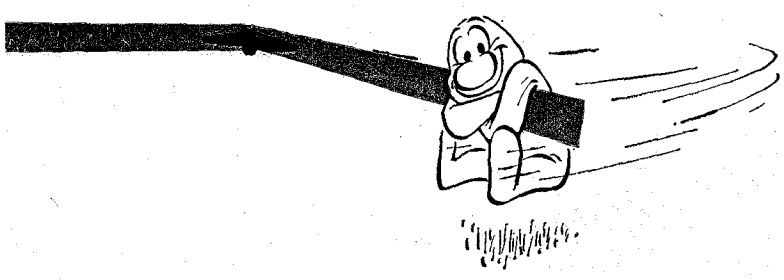
Post Scripts



You Can't Get My Wife to Stick to the Subject

I had taken my new library book, Life Through the Ages, out into my flower garden, and had ensconced myself in a lawn chair when my wife came up.

"Dear," I said, closing the book, "why do you suppose the dinosaurs disappeared?"

"Maybe the weeds killed them," said my wife. "Where did you plant them?"

"Dinosaurs are not flowers," I said. "The dinosaur was a prehistoric monster which sometimes weighed as much as forty tons."

"Oh."

"Think of it!" I said. "Now, then. How long do you suppose one of these monsters would measure?"

"Two feet?"

"Two feet!" I cried in astonishment.

"Oh. Excuse me, dear. I was thinking of how long my new spice shelf measures. Two feet."

"Oh. Well, a dinosaur weighing forty tons would measure some sixty feet in length."

"This spice shelf," said my wife, "measures approximately two feet in length and is already painted. All you have to do is put it up. It's Early American and has two holes at the top to put screws in the wall."

"After the dinosaurs came the mammals," I continued, "which may be bracketed with the amphibians and marsupials."

"Speaking of brackets, I forgot to tell you that two metal brackets came with the spice shelf."

"Then man appeared," I said. "Man had tools."

"But it was hard to get man to use his tools."

"I'll put your spice shelf up," I said crossly. "But first, try to grasp the wonder of man's rise from savage cave-man days—trade began: Cotton from Egypt, gold from Abyssinia ——"

"Spices from the Orient," suggested my wife, "which are kept on shelves in the kitchen."

"Yes," I agreed, "and tin from Phoenicia. Slowly, slowly, man rose."

"You mean you are finally going to get up out of that chair?"

"Oh, all right," I said.

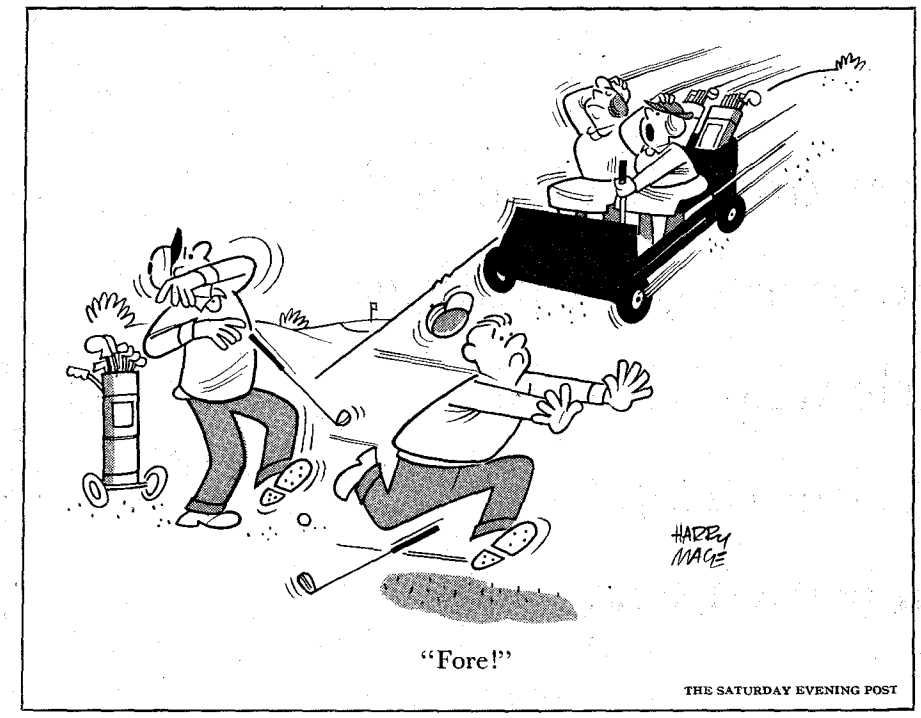
I went to get my hammer and screw driver.

I was making pencil marks on the kitchen wall when my wife stuck her head in the door.

"Call me when you're ready to get it level," she said. "You put everything up crooked, you know, if it's got two ends to it."

Women just can't grasp the wonder of man's progress.

JOHN BAILEY



"Fore!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Laura's Lunch Hour

17 minutes devoted to eying
The frocks in a "Fabulous Sale";
9 happy minutes for lovingly buying
A tie for her favorite male;
8 precious minutes for rapid replacement
Of lifts on the heels of her shoes;
6 minutes more in a Big Bargain Basement
With "Specials on Liquid Shampoos";
7 short minutes for phone conversations
Away from inquisitive ears;
4 minutes more to inspect excavations
With other part-time engineers;
9 crowded minutes for hectically shopping
A slip and a clip and a snood—
Then back to the office without ever stopping
To pick up a morsel of food!

—
60 minutes

(But, Gentle Reader, don't despair
For the health of the clerical maiden fair.
At eleven-fifteen that morning, she
Had phoned to the corner pharmacy
For a ham on rye and a Danish (prune)
Which she ate at her desk before leaving at noon.)

ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

Platypus Patter

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News Item*)

"Why are you platypuses so sensitive?" I asked the female platypus.

"If you looked like I did, you'd be sensitive too," she said.

"Come, now, I think you're very charming," I said, getting out my pad and pencil.

"I'm put together with spare parts," she said. "The fur of a rat, the tail of a beaver, the webbed feet and bill of a duck."

"At least you're different," I said amiably.

"And no teeth," she went on.

"No teeth?" I said. "Then how can you eat half your weight in food each day?"

"I keep gravel in my cheek pockets and grind up my food," she replied.

"Grind up food," I wrote.

"And I store fat in my tail. Boy, are we platypuses a mess!"

"Is it true that when platypuses marry they keep separate apartments?" I asked.

"It keeps the illusion fresher," she said. "If we had to sit around all day looking at each other ——"

I changed the subject quickly, "If I'm correct, female platypuses have one very special distinction."

She brightened. "What's that?" she said.

"You and the spiny anteaters are the only two mammals who lay eggs."

Her face dropped. "The spiny anteater's pretty mixed up too," she said.

"How's it done?" I asked.

"What's that?"

"This egg-laying business. What's your secret?"

"See here, young man," she said. "You're not one of those Kinsey fellows."

"I—er—why, no."

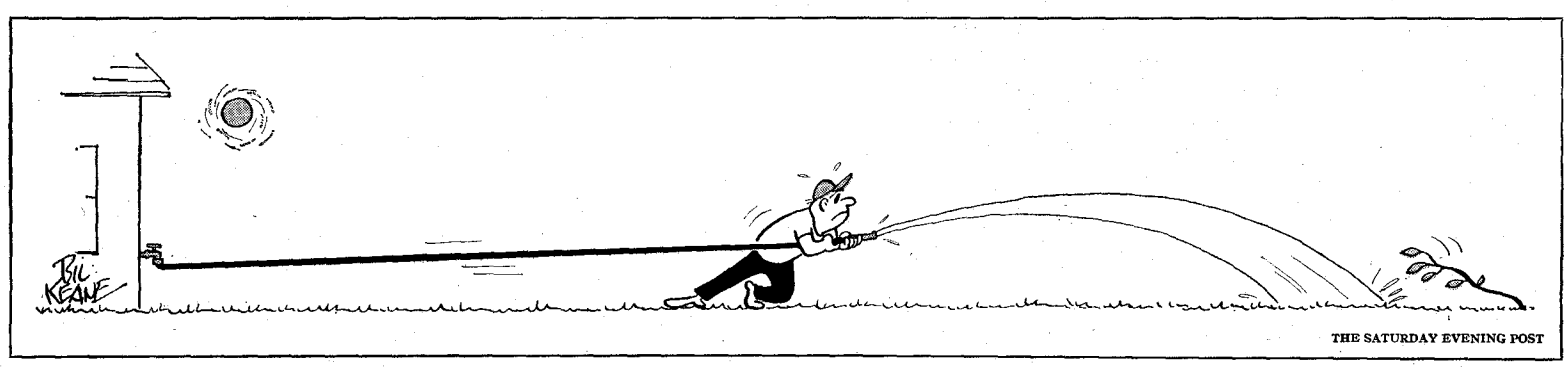
"Well, that sort of thing may go in America, but this is Australia! If your readers want a real story, talk with the oyster. She lays sixteen million eggs a season. Ask her how she does that!"

JACK BROWNELL

Intersection

Note the careful drivers here,
Giving signals firm and clear.
Note their courtesy of road,
Heeding every traffic code,
Cautious, vigilant and kind.
(Then note police car right behind.)

BETTY ISLER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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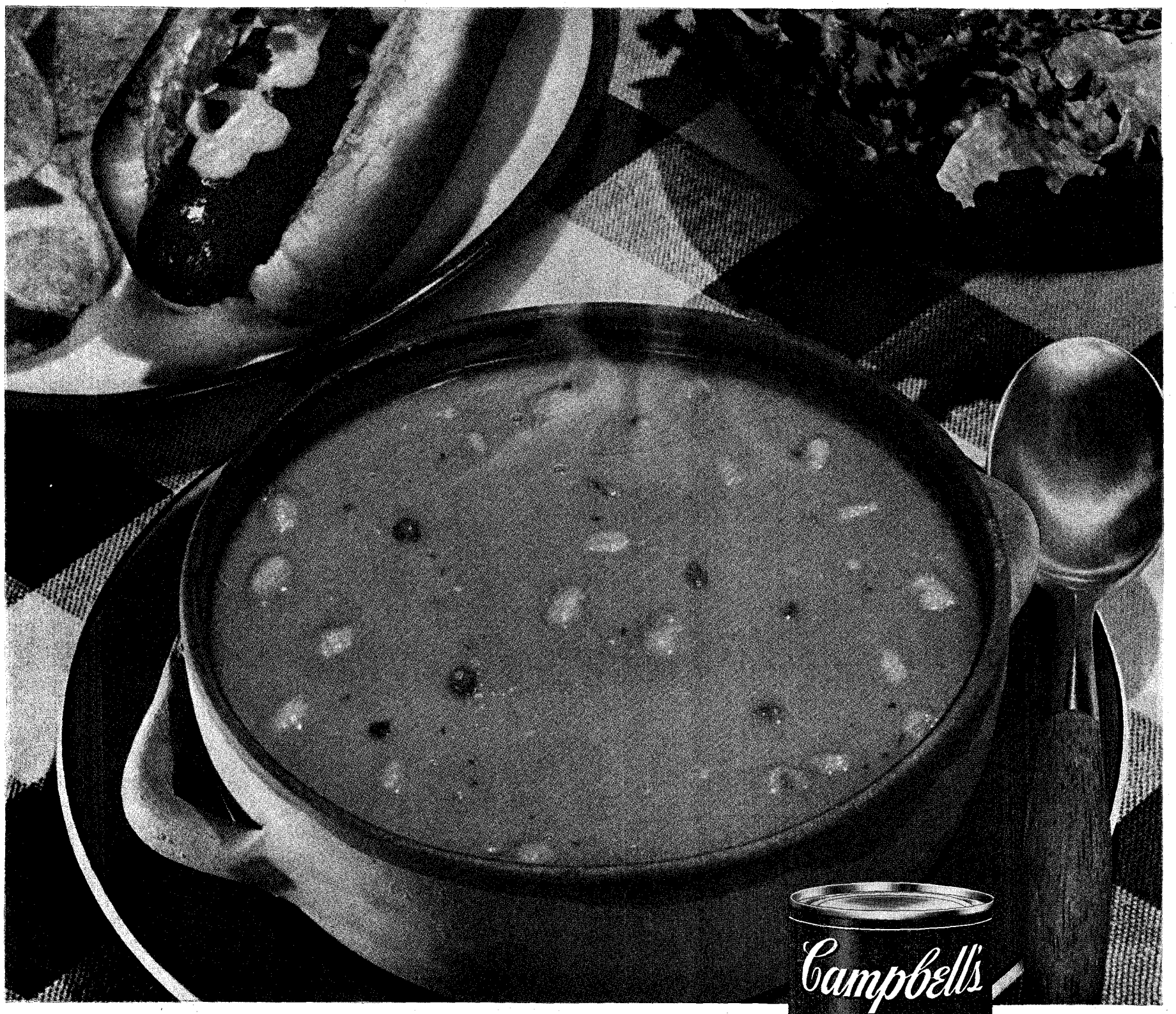
Hearty! Quick! Delicious, too!
Campbell's Soups are good for you!

Enjoy *Campbell's* BEAN with BACON SOUP soon



A WHOLE-MEAL SOUP... AND SO DELICIOUS! Tender, "baked-tasting" beans, in a hearty purée that's smoky with a flavor of good bacon, delicious with the Campbell blending that makes a good soup a masterpiece! That's Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup—a nourishing stick-to-your-ribs standby at lunch or suppertime. Like all Campbell's Soups, it's ready in 4 minutes, costs less than 7¢ a serving—makes it easy to enjoy the healthy habit . . .

ONCE A DAY . . . EVERY DAY—SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins . . . Minerals, too!

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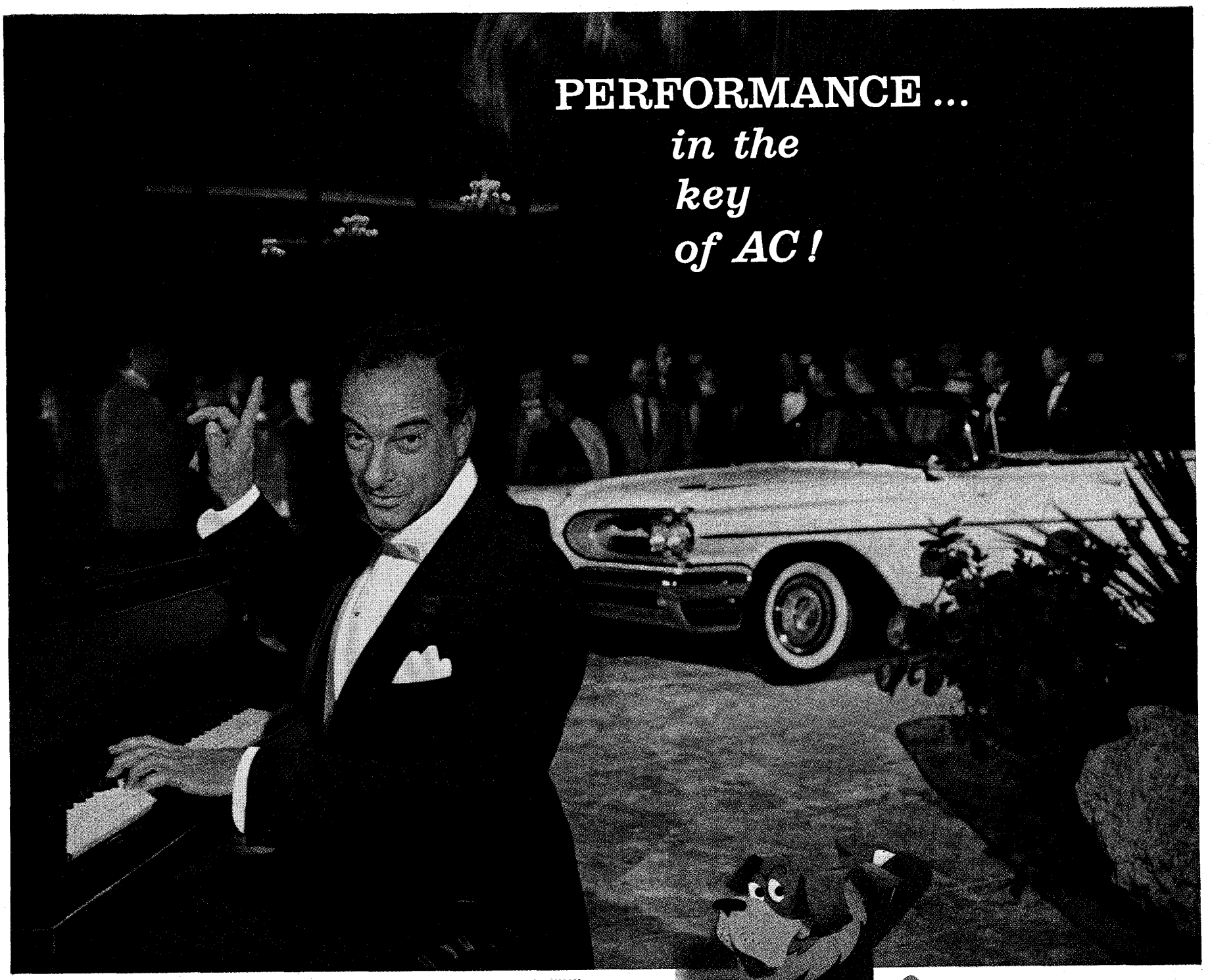
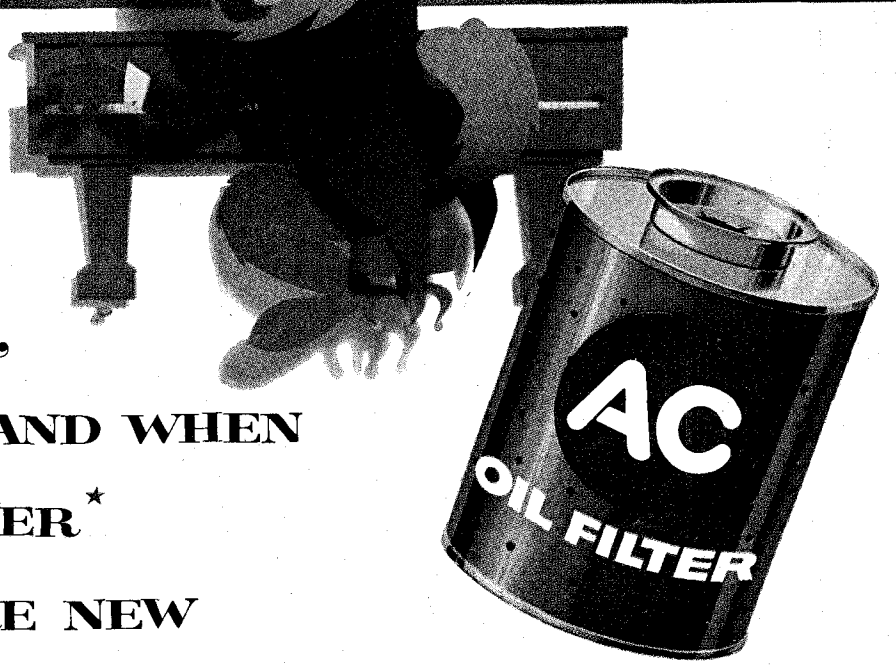
PERFORMANCE ... *in the key of AC!*



PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE DEAUVILLE HOTEL IN MIAMI

It's a sparkling performance every time he puts hand to keyboard. Victor Borge, starring on CBS-TV for the AC-sparked Pontiac, has won all-time high acclaim for smooth music and comedy at the piano.

AC's Trapper, who works for AC on Walt Disney Studios' Zorro every week on ABC-TV, also turns in a sparkling performance on the show as well as through the oil filter in your car.



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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

Mason had evidence that the woman was guilty of murder. Why did he hesitate?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"You have an anonymous letter," Della Street, Perry Mason's secretary, told him. The envelope contained a map, the one from which Mauvis Meade gave a set of driving directions to her secretary, Gladys Doyle. Following those directions down Pine Glen Canyon, Gladys came across a lonely cabin. In it she found a corpse. When the police learned that Gladys had been at the cabin, they charged her with murder.

Did Mauvis Meade deliberately send Gladys to the scene of the crime? As Gladys' lawyer, Mason had to find out. Now, at the preliminary hearing, he would have to choose his tactics quickly, for prosecutor Harvey Ellington had just called Mauvis Meade to the witness stand.

VI

The courtroom door opened and Mauvis Meade entered the courtroom accompanied by Dukes Lawton, her bodyguard. Lawton cupped his big hand underneath her elbow, walked up the aisle with her and opened the gate.

Ellington regarded Mauvis Meade with approval, then frowned slightly as he saw Dukes Lawton starting to follow her into the enclosure.

"Wait right there, Mr. Lawton," Ellington said. "Only witnesses and counsel are allowed behind the bar."

Lawton glanced at Judge Bagby, then dropped into a vacant seat in the front row, seating himself right on the edge of the seat, poised for swift action.

"Your name is Mauvis Niles Meade. You are a novelist and are the authoress of the current best seller, Chop the Man Down?"

"I am," she answered, in an all but inaudible voice.

"You are acquainted with the defendant?"

"Yes."

"Did she work for you?"

"Yes."

"In what capacity?"

"As secretary."

"I direct your attention specifically to Friday, the sixth of this month. Did you have a conversation with the defendant on that day in regard to her duties over the weekend?"

"I did."

"Did you furnish her with a car?"

"I did."

"Did you give her certain specific duties, that is, a certain specific assignment?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"She was to go to Summit Inn and meet a writer there, a man whose name is Edgar Carlisle. I understood that he was ——"

"Now never mind what you understood," Ellington interrupted, "unless it was something that you told the defendant at that time."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," she said. "I told her that he was in the publicity department of American States Producers Studios—I thought he was."

"Now I want to limit this part of the examination," Ellington said. "Did you have a discussion with her about when she was to come back to the apartment, and how she was to come back?"

"Yes."

"Kindly tell the court just what you told her at that time."

"I told her to take a short cut down the mountain. I gave her directions."

"What were they?"

"I told her to leave Summit Inn on the main highway and to go into the main part of town. Two blocks past the post office she was to turn right. Then after five blocks she was to turn left. This is a narrow road, but it is a surfaced road that goes for about a mile on a fairly easy grade, then turns sharply and starts winding down the mountain.

"I told the defendant to start measuring the mileage at the post office, that at nine and seven-tenths miles she would come to a fork in the road and she (Continued on Page 106)

"Is this it?" Mason asked as he produced the map. "I will ask you, Miss Meade, if this is your handwriting."

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The Doctors Who Make Children Grow

(Continued from Page 21)

2. Most boys who are shrimps at fourteen will reach average size before they are twenty. They are the late growers.

3. When tall girls begin puberty early, they are likely to become medium-sized or even small adults. These are the early growers.

4. The child whose adolescent development starts two years earlier or two years later than average is usually normal.

5. The plump child is practically never the victim of a glandular disorder. The start of puberty will not automatically melt away his girth. "The only glands concerned with the development of obesity," one doctor remarks dryly, "are the salivary glands."

Until recently the miracle of human growth has been shrouded in mystery. A newborn baby, barely more than a foot and a half in length, develops within sixteen years into a six-footer, physically a man and ready for reproduction. What makes him grow? What makes him stop? What hazards can interfere with his development?

These are the questions which pediatric endocrinology can answer with increasing assurance today. When the first pediatric endocrine clinic was opened in 1936 at The Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, doctors had few tools to treat or even to diagnose growth failure. Today clinics are functioning at leading hospitals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Houston, San Francisco and a few other cities. Specialists in this field—though still a handful—are teaching large numbers of other doctors to recognize growth problems. Chemical tests can now answer questions which once required dangerous exploratory surgery. New hormones are becoming available and older hormones harnessed for more effective use.

Let's see what the pediatric endocrinologist did for Sam, a fifteen-year-old boy who measured four feet ten inches in height. Sam, a high-school sophomore, still sang soprano in the school chorus.

Between his physical symptoms and his emotional antics, Sam had been driving his mother crazy. He suffered from headaches and frequently vomited before meals. He bit his nails and was failing at school.

The psychiatrist whom Sam's mother consulted referred him to a growth specialist with this note: "All this boy needs is to grow and develop. Can you help?"

An estimated three out of every 1000 youngsters fail to grow normally because of a glandular defect. Three or more out of 100 are delayed in growth through a temporary quirk in nature's timetable. The pediatric endocrinologist does not know into which category Sam falls.

A child's growth depends on the subtle interaction of four endocrine glands—the pituitary, the thyroid, the adrenals and the sex glands. If their function is impaired, the child may become a midget, a grotesque giant, even a circus bearded lady.

Without the pituitary gland at the base of the skull, no bigger than your index-finger tip, no child could grow. The pituitary pours growth hormone into the blood stream. It triggers the thyroid and adrenal glands to manufacture their own hormones, much as the self-starter of a car triggers the action of the motor.

Following infancy's dramatic growth spurt, a young child grows at a placid rate of two to three inches a year until some time after his tenth birthday. Then the pituitary pours forth a new hormone which trips the quiescent sex glands into activity. As the child starts to ripen into maturity, growth quickens to a wild pace. Some boys add as much as eight inches in a year.

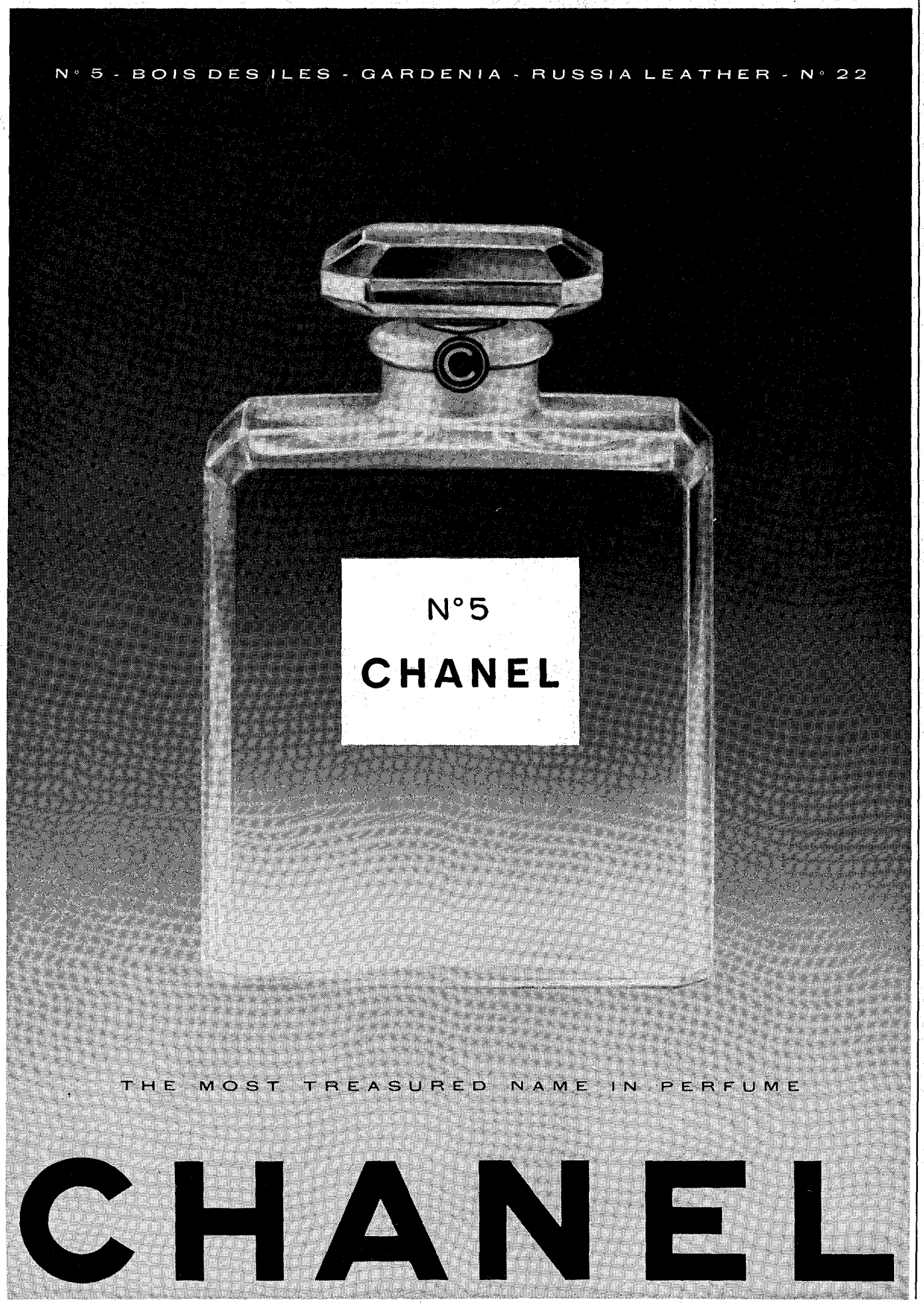
In girls the adolescent growth spurt usually occurs at about twelve, and in boys at fourteen. Then, as the bony skeleton matures, growth slows to a crawl. By the time a girl begins to menstruate, she has achieved all but 3 or 4 per cent of her adult height. Her bones fuse at the growth zones near the ends, and growth ceases by sixteen or earlier. The average boy's growth stops by eighteen.

If fifteen-year-old Sam had followed the average pattern, he would have been close to five and a half feet tall. He would have had the deep voice of manhood, body hair and at least a fuzz on his upper lip. Why was he off schedule? The doctor uses these tools to find out:

1. The childhood-growth pattern. A healthy child establishes his own growth curve early and will normally continue within a single channel. If a boy at three is shorter than ninety out of 100 children his age, it is likely that he will still be

Watch the pennies and the dollars will take care of the taxes.

KATHRYN FERGUSON



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shorter than ninety out of a hundred when they reach the age of twelve.

Records kept by a family doctor or the school nurse will show whether a child's curve is steady or whether it is flashing a danger signal by flattening out or becoming sharper. Even the clothing a child wears can be a tipoff to trouble. One mother of a six-year-old was vague about how much her child had grown since toddler days. Pressed, she recalled the significant fact that the little girl's winter coat, purchased three years ago, still fitted without alteration.

2. The family's growth history. Not only is a child's height potential limited by his heredity but also his pattern of development may mirror that of one of his parents. In one family, three generations of women were tiny through the early-teen years. Each spurted in height at fifteen, started menstruation at sixteen.

Racial heredity also may play a role. Minneapolis children of Scandinavian stock are likely to mature later than New York children of Italian or Jewish background. Anglo-Saxons are often late maturers.

3. The child's bone age. X rays taken of a child's bones will indicate how much of his skeletal growth has been completed. If a youngster of eleven has the bone development of the average fourteen-year-old, bony growth is nearing its end. If at fourteen he has an eleven-year-old's bone age, he is likely to keep growing longer than usual, perhaps even until he is twenty-one.

4. Physical examination and chemical tests. An anxious boy, examining himself for signs of impending manhood, may well miss the subtle signs of genital growth which a trained specialist sees. Even a family doctor can be confused by the pad of abdominal fat which makes a plump boy's genitalia appear childishly small.

Even before genital growth is evident, a recently developed test of the urine will indicate the presence of circulating male sex hormone. A blood test will show whether the thyroid gland, vital to growth, is secreting normal amounts of its hormones.

The doctor who examined fifteen-year-old Sam delivered a cheering report. Sam had the bone age of a twelve-year-old, indicating that plenty of growth still lay ahead. Tests showed that puberty was finally starting. Sam could not expect to be tall—his father was only five feet six—but he could expect a spurt in height within the next year.

Sam grew five inches between his fifteenth and sixteenth birthdays. Now seventeen, he is exactly his father's size. Bone X rays indicate that he will grow an inch or two more. His headaches have disappeared, and he proudly displays the twin badges of the teens—a car and a girl friend.

Nature is frequently tardy in triggering the start of puberty. A doctor whose practice is mainly with adolescents reports that one out of every ten patients is a smooth-cheeked teen-ager seeking reassurance that he will eventually become a man. These youngsters can suffer exquisite agony. Often they are ashamed to undress in gym in front of teasing classmates. If they are plump, their suffering is compounded. Fat over the breasts makes them shun the beach and even refuse to wear a T shirt.

Some boys go into emotional tailspins which lead to delinquent acts. A Scottish doctor recently reported that more than half of the teen-agers brought before the Glasgow juvenile courts were undersized. Other youngsters mask their anxiety in physical symptoms. One Philadelphia boy was examined by a neurosurgeon because of the blinding headaches he suffered. The headaches always started, the surgeon learned, just as the underdeveloped youngster was scheduled to undress for gym in school.

Being different during the teens is particularly painful. When emotional scars cut deep, the doctor must decide whether to shorten the painful period by nudging lagging nature into action. His weapon is testosterone, a hormone secreted by the male sex gland. Some doctors—too many, the growth specialist believes—give testosterone to every short boy who is brought to their office. A few even use the drug on children as young as eight, often with devastating emotional and physical results.

Many pediatric endocrinologists doubt whether testosterone will add even an inch to a boy's eventual height. The potent hormone, they have recently learned, has a triple-barreled effect. It accelerates growth and it triggers the start of puberty; but it also hastens the maturation of a child's bones. A boy who might have continued growing until nineteen is likely to stop, his bones fused, several years earlier. A report from Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston suggests that the drug may even rob a child of height by pushing bone maturity faster than it pushes linear growth.

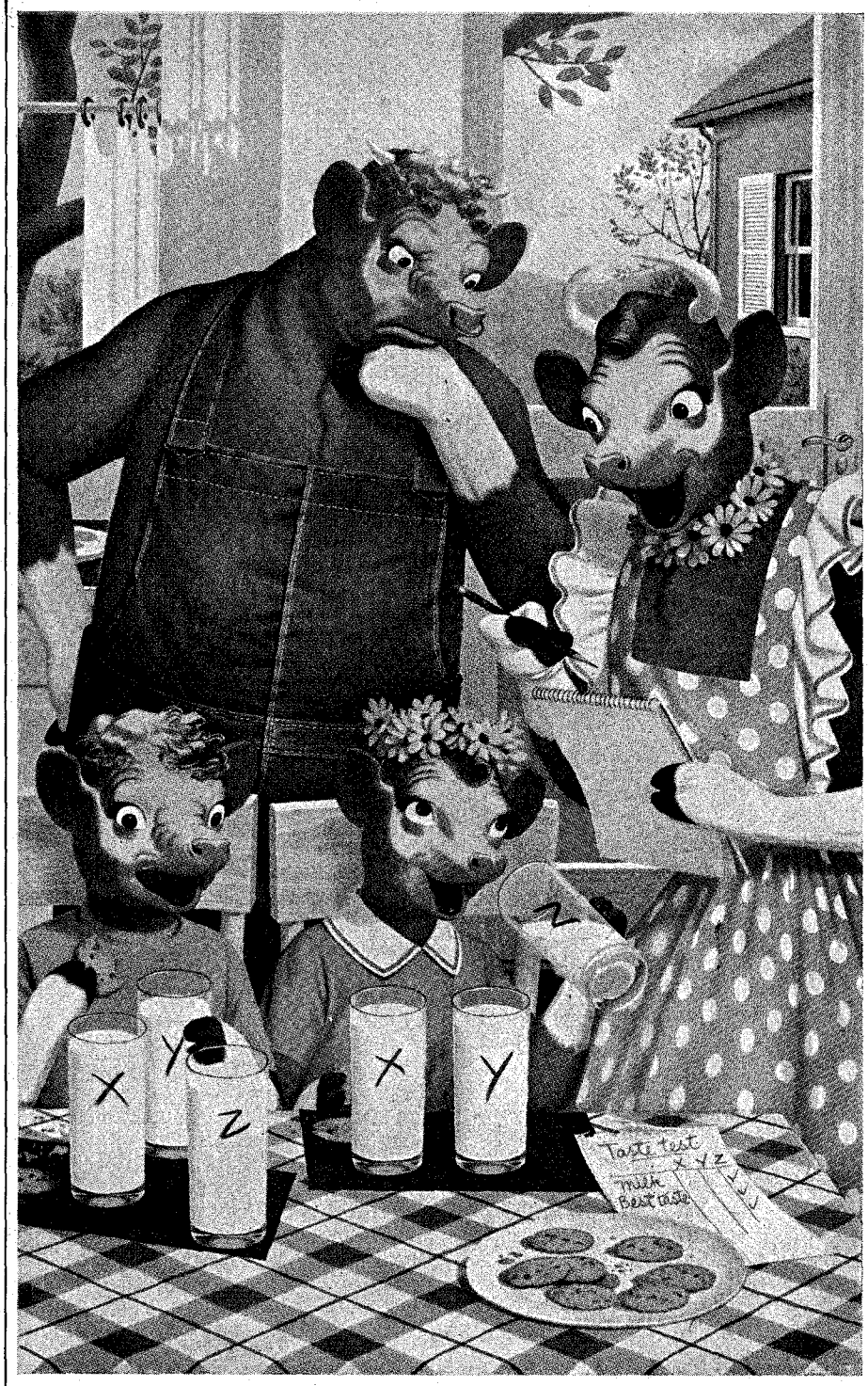
Nevertheless, growth specialists treat teen-age boys with testosterone when their emotional problems are severe enough. At seventeen, Roy, for example, already felt beaten by the world. Roy graduated last June from a Philadelphia high school and tried to get a job. He was an excellent typist and an intelligent youngster. But Roy had the height of a fourteen-year-old and the sexual development of a child of thirteen. No one would hire him.

Decision

By Helen Frazee-Bower

He quaffed, and hung the
dipper by the well.
"Black gold," he said, "black
gold ten miles away!
Hey, ma, come here! You
think we ought to sell?
They struck oil on the
Greensburg road today."
In quietness she moved to feed
the pup,
In quietness she turned and
touched his hand.
"Now, pa," she said, "don't get
you fussened up:
The land's the thing, the
clean, the lovely land."

He walked the worn path to
the pasture bars
And leaned against the night;
beyond the hill
He traced the slender pattern
of the stars.
Then came and cupped a
dipperful, to spill
It out upon the ground. "Let's
go to bed.
A well was made for water,
ma," he said.



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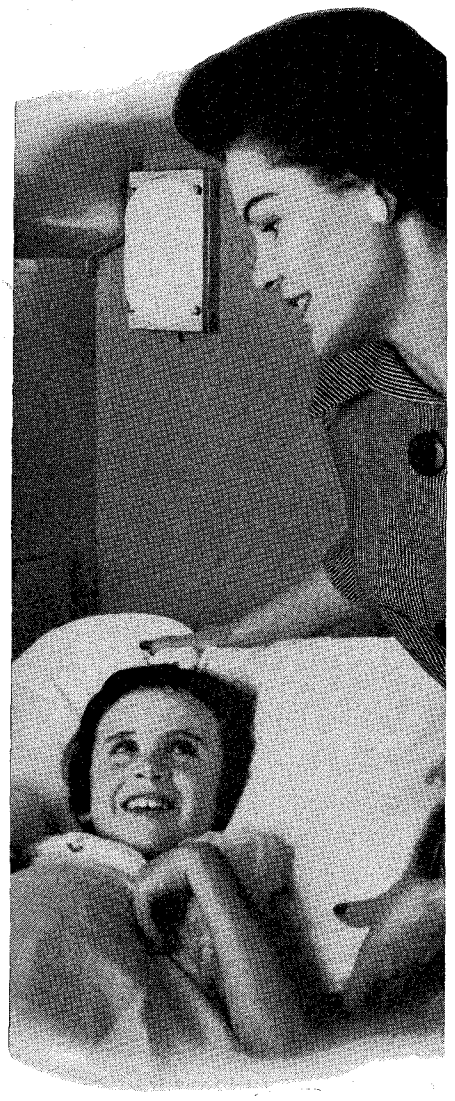

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At Children's Hospital of Philadelphia Dr. Alfred Bongiovanni administered testosterone to the boy for a six-month period. Roy grew an inch and a half; his voice deepened; his shoulders became broader. Given a chemical prod, his body continued to mature. Roy looked more like a man, felt more masculine and soon was able to land a well-paying job.

The boy who is too small is no more miserable than the girl who is too tall. Put the two together on a dance floor and they look like Mutt and Jeff. Happily, many tall girls stop growing early. One youngster, who towered over her classmates at ten, started to menstruate at eleven. X rays showed that her bone growth was almost finished. Now, at fourteen, she is full-grown, a petite five-feet-two.

Not all tall girls are so lucky. Some of them face a potential height of six feet or better. "In my own practice, I'm more disturbed over these girls than I am with the short teen-age boys," says Dr. Stewart Clifford, of Boston, past president of the American Academy of Pediatrics. "I can reassure a boy that he's eventually going to grow, but I can't tell a girl who's already a six-footer that medicine will shrink her. In the years that should be their gayest, these youngsters are wallflowers. They can't find suitable clothes. The field from which they will eventually select a mate has been permanently narrowed."

In the past few years several doctors in Boston, New York and California have tackled this problem by administering estrogens, female sex hormones, to girls who have not yet achieved their full height. The treatment induces menstruation and accelerates sexual development. Why it should also cut down potential height is not clear, but it is believed that estrogens may suppress the action of the pituitary's growth hormone or possibly hasten bone maturation.

Many pediatric endocrinologists regard this new development with considerable caution, concerned about the unknown long-range effects of treating youngsters with powerful hormones. Doctors in medically conservative Boston, however, are carefully evaluating the treatment to determine whether it is safe as well as effective.

Six years ago a twelve-year-old burst out sobbing in the office of Dr. Gertrud Reyersbach, a Boston pediatrician. "I look like a lamppost," she wailed. "There isn't any reason for living." The youngster was already five feet eight inches tall. Investigation by Doctor Reyersbach indicated that she had a probable growth potential of at least six feet.

Doctor Reyersbach agreed to treat the youngster. In the next twenty months she grew only half an inch. The drug was then stopped at the girl's own request, although further growth was still possible. Now eighteen, she has grown only three quarters of an inch more.

Doctor Reyersbach and the Boston doctors who refer patients to her are cautious in expressing a final opinion of the estrogen treatment. "While the discovery that growth can be arrested is encouraging," Doctor Reyersbach says, "much more must be learned about the long-range results of this method before we can recommend its use on more than a limited basis."

Hormone therapy is not the answer for one of the most frequent visitors to the pediatric endocrinologist's office—the plump child. "Unfortunately, the fiction persists," says Dr. Margaret Dann, of the New York Hospital, "that a child's fat is glandular. Some doctors still give these youngsters thyroid pills, although they ought to know better. The obese child is likely to start caring about his appearance just about the time when his growth in height is rapid. This is an optimum period to work with him in keeping the icebox door closed."

Although thousands of plump children are chewing unneeded thyroid pills, there are probably thousands of unrecognized hypothyroid children who are getting no help at all. Hypothyroidism, a diminished secretion of thyroid hormone, is the most common childhood condition which stunts growth. A child born with the defect is called a cretin. If not treated, he will be both dwarfed and mentally retarded. If the disease develops later in childhood, it severely limits height and maturation of the bones. "Yet," comments Dr. Lawson Wilkins, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, "the condition often remains unsuspected even in clear-cut cases."

Take Patrick, a Brooklyn boy of six. Patrick's father is a lawyer; his mother, a registered nurse. He has been under regular medical care since infancy. Yet, although Patrick was tiny, pale, potbellied and doing poor schoolwork, no one suspected a sluggish thyroid.

Luckily a young doctor, a resident at University Hospital, in New York, lived next door to Patrick's family. At the hospital's pediatric-endocrine clinic, he kept seeing youngsters who reminded him of Patrick—undersized, with dull eyes and cold skin. One day he persuaded Patrick's mother to bring the child to the clinic.

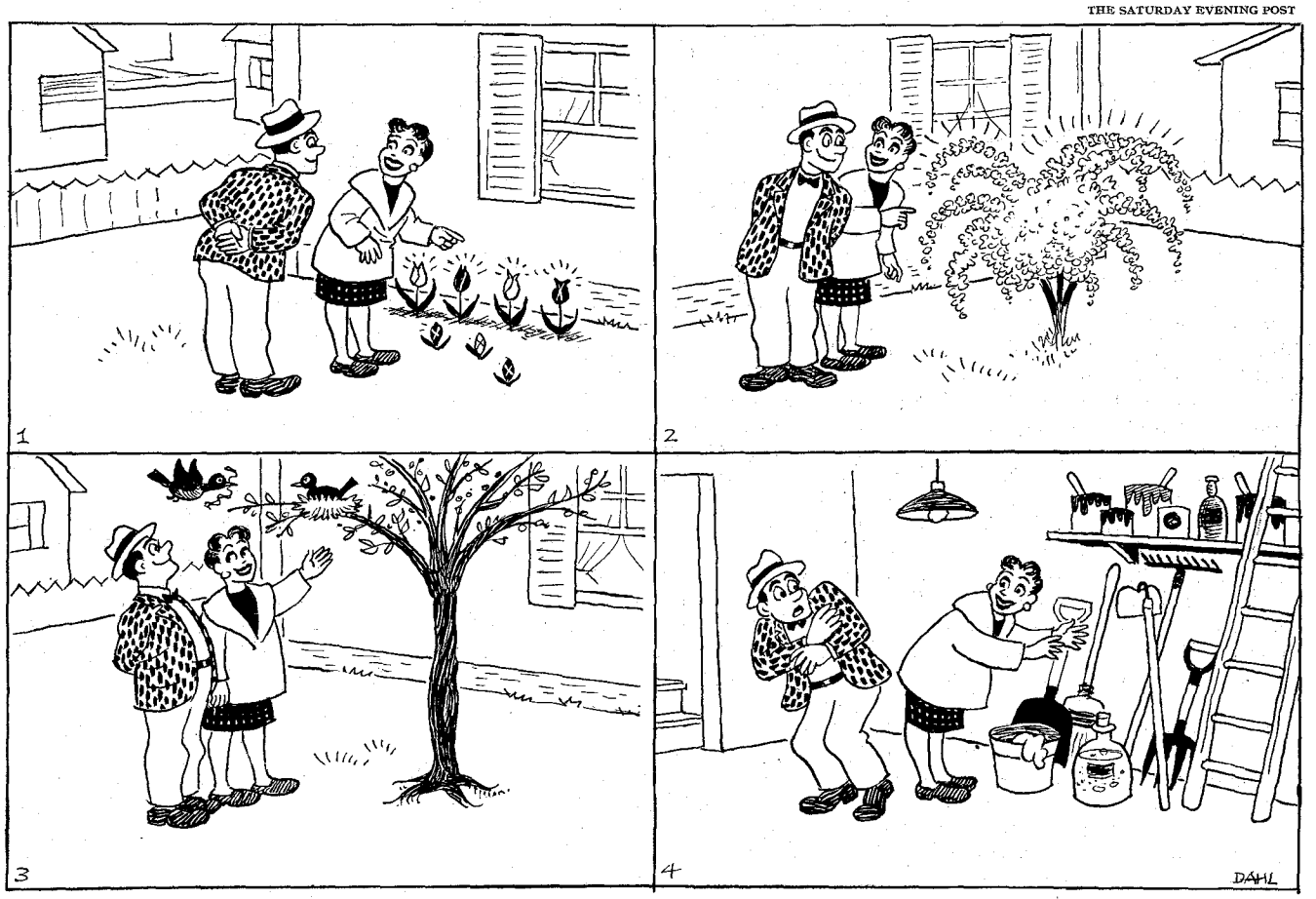
Investigation by Dr. Beatrice Bergman, clinic director, revealed that Patrick at six was smaller than the average four-year-old and had the bone age of a child of two. A protein-bound iodine test, which measures the amount of thyroid hormone in a child's blood stream, showed a definite deficiency.

No hormone acts more like Alice in Wonderland's mushroom than thyroid tablets for a hypothyroid child. One twelve-year-old changed so much in five months that her own grandmother didn't recognize her. The alteration in Patrick's appearance was startling. Within weeks his dull eyes brightened and his little potbelly started to melt away. In school he climbed toward the top of his class. And Patrick grew—how he grew! In a year he was four inches taller; in a year and a half, seven inches. The boy next door, who dwarfed him when the two youngsters first stepped on the school bus together, is now only a hairbreadth ahead.

Hypothyroid Patrick, who at six was only thirty-nine inches tall, is actually luckier than Jonathan, a Philadelphia boy the same age, who already has the height of an eight-year-old. If Patrick keeps on taking his thyroid pills, he will reach normal adult size, while outsized Jonathan is never likely to be more than five feet tall. (*Continued on Page 50*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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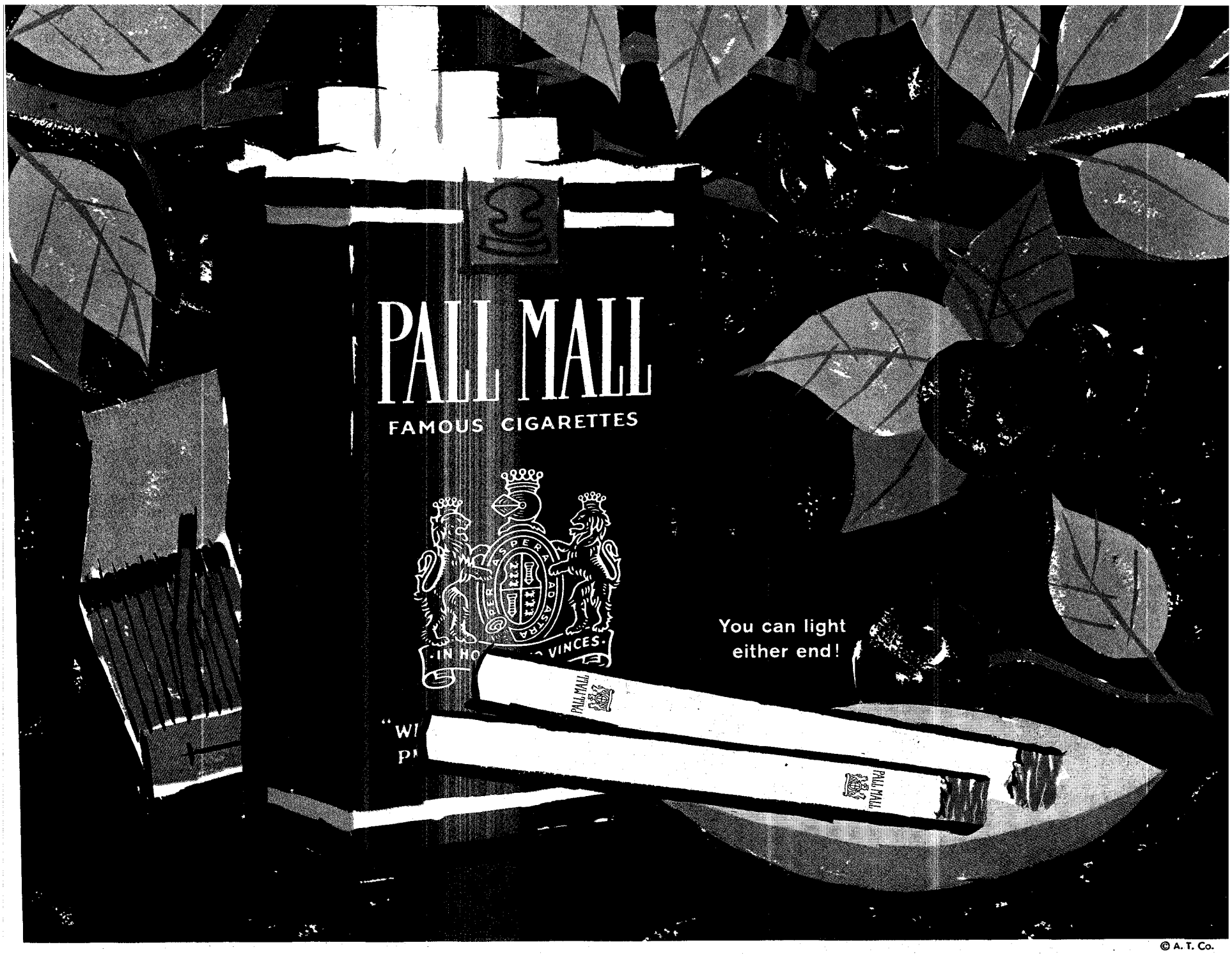

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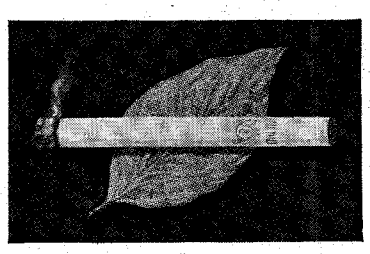

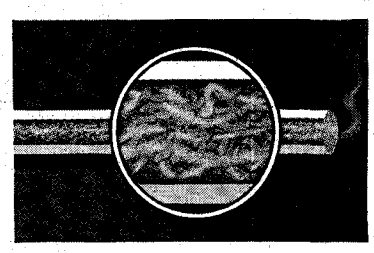

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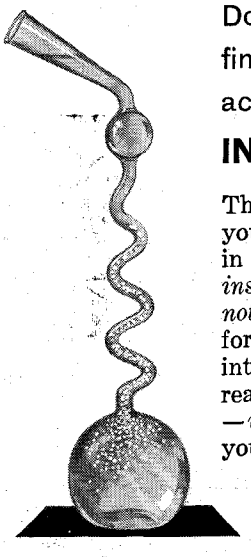

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(*Continued from Page 48*) Last fall, bursting with pride over their boy's dimensions, Jonathan's parents took him to the family doctor for a preschool checkup. Jonathan, an independent youngster, had been bathing and dressing himself for the past year, so that his parents noticed nothing unusual. The doctor did. Six-year-old Jonathan had started puberty.

Pediatric endocrinologists do not know why the pituitary alarm clock which wakens the sex glands occasionally goes off abnormally early. Precocious puberty, from which Jonathan suffers, is one growth-stunting condition for which they still have no cure. Because Jonathan's growth spurt is occurring in early childhood, because the sex hormones pouring into his body are hastening premature bony fusion, he will probably stop growing by the age of ten.

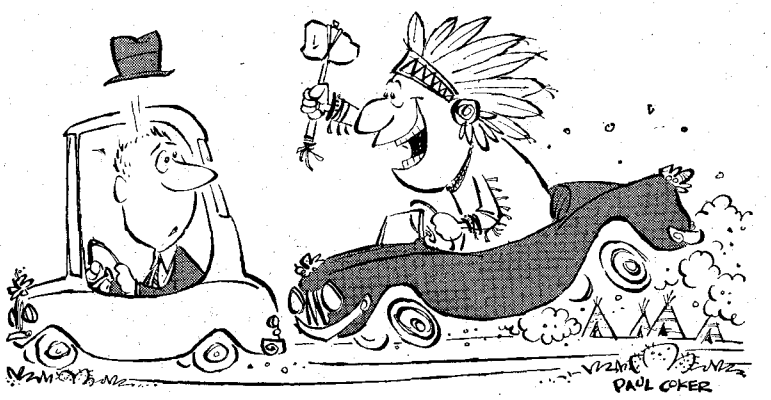
Although less common than hypothyroidism, precocious puberty is not a rare condition. Doctors believe it may have a hereditary link. Three generations of boys suffered from it in one Philadelphia family. It occurs three times as often in girls. Lina Medina, the little girl from Peru, who in 1939 at the age of about five delivered a six-pound son, was a victim.

"These youngsters aren't freaks unless adults try to make them so," says Doctor Bongiovanni, of Philadelphia. "They grow to normally fertile men and women, differing only in their more rapid gain in height. With understanding parents, their childhood can be reasonably normal. Parents and teachers both need guidance. We had to stop Jonathan's teacher, for example, from trying to have him moved up to the second grade. He's so big that she was sure he didn't belong with her first-graders.

"At first Jonathan's parents were shocked. His mother wanted to keep him in the house, so he wouldn't molest little girls in the neighborhood. These children haven't any more sexual drive than other youngsters their age. The only protection they need is from perverted adults."

Careful diagnosis is necessary to distinguish benign precocious puberty from tumors or glandular defects which may cause confusingly similar symptoms. Most common of these is adrenal hyperplasia. Its victim, like Jonathan, is a young Tarzan in size, and shows early signs of puberty. Symptoms result not from a premature awakening of the sex gland but from an error in adrenal-hormone balance, which causes the male hormones secreted by the adrenals to pour forth early in childhood instead of waiting for adolescence. These hormones masculinize. The disease is particularly pitiful in a little girl, for she develops a deep voice, acne and even male facial hair. Growth stops prematurely, and adult fertility fails to occur.

Happily in 1950, shortly after cortisone became available, Doctor Wilkins, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, tried the new drug on a victim of adrenal hyperplasia. It worked. Growth slowed dramatically, sexual and bone maturation ceased, and the only abnormal sign remaining was the deep male voice. Children with this disease must take cortisone all their lives. They have (*Continued on Page 52*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

By the grace of tribal chieftains and the Great White Father in Washington, D.C., the state of New Mexico was permitted to build an expressway across an Indian reservation. Soon after the superzoomway was opened, a young brave was arrested for recklessly ramming another car. Jailed, he petitioned for a release under habeas corpus.

"Your state has no right to jail me," he argued. "Although my people gave the white man the right to construct a road through our lands, they didn't give him the right to police our reservation. On the reservation, which is technically where I was all along, we are not subject to state law."

"How can we maintain and operate a highway without the right to police it?" the state's attorney countered. "When the Indians let us build this highway, they impliedly surrendered their jurisdiction over the land to us. That should entitle us to enforce state law on the highway."

If you were the judge, would you keep the Indian jailed?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Indian went free. The court said the state was given only a "guest's right" to build the highway, not title to the land itself. As the Indians still owned the land, it added, Indians driving on the highway were subject only to tribal and Federal law.

Based upon a 1958 New Mexico decision.

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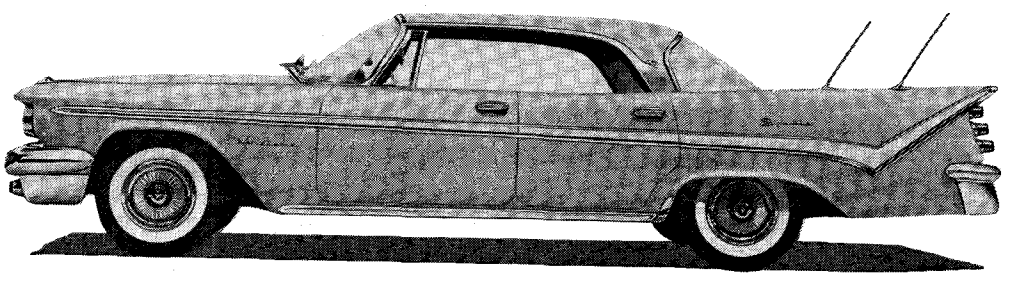

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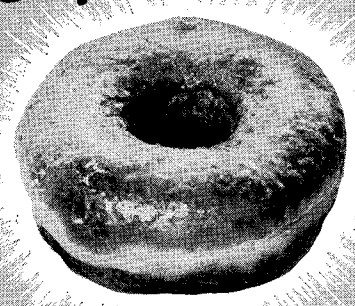

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(*Continued from Page 50*) every prospect of normal growth and often even of normal fertility.

There is another major glandular defect against which the pediatric endocrinologists, until recently, have been quite helpless—hypopituitarism, a deficiency in growth hormone itself. The tragic youngster with this disease seldom grows to a height of more than four and a half feet. He rarely matures sexually, for his underactive pituitary fails to secrete the hormone which triggers the sex glands into action. The disease can occur to anyone's child. Victims are estimated to number close to 10,000.

Philip was six when he was first sent to a Boston hospital for diagnosis. The boy was as bright as a button, with sparkling blue eyes, brown hair and a slim wiry body, a perfectly normal little boy. But Philip was tiny—thirty-seven inches tall—about the size of a three-year-old. Although he had weighed almost nine pounds at birth, the largest baby in a family of five, Philip was already a head shorter than his younger sister.

Now eight and a half, Philip has grown only three more inches. The gap between him and normal children is widening daily. The emotional scars are deepening.

Philip becomes irritated when children, even those his own age, pat him on the head and call him cute. He hates to wear his Sunday coat—he's had it for three years—because it looks as if it belongs to a legging set. An active youngster, he would love to play ball on the empty lot down the street. Instead, Philip sits at a chess board with a plump neighbor.

Last year the school janitor built Philip a little stool on which to rest his feet in class. It's hard for a half-pint to write when his feet dangle inches from the floor. In third grade now, Philip carries his stool from one classroom to another.

Today there is finally hope, at least for a few Philips. Two years ago growth hormone was for the first time isolated and extracted from the human pituitary gland. Although in rare supply, it is now available to treat growth failure in an occasional hypopituitary child.

Doctors have been studying the effects of growth hormone on animals for almost thirty years. Beef hormone has made rats grow to nightmarish size. In recent years hormone from sheep and cattle has been injected into hypopituitary children, but it has never made them grow. In 1956 Dr. Ernest Knöbil of Harvard University discovered the reason why. Growth hormone is "species specific." Rat hormone will make a rat grow huge, and sheep hormone will make a lamb grow. But only hormone from a human being or a monkey can help a human child.

Because monkey pituitaries are so tiny, they are not a practical source for growth hormone for children. Barring further developments, the only source is the human pituitary, removed at autopsy from a person recently deceased. "A dwarfed child's chance to grow depends upon your consent to an autopsy when a loved one dies," says Dr. Philip Henneman, of Seton Hall College of Medicine, in Jersey City, who is treating two stunted young boys. Every autopsy counts. The human pituitary weighs half a gram, far less than an ounce. Growth hormone represents 4 per cent of its weight. One autopsy provides barely enough hormone to treat a child for a week.

Pediatric endocrinologists throughout the country are now badgering their hospital pathologists to remove the pituitary whenever they perform an autopsy. These tiny bean-shaped organs are shipped to Dr. Maurice Raben at New England Center Hospital in Boston, Dr. Choh H. Li at the University of California in Berkeley, or Dr. A. E. Wilhelmi of Emory University in Atlanta, the three doctors who have developed methods for extracting growth hormone.

Less than a dozen children are being treated with the rare drug today. An eleven-year-old California girl is one of them. When she was six months old, this youngster had a serious infection, probably encephalitis. Growth slowed soon afterward. She was less than 45 inches tall, the size of a five-year-old, when treatment with growth hormone was started. In six months she has grown three inches, twice the normal growth rate.

The individual who has had the longest consecutive treatment with growth hormone is a nineteen-year-old Boston boy, the patient of Doctor Raben. When twice-weekly injections were started twenty months ago, he was slightly over four feet tall and growing at the rate of a half inch a year. He has now added almost four inches to his height.

"We are still very cautious in our predictions about growth hormone," says Doctor Raben. "We know it works. A pituitary dwarf will grow. We do not know if it will continue working indefinitely. Allergy or resistance to the drug may develop. Happily, it hasn't so far. We do not believe the drug will make a child grow unless he suffers from a deficiency in growth hormone."

Tons of letters are already pouring into the offices of pediatric endocrinologists, seeking aid for youngsters whom growth hormone, even if it were available in adequate amounts, would not cure.

Most of these children are not pituitary dwarfs but midgets or, as doctors call them, constitutional dwarfs. Like the Pygmies of Africa, they are undersized through some hereditary quirk. A midget is tiny at birth and is often mistaken for a premature infant. He grows steadily in miniscule amounts throughout childhood, his bone development keeping pace with his age. He matures at puberty and is fertile.

Unlike the midget, the hypopituitary child is normal at birth and starts to lag at the age of two or three. His bones mature slowly, and he keeps growing, a half inch a year, far into adulthood. When pituitary dwarfs get jobs in circus sideshows, they sometimes grow themselves out of their profession.

Doctors have no reason to believe that the midget suffers from pituitary damage curtailing his secretion of growth hormone. They have already tried the precious white powder on children stunted in size from other causes and have found it ineffective.

Even if human growth hormone helped only a handful of hypopituitary children, its extraction would be of real medical significance. New developments indicate that its potential value is more far-reaching. Last spring Dr. Charles Read of the University of Iowa Medical School reported that he had developed a method to test the amount of growth hormone circulating in the blood. This test, still experimental, should vastly simplify diagnosis of growth deviation. Pediatric endocrinologists will be able to judge directly, instead of by inference, whether a child suffers from a defect in growth hormone production, just as they can now test for a defect in thyroid hormone.

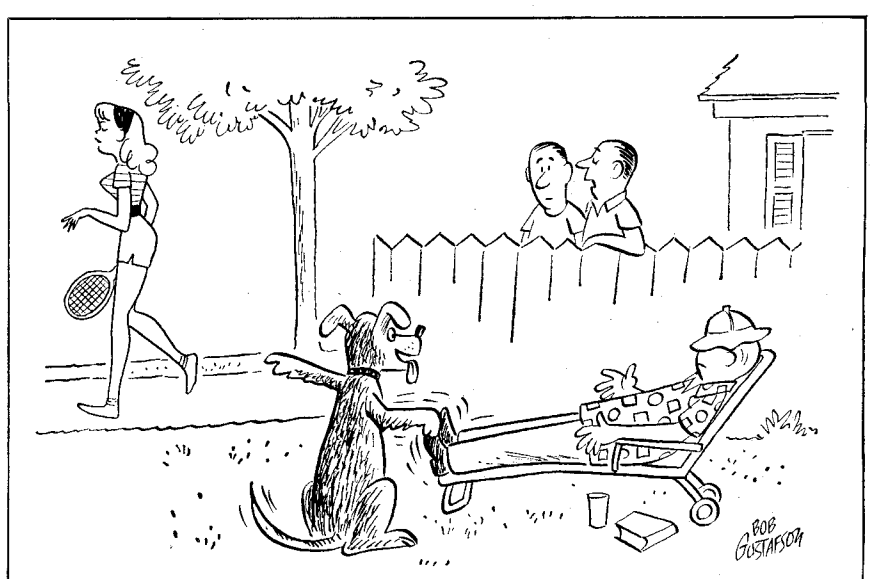
The test should make possible a far broader study of growth hormone's function in all humans. For Doctor Read has shown that adults as well as children have growth hormone circulating in their blood. No one yet knows the purpose the hormone serves in the adult blood stream. Researchers hazard a guess that it maintains protein anabolism, the ability of the body to build new cells. As cells age and are cast off, new cells must be manufactured, or the body will go downhill rapidly. Does the deterioration of old age result from a diminished supply of growth hormone? Doctors may soon find out.

At Memorial Hospital in New York Dr. Olof Pearson is investigating the possible role which growth hormone may play in cancer. Doctors already know that a person whose pituitary gland has been removed is seldom susceptible to cancer. They have learned recently that removal of the pituitary from a woman with widespread breast cancer causes a dramatic temporary remission of the disease. Does the cancer patient have too much growth hormone? Does cancer need this hormone to develop and spread?

The work of a small band of specialists in children's growth may lead to new knowledge, and new applications for it which will affect all our lives. Meanwhile, children keep growing and parents keep worrying, and yearning for a nibble of Alice in Wonderland mushroom. For them Dr. Melvin Grumbach, of Babies Hospital in New York, has a bit of sage advice.

"Today's parents must learn to stop hunting a six-foot conformity for their sons and film-star curves for their daughters. Medicine cannot provide this uniformity, nor should it. Wise parents—themselves tall and small and medium-sized adults—can offer a child a greater gift: acceptance of himself with his physical limitations, the ability to grow to full intellectual and emotional potential."

THE END



"Now there's a watchdog!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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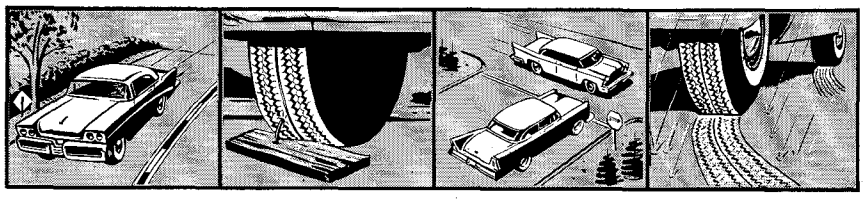

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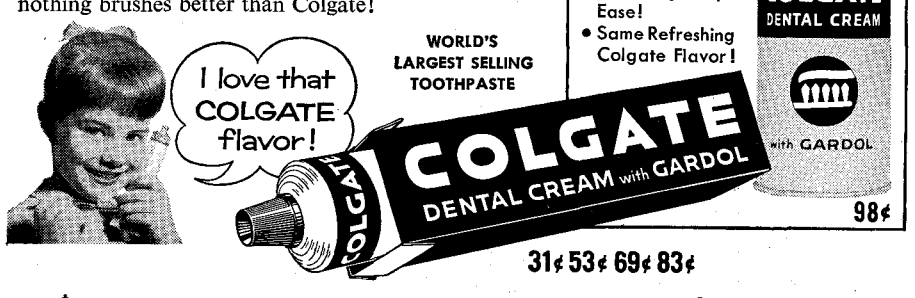

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Surprise on the Desert

(Continued from Page 35)

Jug-ears here swiftly raised him up and pressed the bottle to his mouth, drenching his vitals with the fiery spirit. "I meant the gold," he said.

When Sonoma had got his breath, he said, "You recall that old, abandoned mission south of Hachita? That is my place now, and it's a good safe place to keep a woman and other valuables. There is a well in the sacristy, back of the chapel, three hundred feet deep. Three feet below the rim of that old well, there is a hollow place among the rocks."

"Much obliged," Jug-ears said, and he took out the makings, rolled and carefully licked a quirly, for he was in no hurry.

Minutes passed and the forty-rod began to accomplish its work, as he had feared. Sonoma Jack stirred with unnatural life, and at last sat up.

"Feeling better, I take it?" said Jug-ears, in a deadly voice.

"Yes, I am," Sonoma replied, "for the fact is, I was born to hang, and I am glad I thought of it before it was too late."

Jug-ears Harris unbuttoned his coat, took out a long-barreled six-shooter and thumbed the hammer back. "I will see to it that you do not hang," he said.

For as long as he could remember, Jug-ears had ridden the trail of shadows, which is a more leisurely route than the highroad.

Into Silver City this trail led him early in January, where he got drunk, stayed drunk for eight days, and was detained two weeks more for disturbing the peace. By five o'clock in the afternoon of the day after he was let out of jail, however, the last mining settlement with its temptations lay behind him; ahead only the dry and desolate peaks of the New Mexico panhandle.

A little before dark he reached Sonoma Jack's place. The outer wall of the old mission, breached long ago by marauding Apaches, lay in ruins. The cross had fallen from the roof; the bell had gone for cannon in the days of Santa Anna. Still the gutted chapel and the bell tower stood, a fortress against time and lawmen.

In the pavilion the mesquite grew as if no foot, hooved or human, had ever trod there. Some latter-day inhabitant, however, had built a pole corral below the wall, and in that coral a bay horse and a buckboard now stood.

Jug-ears rode slowly under the arch of the gate, carefully keeping his hands in plain sight upon the saddlehorn.

The bay horse nickered and was dispiritedly answered by his own mare. Within the doorway of the chapel a woman appeared.

The north wind, taking liberties with her skirt, whipped and molded it against her body, so that a man could plainly make out that she was willow-slim and gracefully made. And, if she was not the fairest woman that God ever made, he had to admit that her hair, at least, long and loosely caught up behind with a black ribbon, was lovely as a dust-tinted sunset.

The shotgun that she held was expertly aimed in his direction. "What do you want?" she said.

"Water," he said. "I've come a long way since morning."

"I don't doubt you have," she said. "You're the third hard case I've run off in a month. There's a seep spring in the corral. Don't muddy it up."

"You're Sonoma Jack's widow?"

"What if I am?" she said.

"Why, I was that poor, wild boy's best friend," Jug-ears said, "and he made me swear a vow as he lay dying in my arms that I would take care of his widow."

"I don't need any taking care of," the sorrel-haired woman said.

"Well, be that as it may, ma'am," Jug-ears replied, "I have got it to do, for a vow like that is the solemnest kind."

"It is, indeed," the sorrel-haired woman said. "Only this winter a renegade Apache who happened to be riding through here vowed that he would come in on me, seeing that I was all alone."

"That was not a dying vow," Jug-ears said.

"It turned out to be hisn."

Jug-ears lost his temper. "Blamed if I will drink out of your horse trough, ma'am, when there is a well in the sacristy, as I happen to know there is!"

"You will, though," she told him grimly, "because the walls of this place are two feet thick, and a cat could not get in through the windows, and I can hold off an army of your kind if need be. Now get your water and get out."

He saw that it was no use arguing with her. All the same, he wished he could teach her a thing or two. First he would get that shotgun. He let his right hand drop a little. The hammer of the shotgun clicked back. It was a new Spencer repeater. Thoughtfully he returned his hand to the saddlehorn. There was plenty of time and plenty of emptiness. They were alone out here, and night was coming on.

He turned and rode away—very gingerly—and when he had gone two dozen yards he turned to look back.

"Try to sneak back here tonight," the woman said, "and I'll blow you in two."

At the bottom of the slope below the corral he came upon a narrow wash, and followed it until he was out of sight of the old mission, looking for a sheltered place to spend the night.

But now he saw that someone had beaten him to it. In a bend of the dry wash, under an overhanging bank, a man was trying to build a fire out of the wind.

Because he was cold, and the mesquite refused to burn, and he had scorched his fingers, the man was saying the things a man will say while he is building a fire with green wood, and he did not hear Jug-ears coming up behind him.

He was a long, wary-looking razorback of a man with many days of trail dust upon his coat. Around him, in untidy profusion, lay the remains of a camp of long standing, and he had carved a hollow in the bank of the wash, against the wintry night, for his blankets.

"You're covered," Jug-ears said.

The man sprang into the air with his hands splayed and ready for business; then, reflecting upon the uncertainty of life, he slowly turned without touching the twin forty-fives that sagged low upon his skinny hips.

The two of them stared at each other.

"Well, now," Jug-ears said, "if it's not No Gun Paige! No Gun, pick them doughnut cutters out of their holsters with two fingers, like as if they were nasty, and throw them over here."

"Seeing we're old friends," No Gun Paige said, with a sickly grin, "why not?" And he gingerly complied.

"Now the one you carry inside your shirt."

The prisoner unbuttoned his shirt, slid a hand inside carefully and brought out a small derringer which he threw into the dust at the feet of Jug-ears' mare.

"Sit down and take your boots off and shake them out."

No Gun Paige sat down upon a rock, removed his right boot and shook it. Nothing happened.

"Now the left."

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The left boot came off, very slowly. A pearl-handled hideaway came tumbling out of it.

No Gun Paige paid it no mind, but crossed his legs and began to examine the hole in his sock as if he had never noticed it before. Seeming to remember, at last, that he had company, he looked up and said, "How've you been since I ran you out of Belle Fourche?"

"Tolerable," Jug-ears replied, not to be outbrassed by any lawman, and it came to him, even as he said it, how he would get even with the sorrel-haired woman. Dead, this Butterfield man would be worthless to him; alive he might come in real handy as a decoy. "Got any water for coffee?" he said.

"I'll get right up and make us a pot," No Gun Paige said, sounding relieved

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Cocktail Party

By Douglas Gibson

She calmly talked of love as
if it were
An accident unlikely to
occur;
Or if to me, most clearly
not to her.

Her voice was music from
another shore
I listened to as if a secret
lore
Lay in her words, and only
longed for more.

Until to salve the serious
words she spoke
The light of laughter in her
blue eyes woke
As fresh as April flowers
amid the smoke.

I think that I would rather
have her scold me
Than almost any other arms
enfold me,
Which hers may do, in spite
of what she told me!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

that the conversation hadn't taken an uglier turn.

"Hold on, there!" Jug-ears snarled, sliding out of the saddle. "Make one more move like that and you're liable to perish!" He knelt, gathered up the artillery and flung it into the chaparral.

"Now, then," he said, "we'll go up there and ask her for a bucket of water."

"But I got water," No Gun Paige said plaintively, pointing at his canteen.

The six-shooter in Jug-ears' hand roared, the canteen leaped into the air. Water, trickling from a ragged hole in its side, was swallowed up by the thirsty earth. "Not now, we ain't," Jug-ears said.

When they had got to within a hundred feet or so of the gate, Jug-ears stopped and squatted down in the shadow of a clump of mesquite, and No Gun stopped and looked at him.

"You go on," Jug-ears said. "I'll wait here."

"I mostly get my water from the corral," No Gun Paige said. He studied Jug-ears' uncompromising countenance for a moment, shook his head sadly, and continued on up the hill alone.

When he had got to within twenty feet of the gate, however, the woman's shotgun suddenly blazed away from the darkened doorway of the old chapel.

Buckshot spattered through the chaparral. In an earnest sprint, No Gun Paige made for the corral, with the Spencer cutting loose again, making little spriggles of dust at his heels. He loped over the middle rail and splashed the nosebag into the watering trough.

He brought it up brimming full and headed for the far side of the corral in a hurry. As he left the corral, the top of one of the posts near his head disappeared in splinters and a fresh load of shot tugged at his jacket. He crow-hopped, he zigged, he zagged. He dived and rolled over twice, slithering the last few yards to where Jug-ears was waiting for him.

When they looked in the nosebag there was only three inches of water left. "Sometimes I get a little more," No Gun said.

The fire had crackled up and warmed them to conversation. Jug-ears had been thinking hard, laboring for another idea on how to get the drop on the woman. "How long you been here?" he said.

"Two or three weeks," No Gun Paige said. "I ain't hardly kept track."

"Been getting your water this way all of the time?"

"That's a fact."

"It seems a mite dangerous."

"Well, I used to try slipping in there after dark," No Gun said, "but by then the wind had gone and blowed it full of sand. Only early in the morning and at dusk, after the wind has laid, it is settled."

"*She* don't have to drink out of a horse trough," Jug-ears said, "on account of she has got a well all to herself, and that's not right."

"I know it," No Gun said, "and you know it, but likely it seems right to her, for a woman hardly ever thinks like anybody else."

"This one is mean," Jug-ears said. "Real poison."

"You are mistaken, for I knew her when she was only a girl, and there is not a mean bone in her body."

"Well, then, I expect she was only trying to scratch your back with that scattergun a while ago."

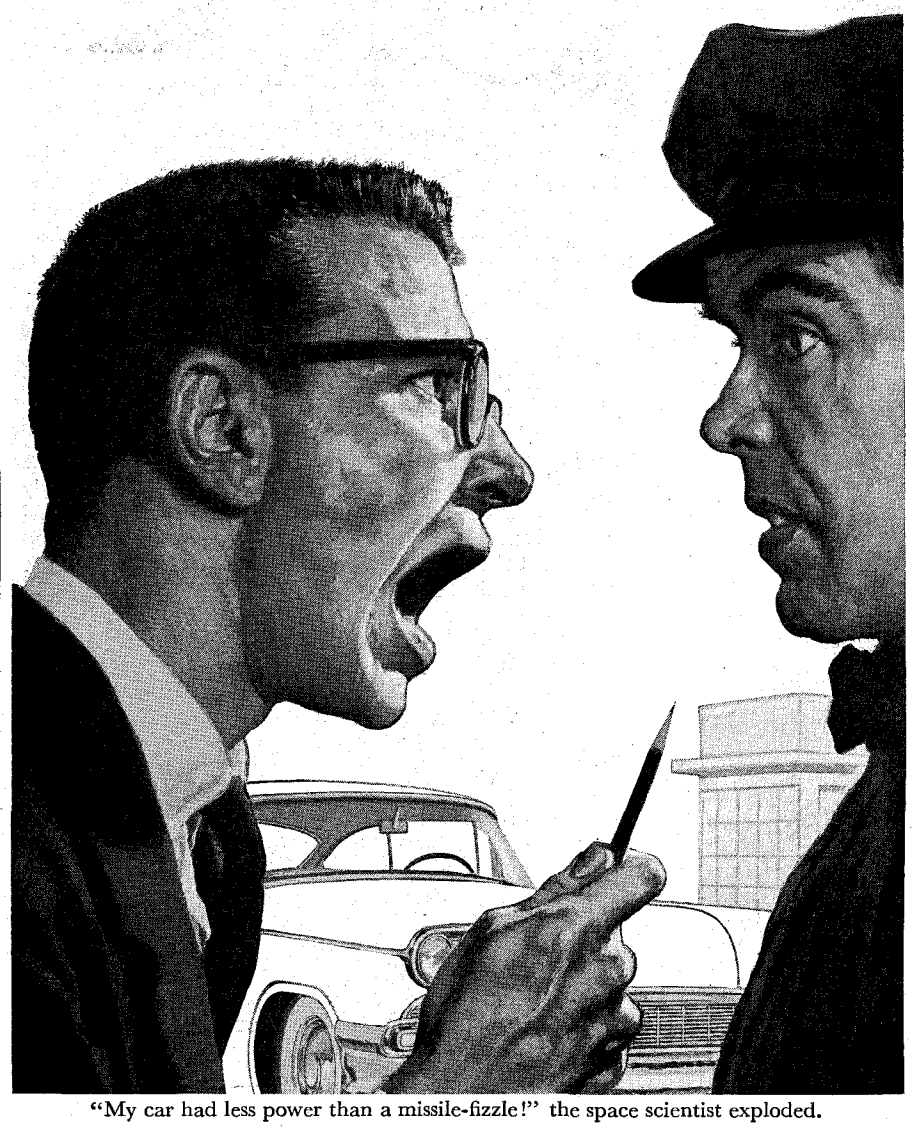
"The way I see it," No Gun said, "a man is able to cut and run when times call upon him to be more hard-boiled than is his nature, but a woman will only pretend to grow a tougher hide, the reason being that she cannot run on account of her skirts. It don't mean anything."

"She can hold us off all winter, one at a time," Jug-ears said, "but if we was to gang up on her, she wouldn't hardly be able to watch both ways at once."

"No," No Gun said. "I expect you're right, for she is only one little woman against all of the low-lifers in the Territory, and it must make you real proud to be skulking here in her back yard, waiting for her to slip up." No Gun's mild gray eyes suddenly blazed with a kind of apostolic wrath, and it dawned upon Jug-ears that here was no reasonable human, but a man in love.

Never having experienced any higher level of passion, himself, than a timber wolf, he understood, nevertheless, that No Gun had it for the sorrel-haired woman in an exalted, bootless way that made them mortal enemies. For he meant to have the sorrel-haired woman, as well as the gold, for himself, and he saw now that the only way to get her was to put No Gun Paige out of his misery.

So they sat and eyed each other while the moon crossed over the dark blue vault and hid beneath the western rimrock, and the fire died down to a few red embers, and the coyote up on the rim of Big Hatchet finally shut up and went home alone and feeling rejected.



"My car had less power than a missile-fizzle!" the space scientist exploded.

The day the missile-man almost blasted into orbit!

by Stony Jackson

Scientist:

Don't make me do a countdown on you! I know what motor oil I want . . . and I won't take anything less.

Attendant:

You sound as particular as all my other customers who appreciate top engine performance.

Scientist:

For good reasons, too. My car engine used to act like a three-stage fizzle! It wheezed and snorted . . . wasted gas . . . needed tune-ups. Every time I took my car out of the garage, it was zero-hour! I know a lot about engines—*but all I really needed to know was Pennzoil Motor Oil with* Z-7.

Attendant:

Right! *Pennzoil is all anybody needs to know about engines!* It cleans as it lubricates . . . makes your car run rocket-smooth all the time. Puts dependability back under your hood—puts extra miles back into your gas-tank.

Scientist:

That's not just a lab prediction, either. That's a real road-proven formula—Pennzoil plus Z-7!

Author's Note:

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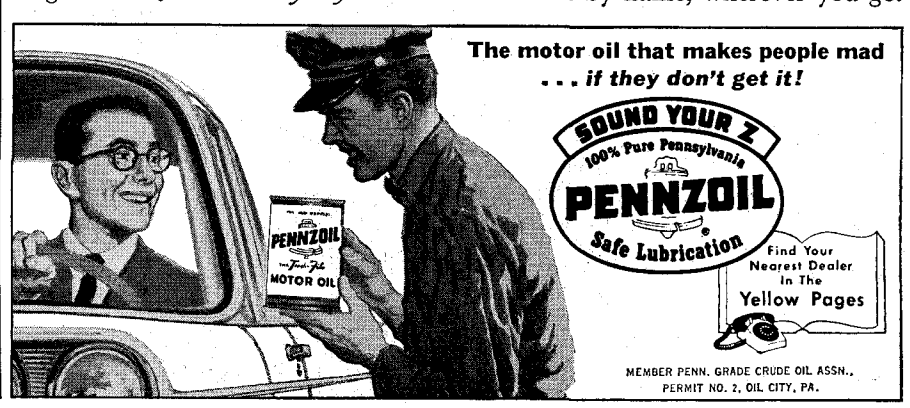
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Now, at last, No Gun Paige yawned, lay back upon his poncho, and closed his eyes.

Jug-ears sat without moving a muscle or batting an eye for half an hour longer; then he drew his six-shooter very quietly, took aim and thumbed the hammer back.

That inconsiderable sound was enough. No Gun came bounding up, bug-eyed, just as the gun went off. The first slug missed him, but the second sent him spinning around, to land sprawling in the ashes of the campfire, and the sparks that shot up illumined the crimson tide that flowed from his temple.

The body lay without moving in the hot ashes. Jug-ears dragged it out of the fire, led his mare over to the fire and loaded No Gun across the saddle, which was harder than it might seem, for he was pretty limber, and kept sliding off.

It was already getting light in the east. He took his saddle carbine under his arm and led the mare up the hill toward the old mission, cussing her and yanking on the curb bit every time she stumbled.

He came up in front of the gate and let No Gun slide quietly off the saddle onto the ground; then he cat-footed back down the hill, tethered the mare out of sight, and hid, and watched. And waited.

The sun was high when the sorrel-haired woman came outside and stood, slim, erect and watchful as a wild thing, relishing the fresh breath of morning, shading her eyes to look far out across the waterless valley that led beyond Big Hatchet into Mexico. Then she saw No Gun Paige lying there under the arch.

She clasped her hand to her mouth and made a little sound that was both audible and gratifying to Jug-ears, lying only a hundred yards away. She took a step away from the haven of her doorway; then another.

Coldly he leveled the .30-30 carbine at her heart; caught himself in time and swung it to the left, training it upon her frail shoulder for a crippling shot. At that moment there was a slight movement in his line of fire, and No Gun Paige got unsteadily to his feet and leaned against the arch, right in everybody's way, looking around as if he wondered how he had got there. Too late it dawned upon Jug-ears that No Gun had only been creased.

The woman fled back inside to get her Spencer, and No Gun took one look at her and vanished in three leaps into the dense chaparral beneath the wall.

Grinding his teeth, he crawled back to where the mare was tied, spurred her all the way back to camp at the bottom of the wash and drained all of the water that was left in the nosebag into his own canteen. Then he untied No Gun's horse, sent him spooked off in the direction of Hachita, and went to hunt for No Gun's assorted hardware that he had thrown into the brush last night. He found all four of the guns and buried them in loose sand where they would never be resurrected to haunt him.

After hanging around for an hour or so, waiting in vain for No Gun to show up, he gave it up and went back up the hill to continue his siege.

Within the corral, the bay horse ambled over to the fence, looked straight at the place where Jug-ears was hiding, and snorted. He was not fooled.

Neither was the sorrel-haired woman, for she did not venture outside all that day, and No Gun Paige remained prudently somewhere out in the brush, so that by mid-afternoon even the bay horse had lost interest.

At dusk Jug-ears crept in closer, now almost to the corral. From here he could watch the seep-spring trough, the gate, and the front and the south side of the chapel. He had plenty of water, and his carbine lay at his right hand.

No Gun Paige had none of these advantages. He could not go without water forever, and sooner or later he was bound to come around and get himself bushwhacked. Yet Jug-ears was filled with foreboding, for he had heard plenty of stories about Paige, and all of them were bad. Stories of how this amiable-seeming young man had sent more than a score of the wild and the free to the deep, personal hell of the government rock quarries.

He shivered, but only because it was getting colder, and he had not had any sleep in a long time. A very long time.

It only seemed that his eyelids grew heavy for an instant, but he started up suddenly with a guilty feeling of considerable time elapsed, an hour, perhaps, telescoped in the blink of an eye. He looked around him and saw that the moon was already up, a pale and sickly moon that made the shadowy clumps of manzanita black buffalo grazing, and every rock and bush, the crouching figure of a man.

The watering trough at the other side of the corral now held a corpse, who was sitting up and drinking.

Jug-ears rubbed his eyes and saw that it was No Gun, leaning through bars and drinking, indeed, with both hands.

He raised the carbine slowly and stealthily enough, but the moonlight glinting from its barrel must have given him away, for No Gun sprang up at once, leaped over the wall of the courtyard and disappeared around the corner of the chapel, into the shadow of the tower.

Jug-ears crossed the corral on his hands and knees and crept along the wall until he reached a place opposite the tower where he could see over the wall without standing up. Nothing moved in the deep shadows, but there came a slight, rustling sound above him, and he gulped his heart back down where it belonged and looked up in time to see the bats pouring out of the bell loft, hell-bent against the insects of the world.

In an instant he forgot all about No Gun. Inside the chapel the sorrel-haired woman lay sleeping, innocent of the game of hide-and-seek that was being played at that very moment beneath her barred window. The bell loft and the sacristy underneath, he felt sure, connected with the chapel. Within lay the well and Sonoma Jack's gold, and the bats had shown him how to get in.

In the corner of the tower and the chapel there grew a gnarled cottonwood, no more than three feet from either wall. He kicked off his boots and went over and started to climb it. Soon he reached the level of the bell loft, laid the barrel of his six-shooter cautiously over the edge in front of his face and looked in. The loft was empty. Beneath his chin, however, a ladder extended downward into darkness.

He struck a match and dropped it into the shaft. Before it flickered out he saw that he had been right. The ladder extended all the way from the bell loft, through a small cubbyhole in a storage platform that was halfway down, to the ground, twenty-five feet below.

He swung a leg over into the loft and went down the rotting ladder two rungs at a time, making no sound.

Around him the darkness was absolute. Something very like the finger of death, as he stood listening to the silence, brushed near his temple and fluttered up through the shaft. It was only a bat that had got up a little late, he told himself.

A cool wind, sighing up through the tower, tickled the hair upon the nape of his neck and swept a musty dankness to his nostrils that was like the smell of a moss-bedded creek, deep in the dark woods where the sun never shines.

He struck another match and cupped it in his hands so that it gave out only a very little light. There, before him, was the well.

Without wasting any time, Jug-ears fell to his knees and reached down to claw at a rock in the side of the rim that stuck out a little farther than the others. He loosened it, drew it out, and put his hand back into the deep cavity that he had revealed. He drew out a heavy leather sack that made little, cheerful, clinking, Christmasy noises as he fumbled with its drawstrings. It was the gold, all right.

But in his single-mindedness it did not once strike him that somebody else might have noticed the bats before him. So he was pretty surprised when the rock in No Gun Paige's hand came down right square on top of his head. But only for one blinding instant.

The sorrel-haired woman awakened, not knowing what had nudged her into consciousness. She sat up. The lamp was low, but she could easily make out the tall, skinny figure of No Gun Paige, who had come out from behind the buffalo robe that hung before the passageway to the old sacristy.

She reached for her shotgun, but he detected her movement, having had considerable experience by this time, and flung himself across the bed, pinning the shotgun across her breast and knocking the breath out of her. His eyes were tight shut while he was doing this, for he could practically feel his liver and lights being scattered all over the room.

Once he had the shotgun, he opened his eyes.

The sorrel-haired woman did not cry, but began swearing at him with desperate earnestness and a facility that surprised him. In the old days she had not been acquainted with any blackguard words like that, and it angered him. So he slapped her three or four times, good and hard, until it got to be more than she could stand, and she stopped cussing and grabbed his hand and bit it.

"Now then," he said, pinning her shoulders to the pillow, "you listen to me!"

"Go ahead, you back-shooter," she said between her teeth, struggling to sit up.

"I never killed Sonoma Jack that day at Belle Fourche. I only winged him. Later, on the trail to Laramie, somebody else done him in with a forty-five, at close range. Somebody he trusted. For three weeks I've been laying to get close enough to tell you that, but you aimed to stretch my hide the minute I showed up, and you nearly done it a time or two."

She lay very still. "How do I know to believe you?" she said.

"It's the gospel truth. We figured it was his partner that killed him. Couldn't be certain, though, until he came here looking for the Butterfield gold. Most likely Sonoma thought that he was dying and told him where to look, for he found it tonight. It give him quite a headache, though."

"Is that why you came here?"

"Well, I figured the man who killed Sonoma Jack would show up here sooner or later, and that you might need the protection of the law."

"I don't need any help," the sorrel-haired woman said, turning her head away.

"I can see that now," No Gun said, letting her up. "I'll be on my way back to Silver City tonight with my prisoner. There's a reward for the recovery of the Butterfield gold, and I'll see that you get it, for I don't want it."

"I don't want any help from anybody," she said, in a washed-out voice.

"I know it," he replied sadly, and started toward the table by the door to get a drink from the bucket that was sitting there. When he got there he felt like sitting down for a minute and laying his head on the table, so he did.

The sorrel-haired woman, who had turned up the lamp, saw for the first time how the blood had caked upon the side of his head, and she was suddenly right there by his side, wearing only her nightgown. She was pressing cool fingers against his forehead, and saying, "You're fevered."

"You can just go to hell," No Gun said thickly.

"I'll heat water," she said, and her voice sounded far away, and there was a catch in it.

"You can just go ——" No Gun Paige started to say with considerable spirit, but he passed out right then, face down upon the table, so that he missed the satisfaction of seeing the sorrel-haired woman crying at last, quietly and gratifyingly as she knelt to stir up the fire.

THE END

"Hard to believe that only $8000 ago we were callow, inhibited and emotionally immature."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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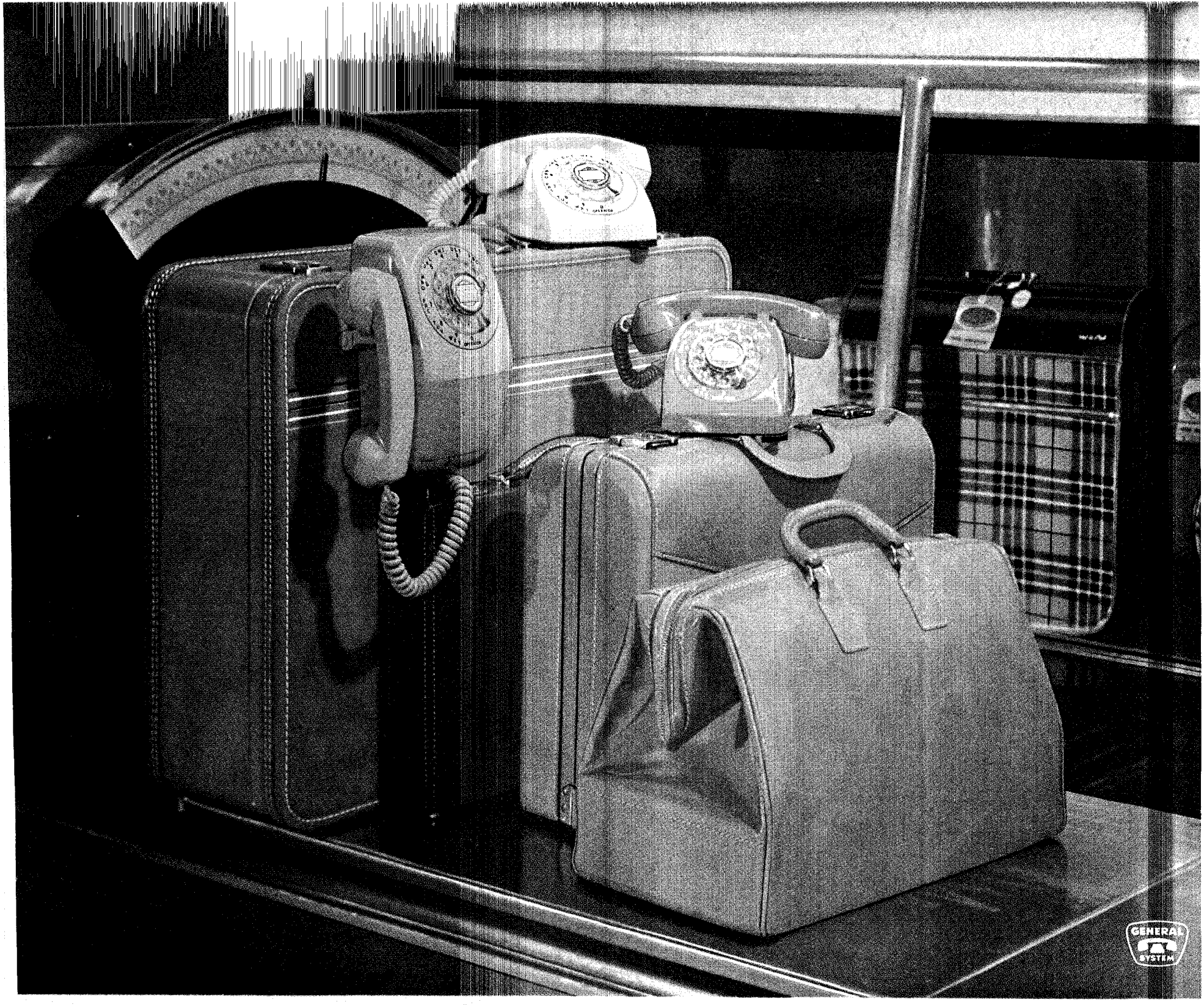

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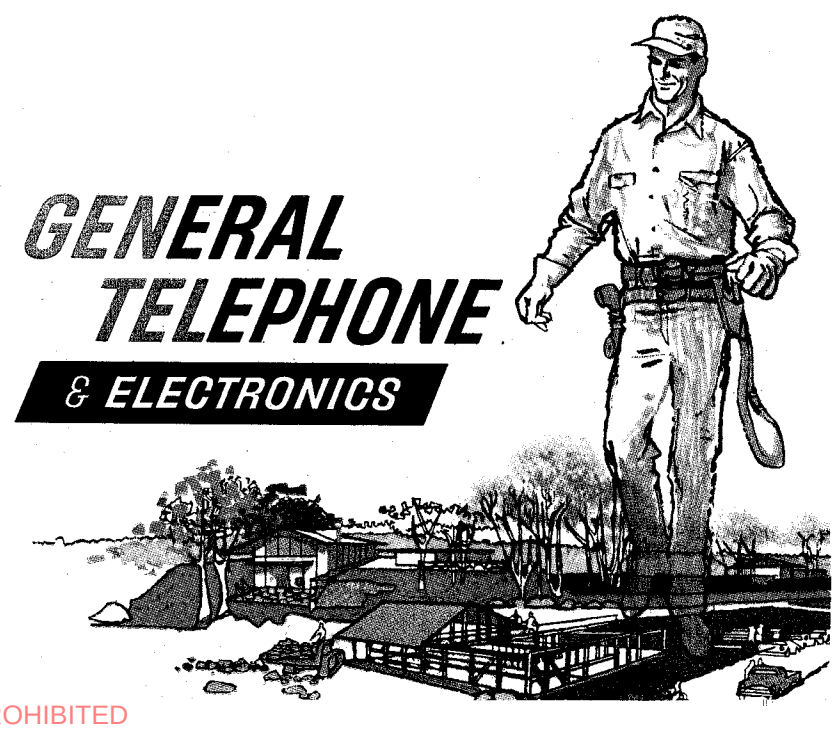

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Night Ferry (Continued from Page 37)

Yes, he had thought, it was ridiculous—except that Hal Davidson was still only mate of this little ten-car ferry, and that meant he handled lines and the ramp mechanism at the mooring slips, and punched tickets, and probably helped sweep out the passenger saloon when the day's last run was over. Anywhere else he would have been called a deckhand.

Still frowning, Garth opened the car door and got out. The breeze hitting the narrow strait was a stiff, steady one, and it whipped his hair and made his sports jacket flap against his chest. He buttoned the coat and found the nearest companionway and went up top to the wheelhouse.

The skipper, old Captain Willis, saw him through the side window and gave him a surprised, friendly smile and motioned him inside.

The old man's handshake was hearty and his greeting the same. He stood behind the big wheel that was almost as tall as he was, looking as solid as a rock. And yet, Garth thought, he must be as old as Methuselah and surely close to retirement; Garth could not remember this ferry without Captain Willis driving her.

"Beginning to blow up hard," the old man said, with a sweep of his arm to encompass the strait. "Soon as we dock I'm taking a plane to the city. I got business there, just for the night, and right back in the morning. Sure hope it doesn't blow too hard for the plane to fly."

"Is this your last trip of the day?" Garth asked.

"This is it. Seven round trips daily."

The door opened and Hal Davidson came in. He had his cashbox with him and he nodded briefly, murmured something, and placed the box in a cupboard. Then he left.

"How is Hal doing?" Garth asked casually.

"Oh, fine!" But the old captain's eyes were straight ahead.

"I thought he'd be relief skipper by now. He has his papers."

"Well, you know. I need him on the deck job. He's got a nice way with the passengers."

The old man was lying. At least, Garth thought, he was keeping something back. And seeing the hard, stubborn cast of the captain's face, Garth realized that to attempt to continue the subject would be useless. Captain Willis might be willing to discuss almost anything under the sun, but he had spoken his last word on Hal Davidson.

It troubled Garth. And he did not like the way his brother got into the station wagon at the village wharf, after the ferry had been bedded down for the night, and they drove the short distance up the hill to the bluff and their parents' home.

Garth could not even get close to Hal, and that hurt. He remembered the time when he had been almost embarrassed by the pride the younger brother had taken in him when he had come home from a long voyage. They had been great friends, even with the difference in ages, but that relationship was dead.

There was tension when the family sat down at the dining-room table for supper, and his mother unconsciously aggravated it by talking about Garth's position as general superintendent, and the new house he and Mary were planning in the city.

Garth was conscious of his father's discomfort, and he tried to stop his mother. But it was too late.

Hal rose abruptly from the table before coffee. His lips were thin. "It's blowing up a gale," he said curtly. "I've got to check the ferry's mooring lines."

When Hal had left, refusing a ride, and his mother had gone into the kitchen, Garth looked at his father. "I shouldn't have come," he said. "He resents me."

The father, a tall, straight man, carefully filled a pipe with tobacco. "Not quite," he said. "Underneath, I guess he's as proud of you as he ever was. And loves you as much. But under the circumstances you've gone too far for him."

Garth faced his father. "What circumstances?"

"You saw him, taking tickets. That's not where he should be. He should be up top. If he were skippering that ferry, I don't think you'd find him changed."

"All right—why isn't he at least relieving? I suggested that to Captain Willis. I got a stuck-out jaw in reply."

Davidson, Senior, stoked his pipe. "The old man put Hal on alone one afternoon," he said. "That is, Hal was acting skipper and Willis was ashore. It blew up in the strait, just like it's blowing up now, and there were about five cars aboard and one of them broke loose. The driver had forgotten to use his hand brake and put the car in gear, and he was in the saloon when it happened. The car went wild, smashing into other machines and nearly sending a couple of them over the end of the ferry."

Garth had stiffened. His father's eyes were on the table.

"Well, it seems Hal got panicky. They were close into the mainland shore, and in his excitement about the runaway car he almost piled the boat up on the rocks and drowned everybody. At least, that's the way old Captain Willis figured it. He wouldn't trust Hal at the wheel after that, and Willis is a stubborn man. He'd planned to have Hal take over completely when he retired, and that's something the boy figured on since he was a little kid. You know it."

Garth sat back. Across the table his father's pipe had gone out again.

"Why does Hal stick?"

Mr. Davidson shrugged. "Because he's stubborn, maybe. Because it's a job, and it keeps him on the island, and because he wants to get married—to Janet Smith, you remember, the public-health nurse—and because mainly he's got an idea in his head that if he left the ferry it would prove that he was afraid, that it wasn't inexperience and panic that got him into trouble that day on the strait, but fear. Some people on the island think that about him right now."

"What do you think?"

"I think he could convince himself it's true," the father said, looking up and across the table at Garth.

It was almost two hours before Hal returned. And in that time the things that had happened to the island so many times in Garth's youth, happened again. He felt really at home when the power failed, and he and his father almost automatically got out the kerosene lamps and lighted them. He thought of the many storms like this one; vicious winds striking across the bluff and trying helplessly to batter the solid house that had been built to withstand them. He knew, without having to check, that the telephone lines would be down by now. And suddenly he was almost enjoying it, sitting in the snugness of the living room with his mother and father, talking to them under the soft glow of the lamps, with the sound of the wind all around, outside.

But his mind was disturbed. And then Hal came in, stood briefly at the doorway and said, "It's getting wicked in the strait," and left for some other room in the house.

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Garth was thinking: *What if I follow him? What if I say to him, "Look, Hal, there's a good job for you any time with my company. Let the island go. Get away from here."*

No, he decided. That wasn't the answer.

They heard a car drive up, and a knock on the front door, and Garth said, "I'll get it."

When he answered the door a girl came in quickly. She was wearing a cloth coat, but she was hatless, and the wind had played havoc with her brown hair. He recognized her immediately; Janet Smith, the public-health nurse, Hal's girl. Her pretty face looked strained.

"Garth," she said, with a quick handclasp, "I'm glad to see you. Where's Hal?"

His mother and father had come into the hallway, and now his brother appeared.

"I've got an emergency, Hal," Janet Smith said. "Miss Simmons."

Garth's head jerked, and he saw his brother stop dead. Miss Simmons had taught school on Orion Island for years; she would be quite an old lady and retired by now, Garth thought.

"She had a fall down the cellar stairs of her house," Janet was saying. "She was going to get some candles after the power failed, and she tripped in the dark. The woman who lives with her heard the fall and called me. She's in critical condition. I've got to get to a hospital; at least, to a doctor. But it should be the hospital."

Janet paused only for an instant. "No one will take a small boat out tonight," she went on. "I've asked, and they say it's impossible. And an aircraft is out of the question, even if we could call the mainland, and the telephone lines are down. Perhaps it couldn't be done, either, but I thought, the ferry ——"

Garth looked at his brother. He remembered many trips the old ferry had made at night, taking emergency patients to the nearest hospital on the mainland. Perhaps not in such violent weather as this, but the ferry had never refused a call.

"Captain Willis isn't on the island," Hal said slowly. "He took a plane to the city." His brother's face, Garth realized, was chalk-white.

"But you ——" Janet began.

"I'm sorry. I can't do anything without Captain Willis."

Garth saw the girl's eyes. He read in them a look first of shock and disappointment, then of something that reminded him of his father's words about Hal: "Fear. Some people on the island think that about him right now."

"I see," the girl said tightly. "Yes, I see. Excuse me. I'll have to get back to the village."

She turned to the door, and Garth said quickly, "I'll walk out to the car with you." He followed her, and when the door closed behind them he caught her arm, turning her so that she faced him. The wind whipped against their bodies.

"No," he said, "I don't think you see. Hal had to say he couldn't do anything without Captain Willis. A man doesn't easily take over another's man's ship without authority. That's the only reason, do you understand, Janet?"

He looked into her eyes, and he wondered if she believed him.

"Have you an ambulance?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Only a stretcher."

He looked at the car she had brought to the house. It was a small sedan, and now he said rapidly: "You take my car, the station wagon. Put down the rear seat and you can run a stretcher into it. When you pick up your patient drive to the ferry wharf. Now, go ahead. Don't argue and don't talk. Just do as I say."

He went back into the house. His mother and father had left the hallway, but Hal was still there, standing almost in the spot where Garth had left him. The brother's face was white and grim.

"You realize," Garth said, "what Captain Willis would do if he was here. He'd take the ferry out."

"He's not here," Hal said hoarsely.

"Well, we are, aren't we? We're a couple of qualified men. Even Willis would never deny that. We can't reach him for his authority, but there's not a soul on this island who wouldn't back us up for doing it on our own. I'm ready if you are."

Nothing keeps a family together as much as owning just one car.

DWAIN A. BASS

Garth saw his brother's hands clench. "You mean, you intend to drive the ferry?" Hal demanded. "You mean, Captain Willis would think it all right with the general superintendent of the North Pacific Steamship Company at the wheel?"

"I don't mean any such thing," Garth said quietly. "You know this strait like the palm of your hand. You know the winds and the tides. You know your own ship. You'll drive her. I'm going along as your deckhand."

"Deckhand!"

"Well, don't you think I can handle a line?"

For a moment Garth felt Hal staring at him. Then the tightness in his brother's face seemed to dissolve. In its place there was an expression of despair. Hal shook his head. "No, Garth," he said. "It's no use. I have to tell you. I'm afraid to do it."

"You're crazy," Garth said, advancing on him. "I've seen you cross that strait in an open boat when nobody else would dare go out in it. You're not afraid of anything. Sure, you may have gotten yourself in a flap once, but what seaman ever escaped without at least one flap in his life? You didn't wreck the ferry that time, did you? You brought her in. What's the matter with you? Are you going to take the word of Captain Willis that you're not good enough? That's what you've been doing, and you don't know it. Who's the engineer?"

"Charley Finch."

"Then we'll go get him now. O.K.?"

Garth waited. The brothers were facing each other, looking into each other's eyes.

"Yes," Hal said suddenly. "O.K."

On the dark wharf beside the ferry slip they met the station wagon carrying Janet Smith and her patient. Hal went aboard the ferry immediately, along with Charley Finch, the engineer, who had agreed reluctantly to make the trip, muttering: "It's your responsibility. I wouldn't take the Queen Mary into that strait tonight."

The wind here, funneled into the village bay, brought the sound and smell of the sea with it. Garth suddenly had no illusions about the trouble they were going to have before the little ferry reached the mainland. She was old, and her engine was none too powerful, and she had very little freeboard for a rough sea. There was a moment, while getting the station wagon aboard and placing blocks under its wheels, that Garth almost hesitated.

Then he saw the figure wrapped in blankets, lying on a stretcher in the rear of the car. He leaned in, and not knowing if the old lady heard him, whispered:

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"Miss Simmons. This is Garth Davidson. You're going to be all right. My brother is taking you across the strait."

He met Janet Smith's eyes. "Hal made the decision," Garth said. "He was the only one who could make it."

He felt the engine turning over and went to the stern of the ferry and raised the apron of the ramp clear of the deck. Then he let go the lines. Even in the safety of the slip the little ferry was rocking slightly, rubbing her sides against the pilings.

He went up top and into the wheelhouse. Hal stood behind the big wheel, his feet planted wide apart. For an instant, before he turned off the wheelhouse light, his face was clear and sharp to Garth. It looked drained of blood.

"All clear," Garth said.

Hal rang down to the engine room. Almost immediately the ferry started to move, the pilings of the slip groaning as the hull scraped against them on one side, and then Garth felt the vessel break clear, into the open, into the waters of the village bay.

Hal had turned on the searchlight. Its sharp beam probed into the darkness ahead, picking up the troubled surface of the sea. The first spray came over the open stem of the boat and shimmered in the light.

It was a foretaste of what they could expect once they were beyond the comparative shelter of the bay and the headlands, and into the full stretch of the strait.

"How's the tide?" Garth asked.

"High water; twelve feet."

Hal's voice sounded strange and worrying to Garth's ears. He could see only the dark outline of his brother's face, but the voice had been hoarse and tense. They were less than a mile from the village wharf and they had almost an hour to go.

Garth could feel the movement of the deck as the ferry began to roll. The spray over the bow had increased in density and the deck below was taking some solid water.

He could make out the headlands of the bay as slowly they fell away on either side, until they were on the beam and then going astern.

The ferry was into the strait now. The movement became violent as the full force of the wind hit the stubby hull. Garth could almost feel the struggle that Hal was having with the helm, and he saw the beam of the searchlight jerk and bounce on confused, angry waters. The waves were not high, but they were sharp and packed close on one another, striking the low bow with booming regularity that shook the wooden superstructure of the ferry. Garth had to hold on to the window sill to keep from being thrown, as the little boat was caught between the forces that were flung at her broadside and the straining engine and rudder that fought to keep her on her course.

Garth thought he could hear his brother's heavy breathing, and that was imagination. But he knew there was a hard, desperate struggle going on between the man and the wheel.

Minutes had passed rapidly, and they had made progress. But there was still a long way to go. And ahead, in the darkness on the mainland side, there was no sheltering bay. There were only rocks and a high shore line.

"Garth!" He heard Hal's voice above the roar of the wind.

"Yes?"

"Take over!"

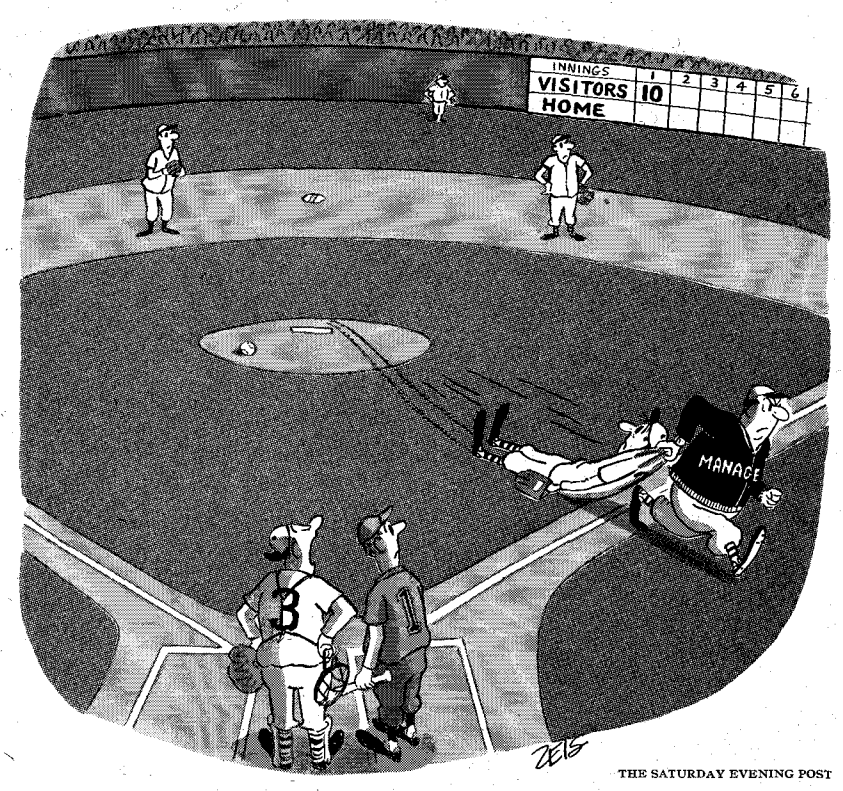
There was desperation in the cry. In the darkness he almost numbly shook his head. *Don't say that, kid,* he was telling himself. *Don't ask me. Don't give up the wheel now.*

"Did you hear me? I said, take over!"

He knew then that he would have to obey. If he didn't——

He stepped to the wheel and relieved his brother's hands. The jerk of the helm almost threw him off balance and before he could check the ferry on course he felt a sudden and brief rush of wind, heard the slamming of a door, and knew that Hal had left the wheelhouse.

He felt a sickness inside him. His brother had gone, fright in his voice and the suddenness of his leaving. There was no alternative now but to carry on, unless it was to turn back. He raised the beam of the searchlight, and now he could make out the dark shape of the mainland shore, and he kept his course, fighting the wheel. Closer and closer the land came, across the angry waters, and in the distance, almost dead ahead, he could make out the ferry slip. It looked



"Guess that's going to be all for Haley."

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tiny and deserted in the gleam of the light.

Then the wheelhouse door opened and the wind rushed in; was snubbed off as the door closed.

A voice said, "I had to check the station wagon. I was thinking of that other time, I guess, and I got scared. But the car's blocked down good and tight, and she's riding it pretty well, considering. Thanks, Garth. I'll take over now."

Hands slipped over Garth's and caught the wheel. He stepped back, allowing his brother to take his place, and there was suddenly a kind of mist clouding his eyes, and a letting-go inside him. He leaned back against the after bulkhead, and then in the darkness he nodded.

"Sure, Hal," he said, but it was only a whisper—a whisper of the relief in his heart. And condemnation of himself, for hadn't he, like some of the islanders, begun to think ——

They were a few hundred feet off the mouth of the ferry slip now. The pilings loomed up in the gleam of the searchlight, angry water swirling around the black timbers, the wharf wet with spray.

Suddenly Garth was hearing his brother's voice again—strong, blunt, deliberate.

"Garth, I can't make it," Hal was saying. "I was hoping it wouldn't be this bad, but now I know. I can't run her in, with this wind and current hitting her on the beam."

He was speaking the truth, Garth knew. Looking across the wild waters to the narrow opening of the slip, he realized that an attempt to run the ferry home would be like trying to place a peg in a tight hole with someone pushing your arm aside.

"You've got a good length of rope up forward, haven't you?" Garth said suddenly. "With a big loop on the mooring end?"

"Yes."

"All right, if you put her alongside the mouth of the slip I can get that rope over one of the outer pilings. Then you'll have a line to hold you while you ease her home."

"No!"

"What do you mean, no?"

"I won't risk it," Hal said bluntly. "If I came alongside too hard, you wouldn't stand a chance. You can't throw that weight of rope from a safe position. You'd have to expose yourself, and I'm not ——"

"Listen, kid," Garth said. His hand was on his brother's arm. "I'm no ruddy fool. I'm not taking a risk with you. I know what you can do with this boat. You'll bring her up nice and easy, and I'll get that line secured. Just keep your mind on your business—that's all I ask."

He opened the wheelhouse door and went outside before Hal could speak. The wind struck him full in the face and spray blinded him momentarily. Leaning against the roll of the hull he went down a ladder and reached the automobile deck at the bow.

A sheet of water came over the open stem to drench him as he looked for the heavy mooring line. The end loop was a good size and he ran it forward, battling to keep his feet, and then flaked out a length of line on the deck. The rest of the rope he brought to a bollard and took several turns, securing that end firmly. Then he staggered back to the loop and stood over it, waiting.

The bucking ferry was close in to the shore now, and the searchlight was full on the mouth of the slip. It was high tide, and yet the pilings seemed to tower out of the water like giant breadsticks.

Garth picked up the rope, his lips tight and his whole body tense. He knew that Hal was bringing the ferry broadside to the slip, foot by foot, heading half into the wind now. The gap narrowed.

At that moment Garth became fully aware that he would never be able to lasso a piling from where he stood on the automobile deck. He would have to get up on the railing along the side or carry the rope to the top deck.

There was only time for the railing. He lugged the rope to the ship's side, to a spot where a wire strut came down from above, and grabbing that with one hand he lifted himself on to the rail.

The ferry had closed the outer pilings, pitching into the angry sea, and between the hull and the slip water foamed up in protest and flung itself into Garth's face. He shook his head desperately to clear his eyes, the strut burning into his left hand as he clung to it, teetering like a man on a tightrope.

His eyes fastened on the top of a piling that loomed above him, and with a twist of his body and all the strength in his right arm, he flung the rope. In that moment he knew that he would be gone if the ferry struck.

But the water still foamed between the ship and the pilings, and he saw the loop of the line hesitate for a moment over the blunt top of the black stick of timber, then slip down and take hold.

His left hand was wrenched clear of the strut and he fell back off the railing on to the deck. The tightening rope caught him by the legs and knocked him off his feet and he lay there on the wet deck, hearing the groan of the protesting line as it took the strain. Numbly he believed it was going to be too much, that the rope would break.

Then he could feel the heightened throb of the ferry's engine. She was going forward now, the rope holding her, coming around slowly. Her blunt nose, he realized, was groping for the opening between the rows of pilings. She found it, and she was going in.

Garth scrambled to his feet and stumbled to the bollard, releasing that end of the line. By the time he raised his head, the ferry was home, her blunt nose up against the ramp. At that moment the sound of her engine ceased, and there was only the roar of the wind outside, and the crash of the sea.

Garth met his brother at the foot of the companionway, on deck.

"You go with Janet in the car," Garth said quickly. "It's a sure thing we'll be here when you get back."

"Garth ——"

He shook water from his hair and smiled. "You know," he interrupted, "none of us would be here if you weren't the ship handler you are. You know, you didn't even scratch the paint on her hull."

"I've been childish ——"

"Well, you're my kid brother. Get going."

Later, as he watched the taillights of the station wagon disappear over the wharf and up the road, he said a little prayer that Miss Simmons would make it. And Charley Finch, the engineer, joined him on deck.

"What happened to you?" Charley demanded, looking at the drenched figure.

"I was working as deckhand," Garth said.

"That was some trip, even from down below," Charley said. "Hal sure did a job. The whole island will hear about this."

So would Captain Willis, Garth thought. If the old man needed some straight talking, he would get it. But the need was doubtful, because the captain might be stubborn, but he was a seaman.

"I'll get some coffee on," Charley Finch said.

That, Garth considered, would be good. THE END

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Cars have GRADE LABELS, too!"

Margaret Hamilton as Prudence

Nydia Westman as Abby

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IGAIL: But where's the grade label on your car?

UDENCE: On the windows! Says Safety P-L-A-T-E every one 'cause this is a General Motors car.

ABIGAIL: So it does, right here! But what's so extra special about Safety PLATE Glass?

PRUDENCE: Best glass you can get, that's what! *All* cars use Safety PLATE in windshields, but only *General Motors* cars have it in *side* windows, too! 'Cause it gives you better vision than what's just called "safety glass".

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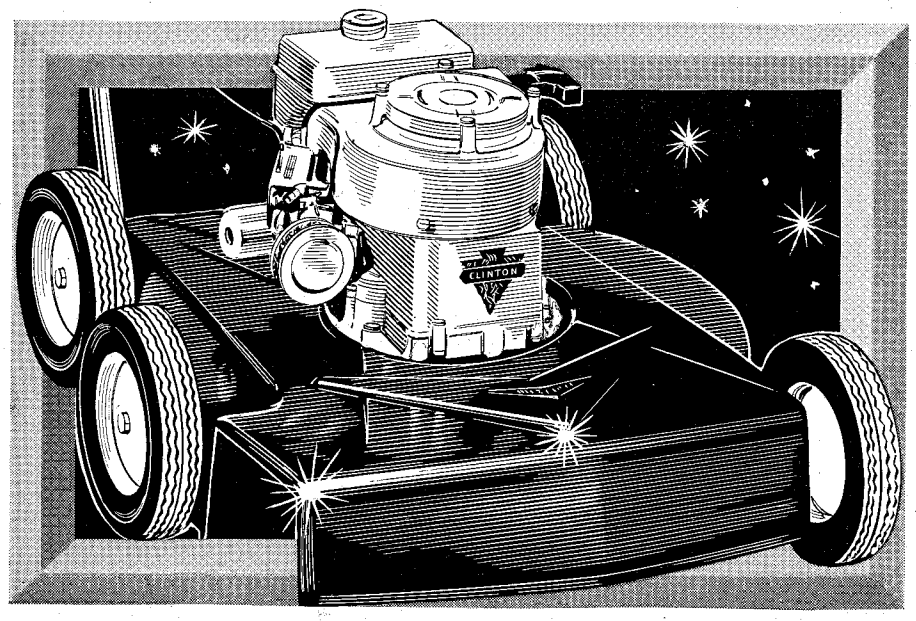

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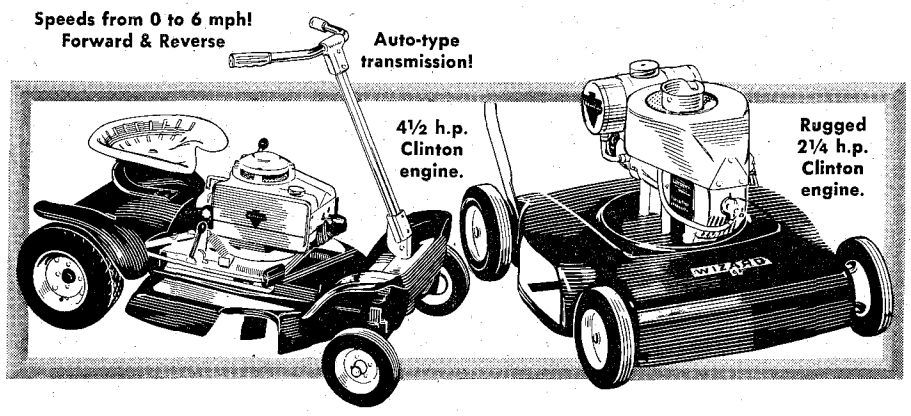

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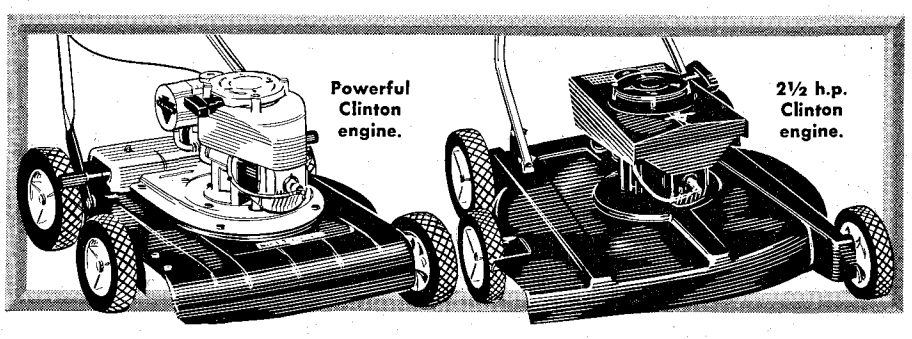

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(S69)

The Lady and the Brute

(Continued from Page 41)

"I am," he said. "I'm interested in kissing you."

"Oh, Jeff," she said. "I want us to be interested in the same things."

"The answer's no, then?"

"Maybe when you come back." She looked at him. "I'll stop in to see Aunt Ruthie every day." It seemed a little thing, but it wasn't; it was an indication of the fine girl he knew, the stanch, quiet girl who could always be counted on, honest, unequivocal, kind; the girl who sometimes wanted her own way a little too much. "Oh, Jeff," she said. "Please take care of yourself."

He could have kissed her then; it could be seen in her eyes and the slight movement she made toward him. But he was too confused and harried; he was frozen to the floor; and then Rod's hand was on his shoulder.

"Come on, Milquetoast," Rod said. "We've got to get the show on the road."

Sheila ran up, gave Jeff a hurried but enthusiastic kiss and said, "Have fun."

Then they were running for the plane. They scrambled aboard, the door was closed after them, and the plane taxied out.

When they were air-borne and had settled back in their seats, Jeff said, a little forlornly, "I like your girl, Rod."

"Yeah," Rod said, hesitated, and decided against any good advice at the moment. "Yeah, I think I do too. She's fairly new, but she's got her points. She's not as dizzy as she looks."

Six days later, in the afternoon, they reached the location of the camp, unloaded the pack horses and set up their tents in a little meadow several hundred feet above the river. The meadow was surrounded by spruces, a stream ran past the camp, and all around them the peaks thrust into the sky. The lower country was beginning to take on color, the red of huckleberry, the first gold of alders and willow; there was a light dusting of snow on the peaks. After the hobbled horses had wandered off to graze, they could occasionally hear the distant, mellow sound of their bells. It was a wonderful country, lonely, beautiful and clean. They couldn't have wished for a better spot; and, on top of that, the guide, Billy Squirrel, had turned out to be a friendly Indian who grinned a lot and was a surprisingly good cook.

The next morning Rod and Billy slung their rifles and took off for the ridge to the west, but Jeff decided to stay near camp. Rod looked at him as they left, but didn't say anything. Jeff watched them vanish into the spruces and wished he'd felt like going along, but his heart hadn't been in it. He'd been too busy on the trail and too tired at night to think much of Barbara; now that they were settled he began to worry.

Maybe he'd done the wrong thing, he thought; maybe he shouldn't have come. He did, he told himself, enjoy going to art galleries and flower shows with Barbara—or at least he tried to. Anyhow, he didn't get sore if she went by herself sometimes, and she shouldn't get sore if he took occasional trips like this one. They couldn't run each other's lives or live in each other's pockets all the time, and she should realize that. Maybe she would, he thought, if he'd be forceful enough; but, although he seemed to be able to hold his own with other people, he couldn't seem to manage it with her.

This revolt, mild and uncertain as it was, made him feel disturbed and restless after an hour or two. He wandered about camp a while longer and finally picked up his rifle, loaded it and started out. He didn't have much fun at first, but by the end of the afternoon he had climbed a little, found a shallow cave a few hundred feet up the east ridge and searched it vainly for artifacts; he had seen a black bear in the distance and made a long and fruitless stalk, and almost enjoyed himself. He got back to camp just as Rod and Billy came in.

"Well, Nimrod," Rod said. "You took a walk after all."

"I saw a bear."

"You saw more than we did. We didn't see a ram. We're going up the east ridge tomorrow, and you're coming along."

"Well," Jeff said, "I don't know."

"I know," Rod said. "Come to life, kid. You didn't come all the way up here and blow an extra ninety-some clams on baggage to sit around camp and worry about your girl." (*Continued on Page 66*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"What happened to the young teller who used to throw in a few extra dollars?"

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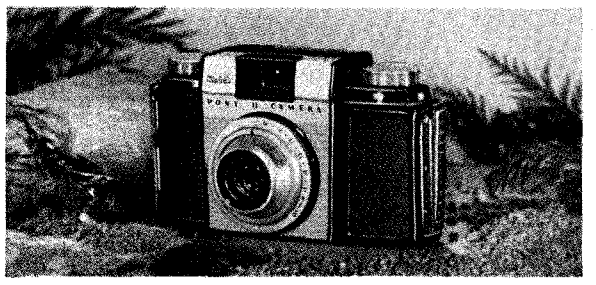

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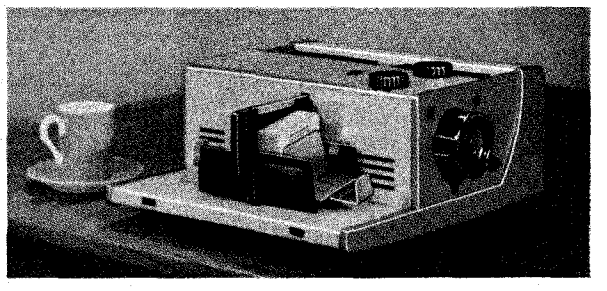

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(*Continued from Page 64*) "She's my girl," Jeff said. "And if I want to worry ——"

"Now look," Rod said. "Now hear this. I've known Barbara for years. She's a swell girl, she's beautiful and she can even cook. But she's an only child, she's got into the habit of getting her own way, and she's got to learn to give and take. If you don't teach her that, the thing's going to go boom."

"But how do I teach her?" Jeff asked. "I've talked to her and talked to her. If I lose her ——"

"You won't lose her. She's got you marked down. And if she won't listen to talk, turn her over your knee."

"Turn her over my knee?" Jeff bleated in horror. "I—I couldn't, Rod. I just couldn't."

"O.K.," Rod said. "It's your nose; I guess you can have a ring in it if you want."

"Now, listen," Jeff said, beginning to warm up.

"No," Rod said. "That's the end of the lecture. Let's hear no more about it. If you can't help yourself, maybe something will turn up to help you." He grinned at Jeff amiably, not realizing that the mantle of prophecy had momentarily descended upon him. "Come on," he said. "It's time for the cocktail hour. I see Billy stirring up the stew."

Jeff was pretty quiet at breakfast; he'd waked up early, about four o'clock, and worried some more. "Rod," he said finally, "I'd like to go along this morning, but ——"

Rod put his plate down. "O.K.," he said. "We'll pack."

"Pack?"

"Sure. I've had it. Unless you amble along with us, we're going home."

"We are like hell. I won't ——"

"Get your rifle," Rod said, "or start packing."

Rather sulkily Jeff got his rifle, and they started out. Half an hour later, when they reached the end of the basin that held the camp and began to climb, the sulkiness began to evaporate. There was frost on the morning; everything sparkled in the clear air, and jays and red squirrels scolded at them. They began to climb; the basin with its alder and dark spruces dropped below them, and in another hour they were high enough to have an impressive sweep of country in their view.

They climbed on. The air grew thinner and colder, the vegetation changed to dwarf birch and willow, and then thinned out to grass and bare rock. An occasional marmot whistled at them. Presently they came to the crest of the ridge they had been climbing and, crossing it, sat down to look over the country on the other side. They were separated from the next ridge, which was powdered with snow, by a comparatively shallow valley which fell away to their left into a vast and magnificent amphitheater of peaks, a lake or two and a great grassy meadow far below.

Jeff, who had forgotten his troubles for the time, sat enthralled by the lonely grandeur about him. He thought that it must have looked nearly the same when the last ice age was coming in, with the great beasts of that time in the green meadow far below.

Beside him Rod put his binoculars down. "Nary a thing," he said. "Not a ram."

"No hairy mammoths either?"

"Hairy mammoths?" Rod asked blankly.

"Don't you remember I told you they lived here once? If you'd been here twenty-five thousand years ago, you might have seen some of them."

Rod looked at him. "What a shooting pal," he said. "First he won't come, then he wants pink elephants."

"They were sort of yellow."

"Heaven deliver me," Rod said, "from ——"

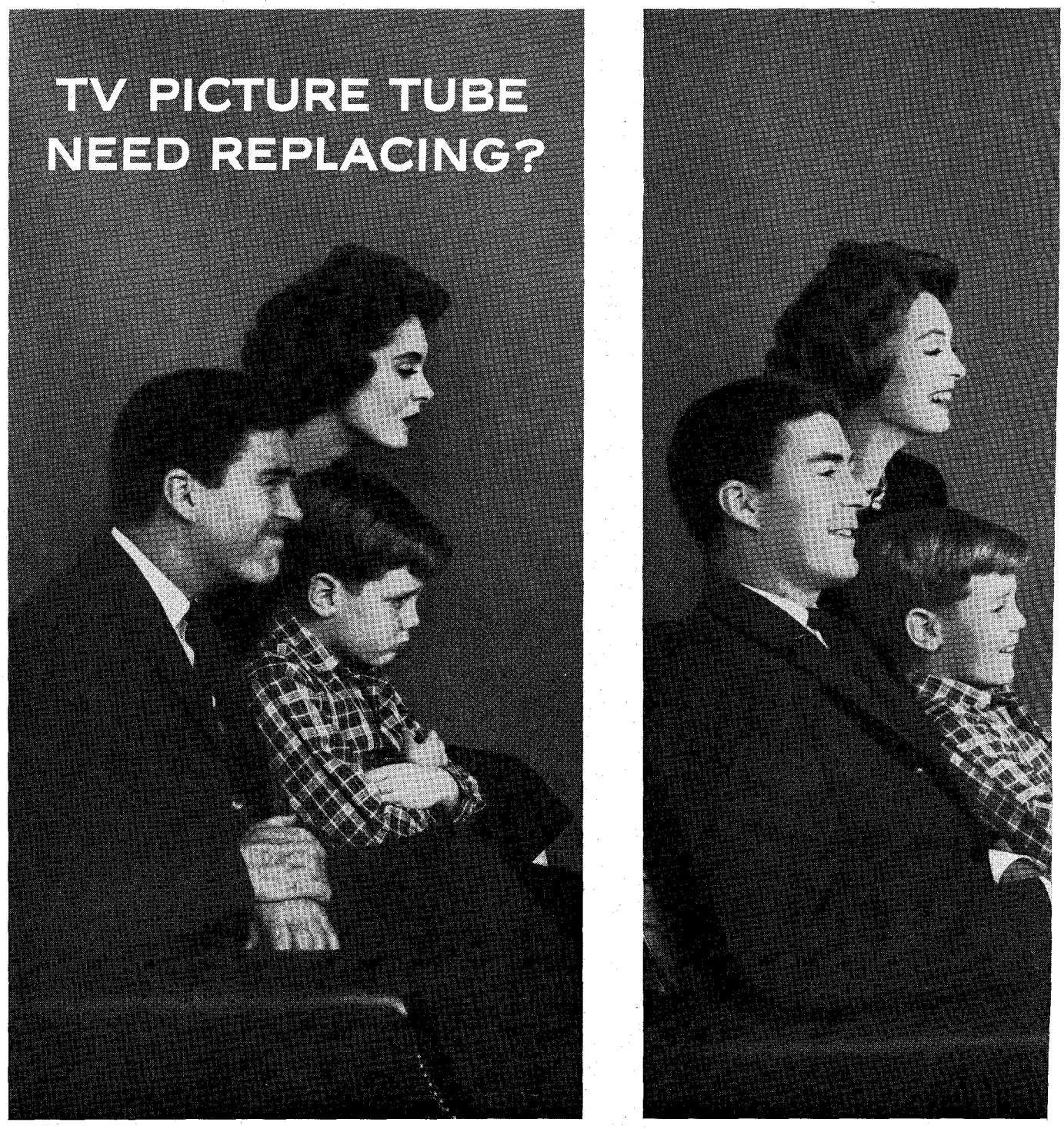
Billy, who had wandered off a way down the ridge, came running back and interrupted him. "Sheeps!" he said, capering about. "Sheeps there!" He pointed down.

He turned and ran back the way he had come, and they ran after him. Some distance down the ridge there had been a landslide; the edge fell sharply away, and, suddenly becoming cautious, Billy crawled up to it. They crawled after him and looked over. Nearly 2000 feet below, on a wide shelf, three rams were lying, looking off into the valley. They were all good rams, with great curling horns, and for a long moment the three hunters stared silently at them.

"Just what the doctor ordered," Rod whispered finally. "How do we do it, Billy? We've got to get closer."

"Ah," Billy said, and gestured. "Wind this way. We go down there, very quiet." He pointed to a steep and rocky ravine beyond the shelf and a pinnacle rising near the end of it. "We come to high rock, look around him. There the sheeps."

They moved to the head of the ravine, left their jackets, binoculars and sandwiches and started down. It was slow, careful, difficult work; they panted and sweated in the thin, cold air and, after what seemed like hours, came to the pinnacle. There was a bit of dumb show as Jeff and Rod each gestured the other to get around the pinnacle first; finally they figured out a way they could do it



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together. They crept forward, easing their rifles before them, and carefully raised their heads.

The three rams were standing at the far edge of the shelf, bunched, alert and looking toward them. Some flaw of the wind, some unpredictable eddy down the slope or around the pinnacle, had warned them; as the two heads came up, they all leaped over the edge of the shelf and disappeared as though by magic. Both men got off hurried shots, but too late. They jumped up, scrambled desperately over the piles of boulders and ran to the edge, but the rams were gone—they had had time to turn the next shoulder.

They were standing there, cursing, when Billy came up. "No good, huh?" he asked. He grinned. "Tomorrow, maybe, next day for sure, we get one, two." Then he pointed behind him. "Funny thing happen," he said. "Come see."

They looked back to where he was pointing, toward the inner edge of the shelf. There was a fresh fall of frozen earth and stones there; a small section of the face of the mountain had broken loose and slid down.

"Guns go off. Bam!" Billy said. "She falls down. Even more funny thing up there. Big nose."

They went over to the edge of the slide and followed his pointing finger. Partway up the slope, like a trophy hanging on a wall, there sat a high-domed furry head, about as big as a cow's, with a trunk stiffly hanging from it. They stared unbelievingly at it. Jeff was the first to find his voice.

"It is!" he said almost to himself. "It is one! By Jupiter, it's a baby!" He suddenly gave a shout. "It's a mammoth!"

He scrambled up the slope in wild excitement until he reached it. He patted it, pried at it and tried to separate the long, rust-colored, bristling outer hair, but it was frozen and stiff; he ran his hand down the frozen trunk. "Isn't this wonderful!" he said as the other two came up. "By Judas, Rod, I'd never have forgiven you if you hadn't made me come up here. Oh, man," he said. "We'll have to get it out of here and take it to camp."

Rod let a couple of minutes pass while his friend gloated over their find. "Jeff," he said finally. "Jeffrey."

"Huh? It's going to be hard to get out." He studied it for a moment. "Oh, Rod, if we'd only brought a camera! We could have pictures of it *in situ*. I doubt there's ever been an opportunity just like this for pictures; they'd be unique."

"We can't get it out," Rod said. "We can't build enough of a fire on this slope to thaw half an inch of ground. It would need a big setup of steam pipes and all that. It's impossible, Jeff. We'll just have to look at it and leave it here."

"But, Rod, I've got to have it. Some of it. I want to taste it."

Rod almost fell down the slope. "*Taste* it? Great thundering catfish, are you nuts? The thing's been extinct for—as I think you said—twenty-five thousand years. It would kill you dead."

"No, it wouldn't. They've tasted frozen mammoth from here at the Explorers Club in New York. They flew it down, and nobody had any trouble. It's not just a gag, Rod. You know I'm interested in that period, and it all ties up somehow."

Rod shook his head. "How right the man was who said you never know your friends," he said. "O.K. If you've got to have it, you've got to have it. Borrow Billy's belt ax and chop the trunk off. You can take it home for supper."

Billy, after a baffled look at Rod, handed over the ax, and Jeff began to hack away.

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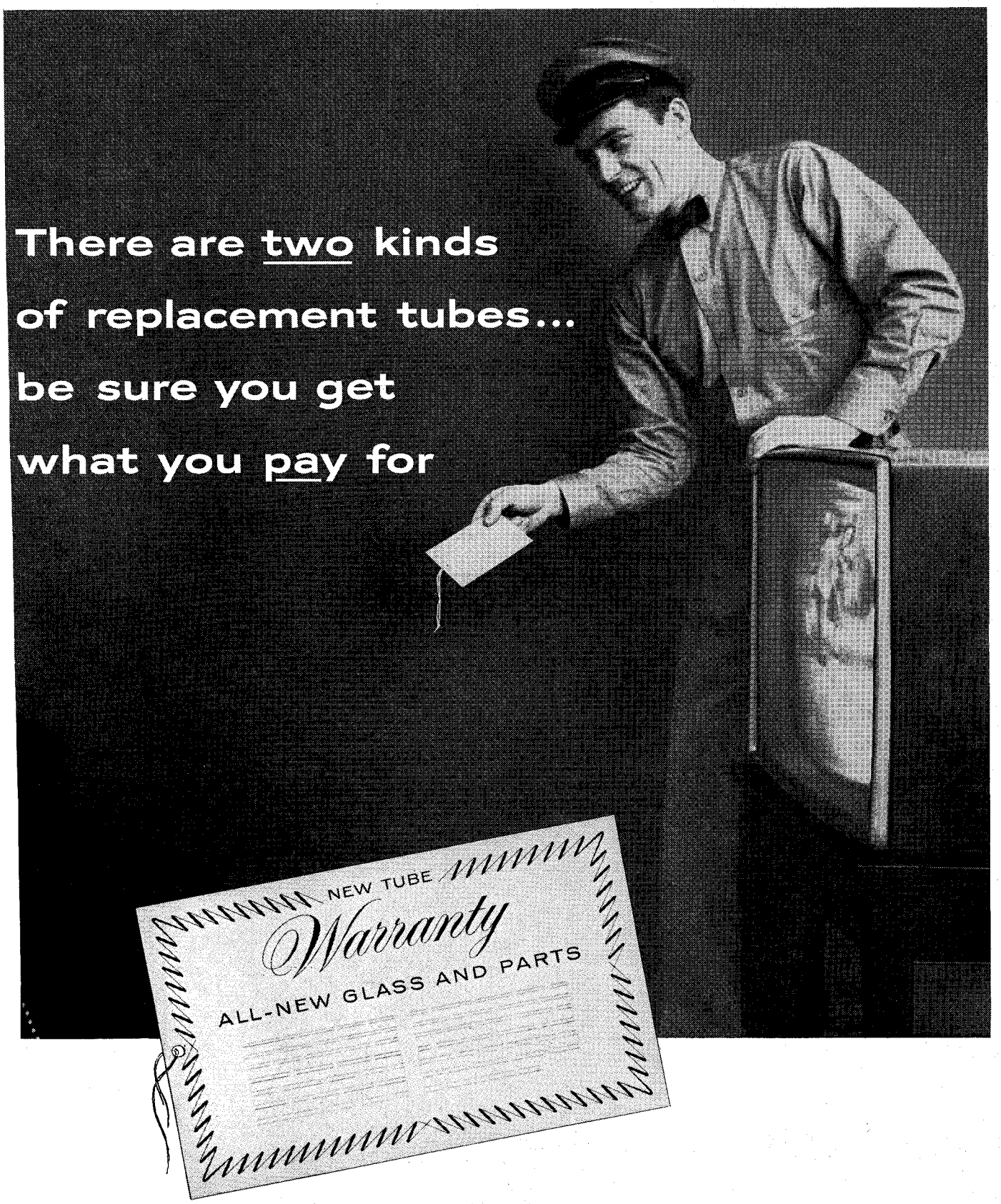
What had happened in the night was very vague to him. He couldn't remember where he had slept, but he must have eaten because he wasn't hungry; no hungrier than he was on most mornings and not so hungry as he would have been if he hadn't eaten the night before. He had, a little while ago, found himself walking, as though he had been walking when he awoke in the cold, drifting morning mist. It was a strange thing.

He knew where he was; at least he knew the direction of the cave. It was over there, between his spear arm and the sun, which was in front of him as it cleared the icy peaks. To reach it he would have to go up on the snowy plateau and around the great lake that the beavers had made long ago, the beavers whose backs nearly came up to his chest. He remembered the time when he and Tooth, before the terrible wolves killed him, had waited and caught a young beaver and kept it away from the Old One and the rest, and how they had cut it up with their flint knives and taken the parts up a tree and eaten it every day until it was gone. He remembered it well. It had been bloody, sweet, fine meat, good eating—better than the big animals they found dead or the little ones they killed, which were never enough.

He didn't want to go up on the plateau. The snow was cold to his feet, and



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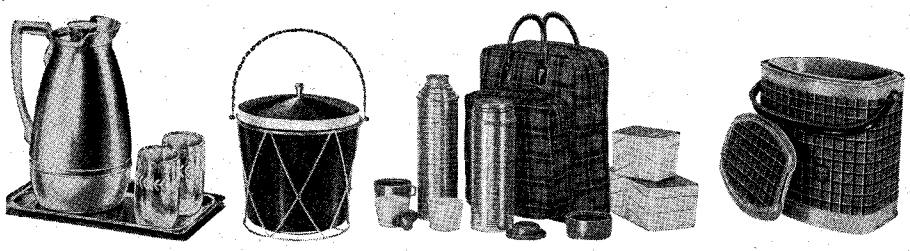

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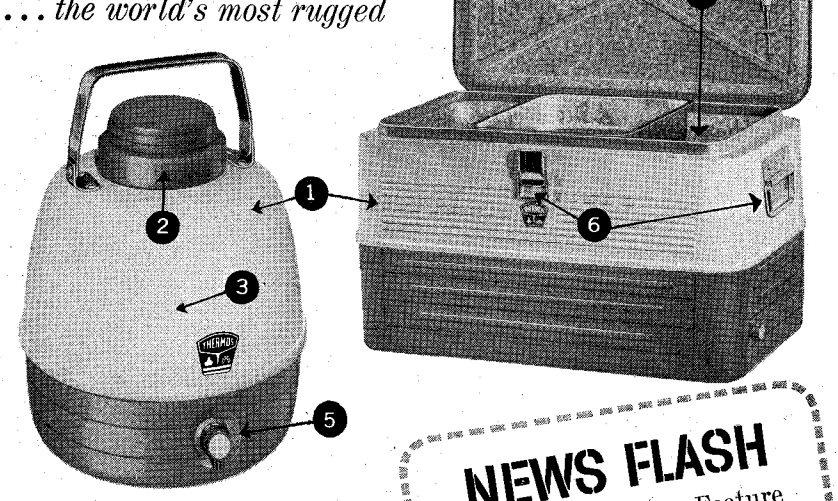

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there were not enough places to hide. The terrible wolves that had killed Tooth—the wolves which were as tall as his head, swift, cunning and too much for any number of men—were often there and would certainly run him down if they saw him. He very much didn't want to go up on the plateau, but neither did he want to stay in this place. He didn't know it; he didn't know how he had got there; it would take him too long to find out where the food animals were, and he didn't know which way to run to be safe if some great beast came after him.

There was enough fear in his life in his own country and, if the worst came to the worst, he could chance going back to the Old One and the rest. This time, if he was forced to go back, if he abased himself and didn't put his hands on the girl again, perhaps the Old One would merely beat him instead of trying to kill him.

He thought about it, frowning, as he walked, weighing the dangers on both sides, and finally decided to go back to the cave. As soon as the decision had been reached he turned a little to the right and his frown disappeared. He forgot his thoughts of danger immediately; he didn't bother with thinking any more. He picked up his pace a little and, as he traveled, his perceptions, unclouded any longer by thought, reached out before him and around him. A flicker of light, the flash of a wing, the slight movement of a twig or a branch untouched by the breeze were all swiftly and unconsciously assayed; they were as swiftly and unconsciously forgotten, or the proper reflex was readied to deal with them. There was a deep, sensual pleasure in this hair-trigger alertness that kept him alive; he was enjoying himself.

When he came to a small stream, he stopped long enough to pick from its bed four good throwing pebbles; he kept one in his right hand and carried the others in his left. Later a rabbit leaped up in front of him, and he threw the pebble and killed it without breaking stride. He picked it up and carried it with him. An hour later he was in a clump of spruces on the edge of the plateau.

It was colder there. He dropped the pebbles, shifted the rabbit to his right hand and used the left to hold the short, frowzy cape of furs hanging from his shoulders more tightly around himself. The white expanse was empty of life and dotted with islands of spruce, pine and larch; he stood watching for a long time, mapped out a route along the edge that would take him from one clump of spruce to another, and started out. He trotted between the clumps and rested in each one, feeling oppressed and helpless when he was in the open. He lost the pleasure of the morning. This vast and empty world which couldn't be managed by his senses, the glittering icy bleakness of the distant peaks that didn't compete with, but ignored, him brought upon him a boundless and melancholy loneliness.

Near the end of the plateau he came across a herd of mammoths feeding at the edge of a big spruce island. Their long, curving tusks gleamed against their rusty fur and the dark green of the spruce; their trunks reached high above their domed, hairy heads and tore limbs down with a great clamor. They moved as hills would move, huge, deliberate and immensely strong. They had always fascinated him. Being careful of the wind, he moved very close and watched them for a while. Then he played a daring game with them, creeping in and out dangerously close; their strong smell was around him like an impalpable cloud, and he was shaken by their irresistible power. After a time they moved off, toward the wind, and he had to leave them. Then the loneliness came on him again.

It was then he decided that on his way to the cave he would skirt the place and watch the Old One and the rest for a little while. Maybe he would even see the girl again—the soft, dark-haired girl who had turned toward him with a smile when he took her slim waist in his hands. He should have taken her away then, off to the cave to start a place of their own; but she had played with him, coming a little way and pretending to go back, until the Old One had found out about it. Maybe she had wanted him to fight the Old One; maybe she had wanted to show him that she was the one to decide everything. He didn't know. All he knew now was that he had been too soft with her.

He made a low noise in his throat and went on. Presently he was off the plateau, and later he was in the spruces below the place, moving like a stalking cat along the stream which came from the spring near the Old One's cave.

He wished he could see the girl before he got too close, and then he did see her. She was coming down the bank of the stream, walking by herself and not very much aware. He estimated her path and crouched beside (*Continued on Page 70*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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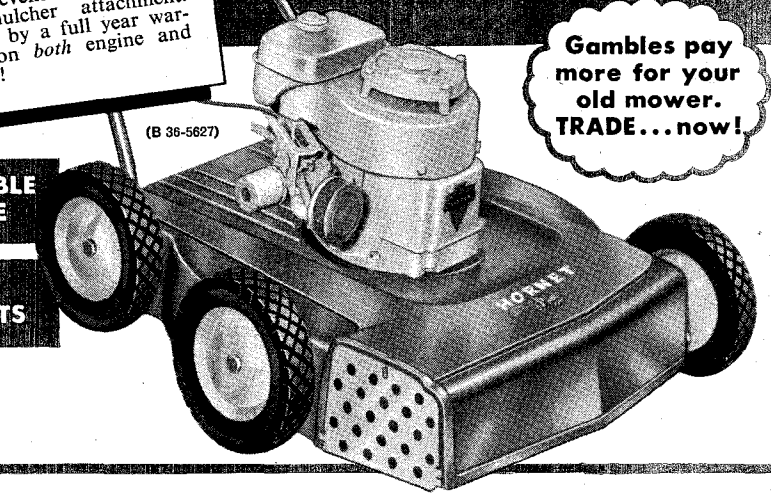

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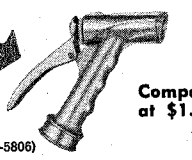

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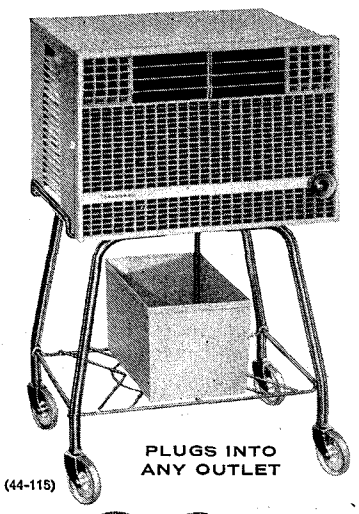

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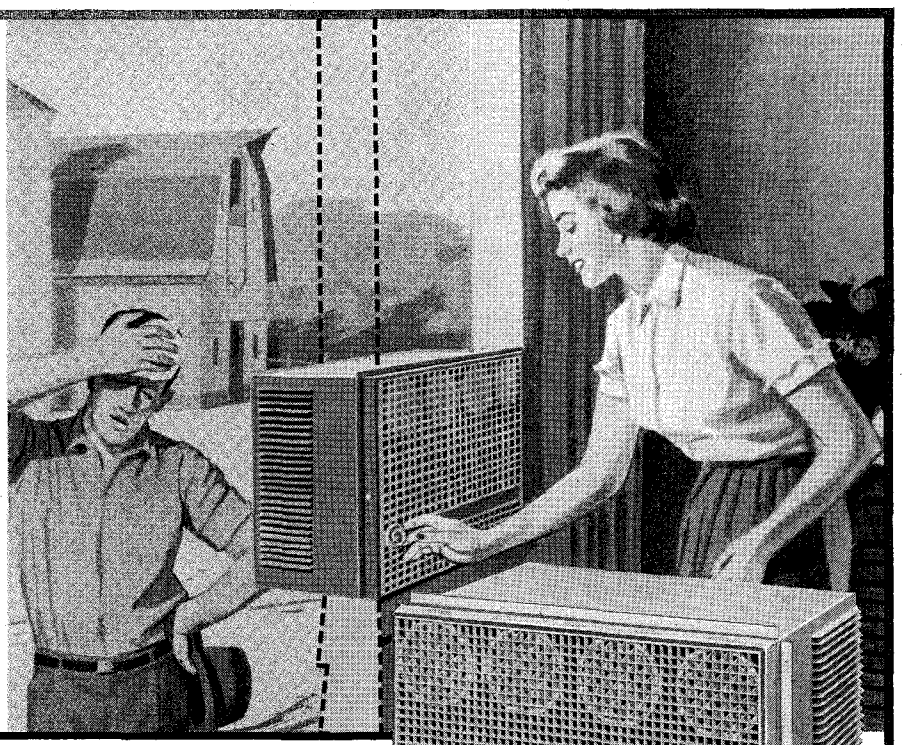

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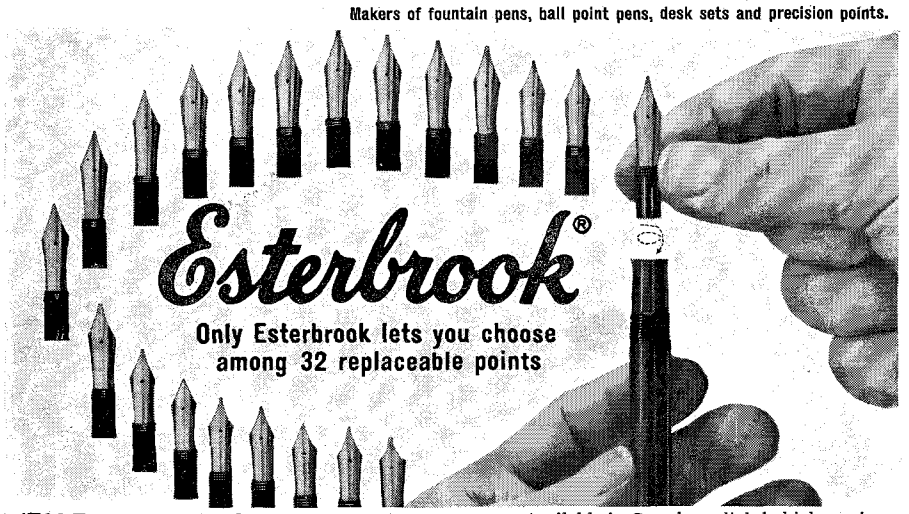

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(*Continued from Page 68*) a small spruce that she would pass. She had only time for a startled look before he had her, with one hand around her shoulder. She fought like a sabertooth until he hit her jaw, then she went limp, and he hoisted her over his back and ran with her.

Far down the stream he put her to the ground and sat looking at her. It was an experience that shook him like his dangerous adventure with the mammoths, but there was considerably more promise for the future in it.

Presently she opened her eyes and looked at him; he sat still, looking back. She sat up and felt her jaw, and her eyes got an unreadable expression in them. Then she stood up, took a few steps in the direction they had come and paused, looking back over her shoulder at him, and smiled. It was a smile that seemed to soften the bones inside him, but he frowned and pointed off in the other direction, toward the cave.

She started to run; he leaped up and ran after her. When he caught her, he threw her roughly across his knees and walloped her. That also was an experience. He ceased when she grew still, and they were both quiet for a long moment. Then she turned in his arms, bit his ear and stood up waiting for him to lead her toward the cave.

That was where Rod and Billy found him that night, deep in sleep and shivering slightly on the cold stone floor behind the fire at the cave's mouth. They stood looking at him for a time, and finally Rod shook his head. "What a day," he said. "What a pal. He looks all right, though, don't you think?"

Billy nodded.

"What the devil," Rod went on, "could have got into him? If you hadn't seen him leave this morning, we never would have found him. We wouldn't have found him anyhow if he hadn't built the fire."

"Such old meat bad for people," Billy said, and added, "When he get up so early and go out without a gun, I think he be back soon. Nice and warm in blankets, I go back to sleep."

"You threw the rest of that darned antediluvian varmint's trunk away?"

"I pile rocks on him."

"Good," Rod said. "Well, I guess we'd better wake our boy up."

It wasn't easy to do, but they managed it. He awoke explosively with a bound that carried him several yards away, crouched and wild-eyed, with a berserk look on him. Rod and Billy drew hurriedly together and got set for trouble, but after staring at them for a moment, Jeff relaxed.

"Rod?" he asked.

"It's Rod, kid. Good old Rod. We dropped in to take you home to bed."

"Oh. All right."

"We'd better get started. It's a long way to camp," Rod said, and then, "What did you do to your ear?"

"My ear?" he asked, and raised his hand to it.

"There's a little blood on it. Darned if it doesn't look as though somebody had bitten you."

"Ah," Jeff said. He brought his hand down, looked at the bit of blood on it and smiled. It was a strange smile, cryptic and unfathomable. "Yes," he said, still smiling. "Well, let's get started."

They moved out of the cave. A light mist was rising from the ground, silvery and thin in the light of the waxing moon. They walked together through it, with Jeff in the middle; along his nerves there was a vague and fading alertness, as though, almost unknown to himself, he listened for a sound that would foretell the presence of a grim, stalking killer of the night.

They said good-by to the stewardess and walked down the ramp from the airplane, wind-burned, full of mountain air and carrying a lot of sail. They had both got good rams; the skulls with their heavy, curling horns were with the rest of their gear, adding respectable sums to the excess-baggage charges.

"Do you think she'll be here?" Rod asked as they walked toward the gate.

"Sure," Jeff said.

"What makes you so certain, kid?"

"She's that kind of girl. If she weren't coming she'd tell me. She couldn't tell me because she couldn't reply to my telegram."

"Well, now," Rod said; and then, "You were right. There she is now, and unless my eyes deceive me her mother's with her."

There she was, sure enough, and her mother was with her. She was smiling and prettier than ever, and so was her mother, and the two hunters greeted them both with enthusiasm.

"You both look wonderful," she said. "And, Rod ——"

"We'll get back to Rod in a minute," Jeff said, and kissed Barbara's mother. She grinned at him; they had always liked each other. "Ma'am," he said, "I'd cut off my right arm rather than hurt you, but would you mind if I sent you home in a cab?"

"What?" Barbara said, and her handsome color grew a little higher. "Send her home in a ——"

"I'd enjoy it," Barbara's mother said, and turned to her. "It's been a little crowded, dear, having you feel so responsible for me." She turned to Jeff and reached up and kissed him. "I always thought you'd be a big boy someday," she said, grinned and walked off toward the cab stand.

Barbara looked after her departing mother, and then at Jeff. She opened her mouth, failed to say anything and closed it again; she seemed bereft of speech.

"Romeo," Rod said into the silence, "give me your baggage checks. You can pick up your junk at my place. Farewell. I'll see you around." He took the baggage checks Jeff handed him and disappeared.

Barbara's color grew a little higher still, and she found her voice. "Well," she said, and she didn't sound very pleased, "you certainly arranged that."

"I did, didn't I?" Jeff said innocently. "I know you like to plan things, Barbara, and now I find that I do too. It will be something else we can have together."

"You—you wretch!" she said and stamped her foot. "Plan something to do by yourself then."

She turned and began to run, skirts flying, through all the people. Jeff ran after her; his hat flew off, heads turned, people stopped, and some bad little boys began to cheer. He caught her in front of the refreshment stand and swung her about; and although she struggled furiously, it availed her little.

"Let me go!" she panted, struggling. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"Barbara," he said, raising his voice a little, "you're a big girl, there are a lot of interested people, and it's not going to look well for you to be turned over my knee."

She suddenly became very still. "You wouldn't," she said.

"Try me and see."

There was a short silence, with momentous things going on in it; no one had ever accused Barbara of being a slow-witted girl.

"All right," she said. Her arms went around his neck, and she was kissing him. The bad little boys who had been cheering began to whistle. "Maybe this will look better," she whispered, and bit his ear.

THE END

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Hero With a Past (Continued from Page 30)

estimation when they entered the study, and he said, "I should like to introduce Miss Kensall. I hope you don't mind her coming along."

"A great pleasure," the headmaster beamed. It took him only a second to place her. "Yours will be the Dorset branch of the family, I imagine," he said.

Roxton felt a moment of irritation at the man's facility with names and families. They didn't go in much for background and breeding in the Air Force.

"I think," the headmaster said, "that you have an elder brother. Stephen, isn't it?"

"Yes," Angela said. She looked puzzled. "But he wasn't at this school."

The headmaster chuckled. "I've only been here myself ten years. Before that I was housemaster at Marden. He was in my house. How is he?"

Roxton grinned wryly to himself. He had no reason to feel irritated. This, after all, was the object of the exercise. To let Angela see that he was a respected and admired old boy of Rockley College, which ranked quite as high as Marden. To impress her, or rather that blessed family of hers, with its manor house in Dorset and its family tree stretching back to Lord knows where, and its photographs in the glossy social magazines.

That was why Roxton was running such a frightful risk. For there was no denying that it was a risk. The headmaster didn't know, or he would never have written inviting Roxton to make this speech. The records had no doubt been destroyed. It happened twenty-four years ago. But some of the staff must still be here, and even though the affair had been managed very discreetly, they would know, they would remember.

His first instinct had been to refuse the invitation, just because someone might talk, might let something slip. But then he decided that it was a calculated gamble. The air force had allowed him to show that he could rise above other men. But with Angela he had to prove something else.

This might be a short cut—might, in one throw, show that he could belong to her circle, be one of her kind.

So he took the risk. But now he was beginning to regret it. It was perhaps the curious school smell, unchanged, unchanging. A blend of polish and boys and chalk, of books and paper and ink. This study was not so different from that other which had been destroyed. Even now he could feel his terror as he faced Doctor Higgins long ago—his shame and horror when Higgins said, "Roxton, you defile this school."

Somewhere the name echoed, "Higgins." He looked up and found the headmaster gazing at him with raised eyebrows.

"I beg your pardon," Roxton said hurriedly. "You were saying?"

"I said you were here in poor Higgins' time, were you not?"

"Yes."

"I think it was the bombing of the old school that killed him. . . . It was burned to the ground," he said. turning to Angela. "He struggled on for a few more years, but I'm sure that his heart was broken. A tragedy. These new structures are very fine and very convenient, but they haven't the atmosphere of those grand old buildings."

Roxton said, "The atmosphere was mostly chilly. They were built for monks, not boys."

"Ah, but the sense of history, of continuity for hundreds of years, is lacking." The headmaster cocked an ear. The hum of voices from outside had died away. "I fancy they are ready for us now."

He opened the door and followed them into the outer office. There, a boy sitting on a chair rose hurriedly to his feet. "Johnson," the headmaster said sternly, "what are you doing here?"

... ...

Problem in June

The chill of winter's never
had my vote;
It cheered me up to feel
the warmth begin,
But now that I can go
without a coat,
It's such a strain to hold
my stomach in!

Peggy Dowst Redman

... ...

"I wondered, sir, if I could go into the hall with the others. I'd sit at the back, sir."

Roxton looked at the boy with curiosity. He was about fourteen, his face was white, and he looked as if he had been weeping.

"You may not," the headmaster said decisively. "You are to speak to no one. You will stay here now, and I will deal with you at five o'clock."

As they went through into the corridor, Roxton said quietly, "What's the matter with him?"

"A very sad affair," the headmaster said in a low voice. "I'm sorry for his parents, but he has been caught stealing."

"I see. There's no doubt?"

"None whatever. It's quite inexcusable."

Roxton looked back at the boy. There was misery written all over his face. The end of his small world had arrived.

"I expect," Roxton said, "he just wants to feel part of the school again. Even for a few minutes."

"I realize that," the headmaster said in a tone that was not unkind. "But in the circumstances, I can't have him mixing with the other boys. It would only penalize him, cause him needless suffering."

"Would you allow him to watch from the balcony?" Roxton asked. "There won't be anyone up there."

The headmaster hesitated and looked at Roxton for a long moment. But then he turned back. "Johnson," he called out to the boy.

Johnson came quickly across to them, his eyes wide and cautious. "Wing Commander Roxton," the headmaster said, "has suggested that you could listen from the balcony. If you would particularly like to hear his talk, that is."

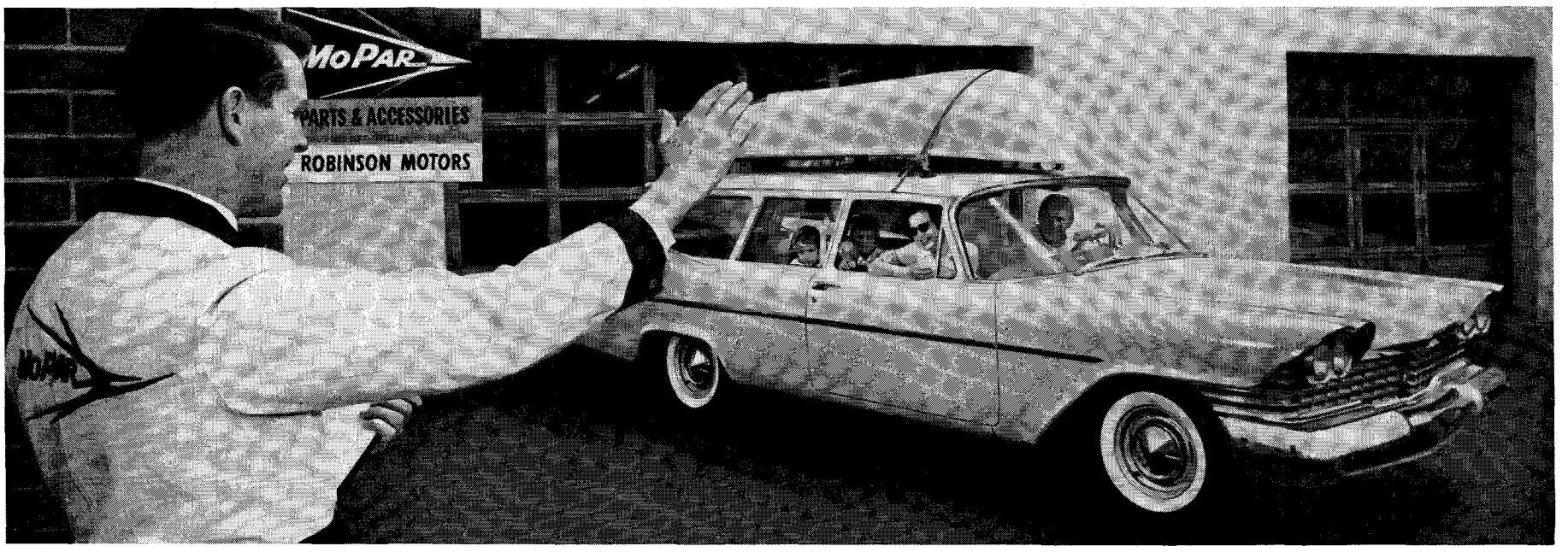
"Oh, yes, sir. I would. Thank you, sir. . . . Thank you," he said to Roxton.

Roxton watched the slim figure go half running along the corridor and up the stairs.

"Ah," the headmaster said, "here's Dutton."

Mr. Dutton came hurrying from the hall, his gown billowing behind him. "We're ready now, headmaster," he said.

Roxton stared at Dutton with pleasure mingled with sadness. He had forgotten that time, which had carried him from boyhood to manhood, also would have swept Dutton toward retiring age. He remembered him as a relatively young man. Now he was gray and stooping. But when he turned and said, "Hello, Don," the



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kindly smile and the pleasant voice were the same.

Roxton shook hands warmly. "It's good to see you again. . . . Mr. Dutton was my form master," he said, remembering the way he had fought to save him.

"You'll have a lot to talk about later on," the headmaster said, taking a look at his watch.

"I should like to have a word with him now. Just for a moment."

"I'll take Miss Kensall in," the headmaster said. "Dutton will show you where to sit."

Roxton stood looking at Dutton, and it was as if the years dropped away and he was back again in that other corridor in that other school in that other time. The time when Dutton was the only man who was with him.

"I never expected to come back," Roxton said shakily. "Not like this, anyway."

"You've done well," Dutton said, smiling. "I'm glad."

"I nearly didn't come. Then I thought I'd chance it. How did it happen?"

Dutton understood him. "Twenty-four years is a long time. When the school was burned, all the records went. The headmaster didn't take over until six months after Higgins died. He doesn't know anything about it."

"But you were here. There must be others who'd remember."

"Men retire, take up other appointments. You'd be surprised how few of us there are left. We didn't talk about it. Why should we?"

"Believe me, I'm grateful."

"It's fitting that you should come back this way," Dutton said. He took Roxton's arm. "We'd better go in."

Roxton edged onto the stage and slipped into his seat beside Angela. He sensed rather than saw the movement from the assembled school as he made his appearance, a movement compounded of curiosity and relief that at least someone a bit new was going to talk to them.

The headmaster was making his introductory remarks. Roxton leaned back in his chair and glanced up at the balcony. Johnson was standing beside a pillar, so that he was shielded from the boys in the hall. His elbows were on the rail, his pale face propped in his hands.

Angela followed his gaze and whispered, "I'm glad you did that. He must want to hear you."

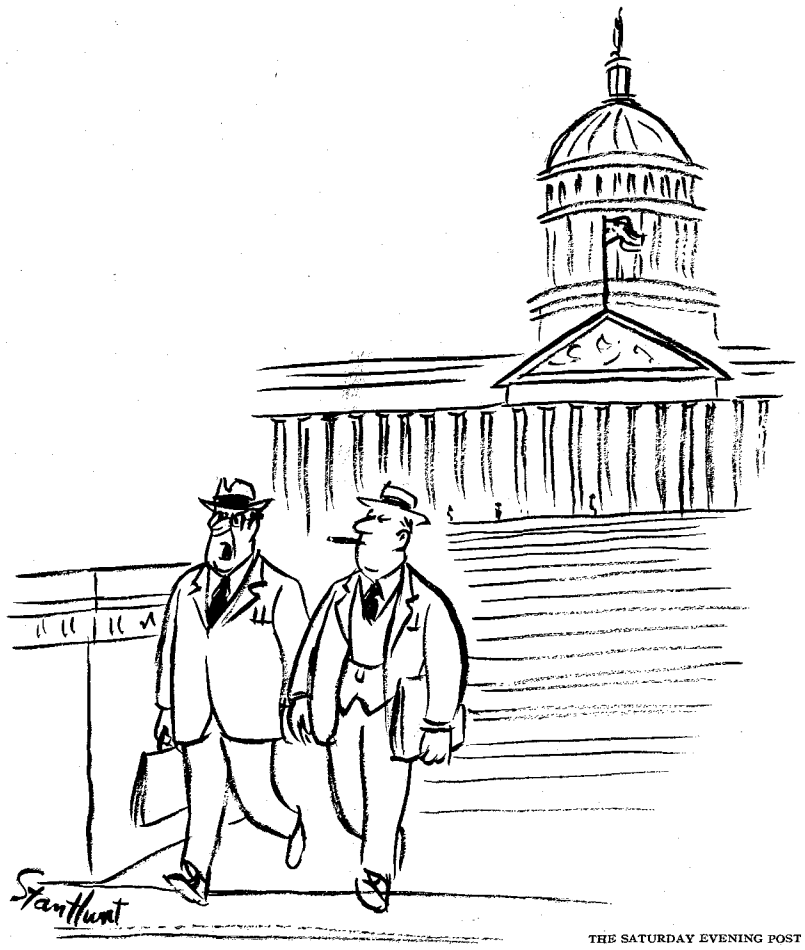
"Poor little beggar." Roxton took his notes from his pocket and looked at them with distaste. "It's all waffle," he said. "Pure blah-blah."

Angela touched his hand lightly for a second. "I'm sure it isn't."

But it was, Roxton thought moodily, and he wished the headmaster would stop making quite such a meal of the occasion so that they could get it over with. His eyes strayed to the balcony, and it seemed that Johnson was staring fixedly at him. Roxton silently damned the boy. What did he expect of him? What did he want?

Johnson bothered him. He had come to this school thinking that the past could remain the utter blank that it had been for many years now. There was still no reason why it shouldn't. He deliberately stared up at Johnson. If only the wretched boy would stop looking at him. After a few moments Johnson shuffled his feet and looked away.

The headmaster was reaching his climax. Roxton listened as if it referred to a total stranger. He wondered if the headmaster even realized that he had come to the school on a scholarship, the beneficiary of a trust fund set up by an enthusiastic and long-dead alderman. He had been launched into the school like a top-heavy ship. His ability was great, or he would never have been awarded the scholarship, but his accent and manners were wrong. His clothes were noticeably cheaper than (*Continued on Page 75*)



"I fired my entire staff today—with the exception of my immediate family, that is!"

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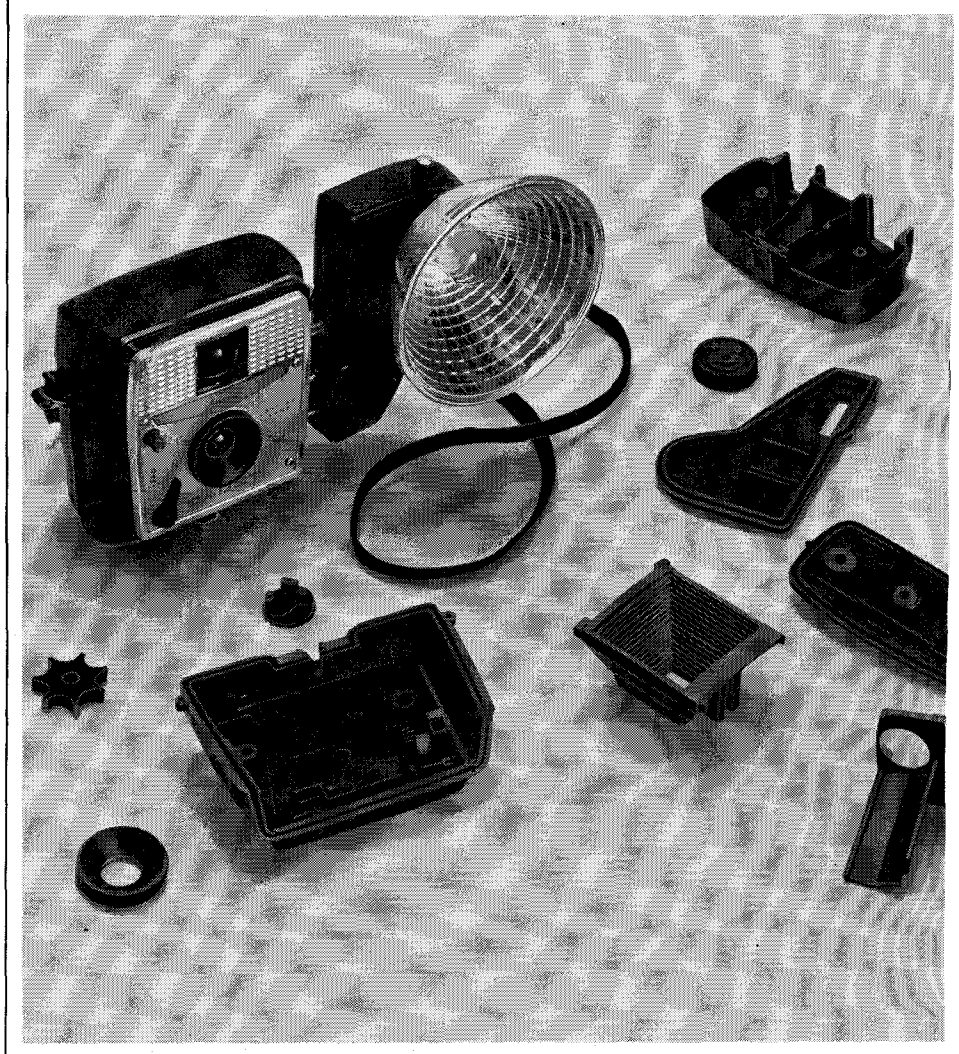

Ansco molds precision parts from Dylene® Plastic

The shutter mechanism in the Ansco Cadet has the precise accuracy of a good watch. The parts shown here, all of DYLENE polystyrene, must fit together perfectly in order to work well. Thus, part after part must come from its mold with exactly the same dimensions. And that's where DYLENE polystyrene pays its way. The excellent dimensional stability of this Koppers plastic makes every camera part fit with letter-perfect precision. DYLENE is strong, tough and lightweight, too—with a smooth, handsome finish. Need a precision plastic? Let us send you full particulars. Return the coupon.

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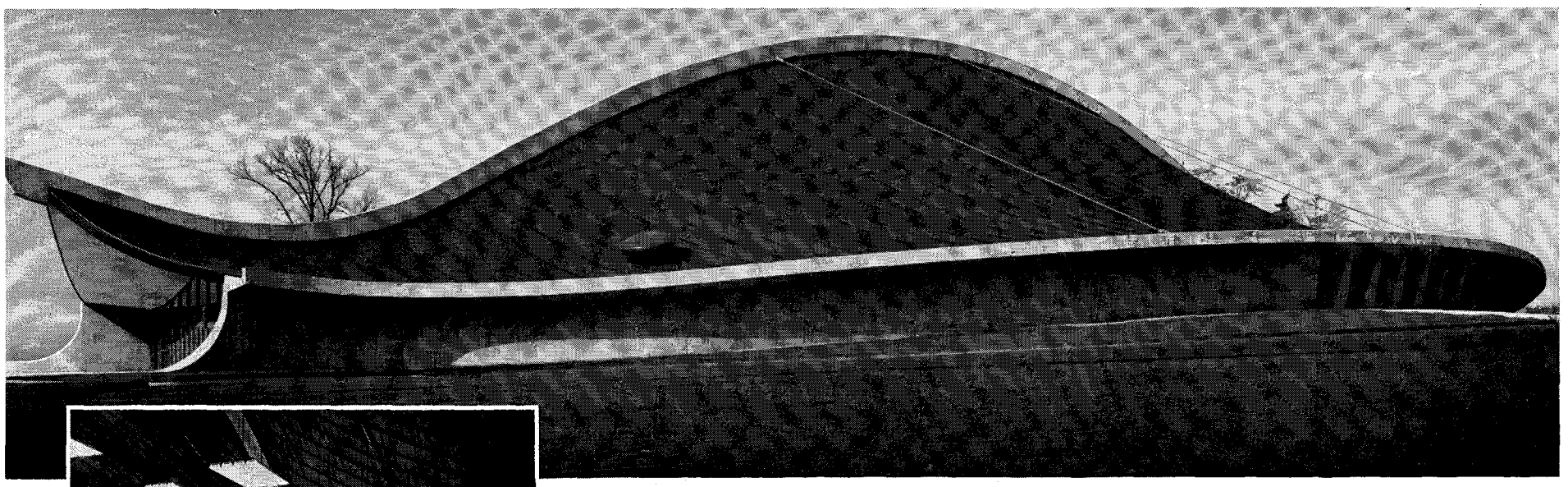
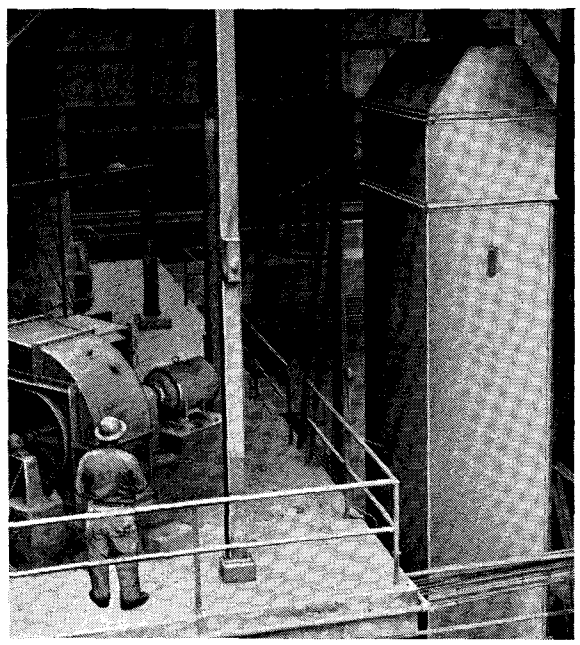


Fire-retardant wood roof for dramatic Yale rink

You first see the David S. Ingalls Hockey Rink at Yale University as a sweeping blend of slopes and curves that crest in a great, soaring arch. The roof lies in its cradle of concrete like a tremendous upside-down Viking ship—proud, graceful, exciting.

Inside, the rink is vast and bright, with no pillars anywhere to block the view. Overhead, resting on suspension cables, are thousands of feet of board roofing—and here's where Koppers comes in. Specified by the architects, every board in this flexible roof is pressure-treated with Koppers fire-retardant chemicals. The varying grains and hues of the wood create a feeling of warmth and vitality rarely found in such a large—324 x 183 feet—open arena.

For weatherproofing, the outside decking of the roof is covered with black plastic. When you are considering structural materials that must meet the standards of beauty as well as safety codes, consider fire-retardant, pressure-treated wood. We'll send you full information if you'll return the coupon.



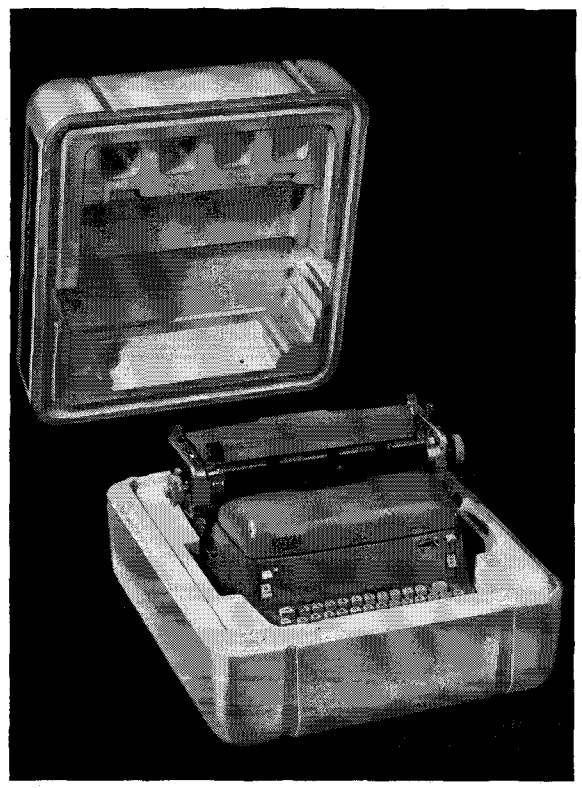
New Silencer curbs blast furnace noise

A problem which has confronted the steel industry for many years is the bellow of the blast furnace snort valve . . . a noise which can be quite irritating to plant personnel.

But snort valve noise has been licked. Muffled. Squelched. The Snort Valve Silencer, designed and built by the Sound Control Department of Koppers, has more than proved itself at a West Coast steel plant. For almost a year it has reduced the snort valve's raucous noise to an acceptable and non-irritating level. Suspended from the outlet of the snort valve, the silencer consists of a 24-foot steel shell which houses a unique sound absorptive system called SOUNDSTREAM® . . . a system that effectively silences noise in all frequencies.

Koppers produces a complete line of silencers and acoustical systems for industry, plus silencers for air conditioning systems, silencing of jet aircraft, and audiometric rooms for hospital and clinical tests. If your industrial problems involve noise, check the coupon.

Dylite® Plastic Cocoon cuts packaging time 50%



Do you know how complicated it is to prepare a typewriter for shipment? The carriage must be anchored tightly in place, and every movable part locked securely in position. At Royal McBee Corporation this job used to require heavy slabs of cardboard and yards of tape, cord and wire—and lots of expensive time to prepare each machine for shipment. But you should see that packaging operation now! Each Royal Electric Typewriter is set into a molded base of DYLITE foam plastic. A molded DYLITE top is slipped over it, the cocoon is banded, and it's ready to go. The two sections fit every contour of the typewriter so snugly that not one movable part can so much as jiggle. And the whole job takes about 4 minutes—less than half the time it used to take. And are these cocoons tough! DYLITE packaged typewriters have suffered through pounding drop tests, the tumbling barrel, and rough shipment tests across the country—without one report of damage. DYLITE cuts shipping costs, too, since it weighs only a third as much as the old-type container. Do you need a packaging material that is shock-absorbent, strong, waterproof, lightweight, and insulates like a vacuum bottle? Check "DYLITE" below.

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This is the second of a series of advertisements which illustrates how Koppers products cut costs, improve efficiency, and contribute to making a better product. If you would like copies of the complete series to date for your product information file, just write us.

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Koppers Company, Inc., Room 1422
Koppers Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

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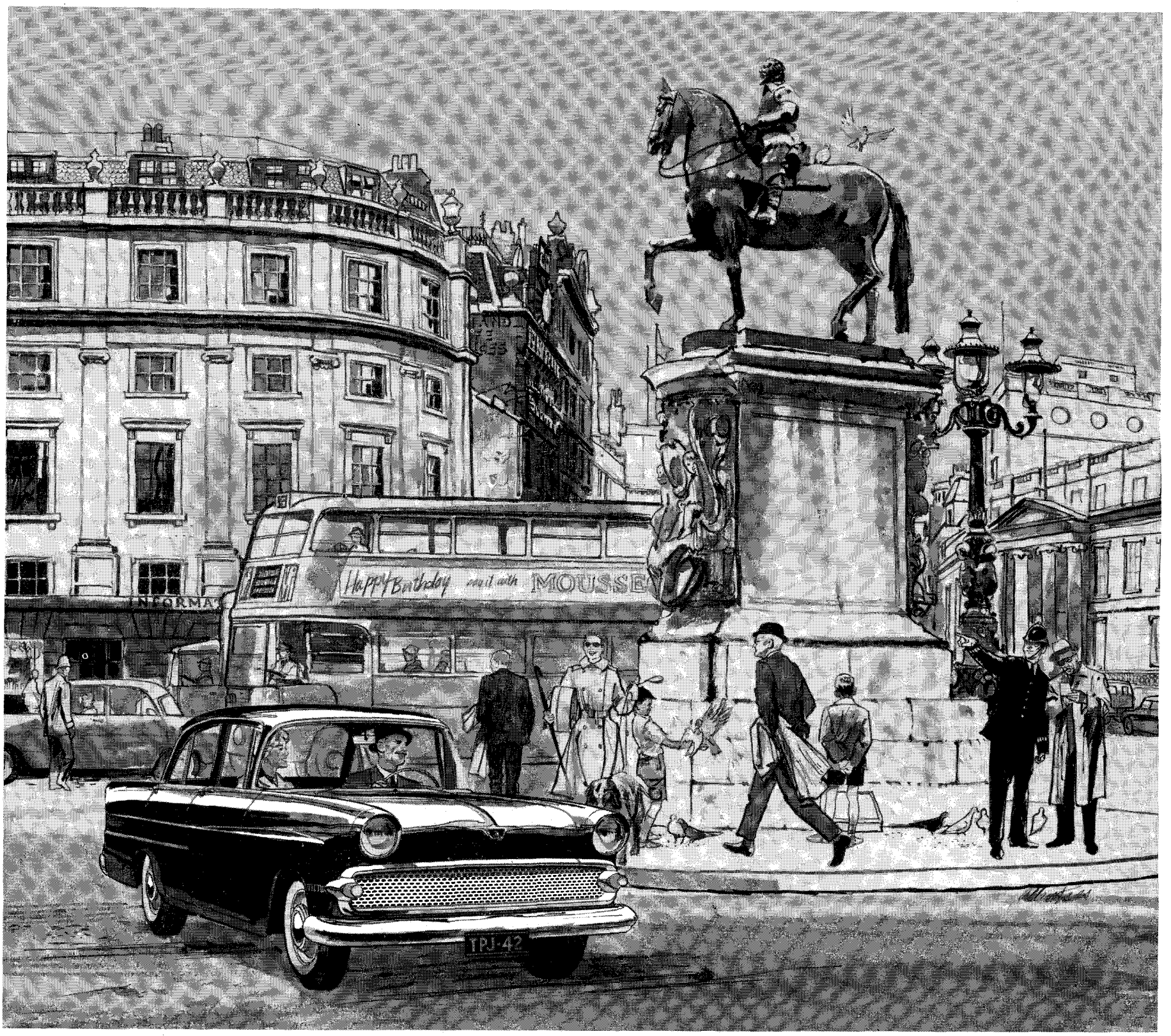

Meet the four-door small car built in England by General Motors

(there is simply no better import value to be found)

There are all kinds, shapes and sizes of imported cars. How do you find the best of the lot for *your* needs?

If you want to transport only yourself and one small friend sans luggage, care not one iota for driving visibility, are heedless to gasoline costs and totally indifferent to durability, the Vauxhall can be ignored.

But if you have a family, prefer to see more than a small portion of the road, are watching the pennies for gasoline, and desire a tight, taut, solidly built automobile, come along for a drive in this fine car from England.

A family of five rides nicely and the luggage space is more than adequate for virtually any trip you'd ever take. The four doors save endless amounts of contortion and inconvenience. And the wrap-around windshield and rear window let you see where you're parking, more of where you're going. The car behind you is always in full view, too.

As to the cost of operation, a Vauxhall cooperates superbly in your campaign to cut the gasoline bill. Most owners are getting around 28 or 30 miles per gallon, some up to 35.

In structure and quality it is unquestionably British, with every joint, seam, strip and panel reflecting meticulous handwork and craftsmanship. The doors sound heavy, the engine sounds soft, the dashboard is well-knit, and the upholstery is trim.

Service is always close by because the Vauxhall is sold by Pontiac dealers. Parts are kept in stock, mechanics thoroughly trained. Call your nearest dealer and ask him to let you have a Vauxhall to whip around in for a day. It is much more than a plaything, yet it will give you and your family an endless amount of economical driving pleasure and downright fun.

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(*Continued from Page 72*) those of the other boys. Even the matter of shoe repairs caused a major financial crisis at home. That dead alderman was no doubt very enlightened when he decreed that the trust fund was to be used to "send the most outstanding boy from the elementary schools of the town to Rockley College as a day boy, his fees to be paid entirely."

But the spending of money didn't end with the fees. When your father was a bricklayer, as often out of work as in, that scholarship sometimes looked like a cross of crippling weight. Not that Roxton hadn't known his good fortune. He had. He had determined that he would justify the faith that everyone had shown in him.

Roxton realized suddenly that the headmaster had finished, that the polite applause was for him. He stood up and stepped forward. Row upon row of boys stretched away in front of him. Beneath him, looking up, were the small boys, and then they were graded in age until, at the back of the hall, were the sixth-formers, the sort of young fellows whom he would expect to find in a year or two on one of his squadrons.

Roxton glanced at his notes, refreshing his memory. There was a great deal there about duty, fellowship, courage and com-

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No son wants to be tied to his dad's apron strings.

MARY WEBERG

---

radeship, and Roxton was suddenly appalled at the clichés he had prepared. He had heard it all dozens of times before. Probably they had too.

"When you leave this school," he began—and then stopped. He looked up at the balcony. The boy, who must have been living in his own private version of hell, stared back. Roxton swallowed. This sudden impulse was lunacy. He must get on, make his safe speech, play the distinguished old boy, chalk up a few extra marks in Angela's esteem. But he knew that he couldn't. The other way, after all, was the only way he could take.

He turned and handed his notes to Angela. There was a rustle of interest in the hall. He began again. "When you leave this school," he said, "it is unlikely that you will do so in the same way that I did. I," he said clearly, "was expelled."

The rustle turned into a buzz of excitement. He dared not look at Angela or the headmaster, but just stood motionless, waiting for the noise to die down.

Roxton's mother had died when he was small. He remembered a succession of aunts and in-laws who had come to the house afterward and cooked and cleaned. From time to time their own domestic responsibilities would overtake them, and they would be replaced by yet another aunt.

In the same year that he won his scholarship his father married again. Nora was totally unlike the women that Roxton was used to around the house. She was small and dainty and fair. She had full red lips and wide eyes. She spoke softly, liked pretty things for their own sake, and was considered deranged by her friends for marrying a man fifteen years her senior with a twelve-year-old son.

She came into that poky terrace house like a breath of air and sunlight. His father worshiped her. He couldn't buy her clothes or jewelry or a car, but he did what he could. Furniture which had been there as long as Roxton could remember was thrown out and replaced on hire purchase. His father redecorated the house right through, installed a hot-water system and put in a bathroom, doing all the work himself evenings and weekends. And Nora accepted them at their true value, as gifts of adoration.

Roxton loved her too, shyly and awkwardly. He thought then that she must be the most beautiful woman in the world. He dreamed rosy daydreams about how pleasantly they would all live together.

It didn't work. It was nothing sudden. But as a year, then two, went by, Roxton came to understand that he was like a sore place, an irritation in the home. Nora was never less than polite, and never more. At the time, Roxton just suffered without ever realizing why. It was easier to see now that, though Nora seemed a woman to him then, she was just a girl, not very experienced or very clever. This girl and his father were in love with each other and wanted to behave like lovers—and they couldn't. The fourteen-year-old boy in that tiny house must have seemed to be everywhere, always with them. For Nora, too, he must have seemed a constant, gnawing reminder of the previous marriage, which she could never be part of.

They were not saints. Roxton was the visible, outward evidence that they had not the aloneness they desired, and in a dumb way he was made to feel excluded, unwanted.

From his present vantage point of years, Roxton could see that in time it would have passed. A pattern would have formed with himself as part of it, for if they were not saints, they were not unkind or bad either.

But then, with his blinkered boy's eyes, all he could see was his loneliness, his misery, the denial of the love that he craved. There must be something he could do to force Nora to care for him—some single act which would make her realize that he, too, needed her love.

There were other unpleasantnesses which he scarcely understood. His mother's family had been affronted at the marriage; they considered his father disloyal. After a period of uneasy coolness, there was a total split over some insult, fancied or real, to Nora. Then, Roxton found, there was one grandmother whom he could not go and see, cousins who would not speak to him, aunts and uncles who must be studiously avoided.

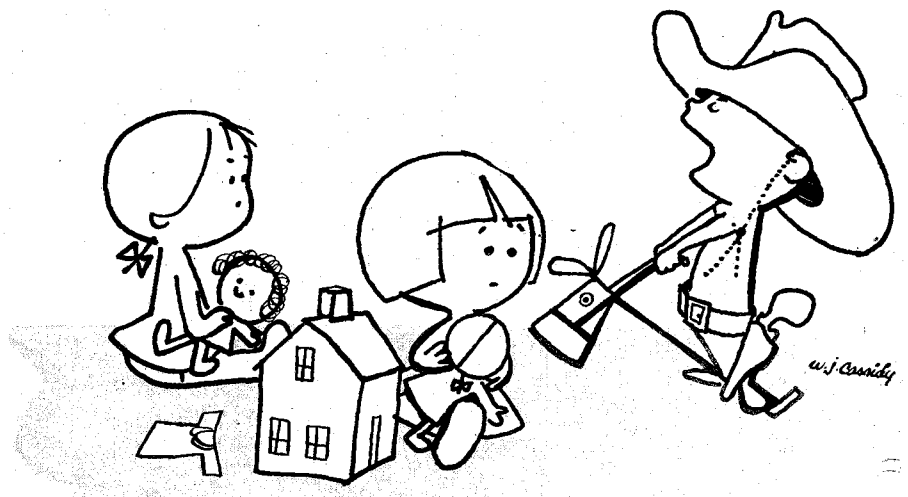
A spell of unemployment brought real hardship. His father's small savings had gone into rejuvenating the house. Hire-purchase payments fell behind.

There was never any question that he should leave Rockley. His father was determined that he must have his chance in full. But Roxton himself was aware that boys of his age were out working, earning money, and the knowledge troubled him, made him feel more of a burden.

It was during this period that he first heard real quarreling in his home. Irritation and bitterness grew, and though the disputes were never directly about him, Roxton imagined that most of them could be attributed to the drain on their pitifully small income that he represented.

At last his father found another job, but not at his trade. Money was stretched so tight it seemed that one tremor could plunge them into stark poverty and want.

Roxton had long been used to the small deceptions which it was necessary for him to practice at school. He assured the games master that he preferred playing cricket in soft gym shoes and, when someone tried to give him a pair of cricket boots, his pride made him keep up the pretense and refuse the offer. He walked three miles to school, so that he didn't have to ask for bus fares. He took no part in any school activities which might conceivably involve spending



"Ah'm tellin' you squatters for the last time—clear off my Bigelow!"

Youngsters aren't the only ones who love to take up "squatter's rights" on cozy, comfortable Bigelow Carpets! Bigelows give a home such a colorful, attractive appearance; they make everybody feel welcome and relaxed. For small-fry happiness and grown-up hospitality, Bigelows are just wonderful! Everybody lives better, looks better on Bigelows.

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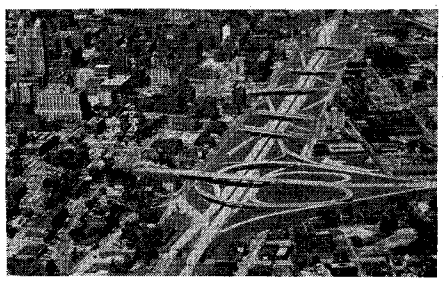

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anything. Unlike the other boys, he was as careful about his clothes as a woman.

But when Nora's careful mending could no longer disguise that his blazer was threadbare, besides being too small, that was that. There was no alternative but to buy a new one.

Roxton had never seen his father so openly worried. He never did know where the money had come from, though later he suspected the pawnshop or the moneylender. But when he put that new blazer on his back, he donned also a fresh load of guilt.

When he was walking home from school a few days later, he met Nora. She was looking into the window of a chemist's shop. Her face was like that of a little girl who had just seen a wonderful doll.

"Hello," Roxton said a little awkwardly. But Nora was so entranced that she was glad to share her enthusiasm with anybody.

"Isn't that marvelous, Don?" she said.

Roxton followed her pointing finger, anxious to see what would arouse her so. It was a powder compact, gold in color, engraved with an intricate design.

"It's nice," he said. "Can I carry your shopping bag?"

"Thanks." She relinquished it without taking her eyes from the window. "It looks expensive," she said, "but it isn't. Not really."

They started to walk along the road, Roxton glorying in the warm feeling of this small, rare intimacy. It made him bold and perhaps foolish. "Why don't you ask dad?" he said.

"You know how things are just now." Her eyes were still bright with the memory. "It is my birthday next Monday, though," she said wistfully.

"How old are you then?"

"Twenty-four."

It seemed a great age at the time.

There was only one place where Roxton could do his homework, and that was in the living room. It was the only room downstairs except the kitchen. He had become adept at shutting his ears and concentrating on his books, but he heard the few words that were exchanged that evening.

Nora said with an attempt at casualness, "You know it's my birthday next Monday?"

His father seemed to shrink into himself. "Yes."

"There's a powder compact in Mason's. I've never seen such a pretty one. The hinge has snapped on that one I had before we were married, and ——"

"How much is it?" His father's voice was probably more abrupt than he intended.

"Five shillings."

"I'm sorry, Nora." He didn't look at her, but his eyes were distressed, and he rubbed the back of his neck self-consciously. "There's been—well—all sorts of things lately. You know how we're fixed. Later on perhaps, eh?"

"All right." Nora stood up, her face expressionless. "I've got some washing to do," she said and went into the kitchen.

Roxton kept looking at his books, but he couldn't see the words for the blur across his eyes. He knew how Nora hated asking and being refused. The smooth worsted of his new blazer burned across his shoulders like a jacket of fire.

On the Saturday, the school cricket team played the old boys, and the whole school turned out to watch. Just before the time fixed for the tea interval, the school had nine wickets down. A master told Roxton to slip up to the dining hall and tell them to hold tea for a few minutes until the school were all out.

Coming back along the corridors, Roxton was struck by the silence and emptiness of the school. All the classroom doors were shut, only one door was open. It was the changing room. Roxton automatically glanced in as he strolled by. Then he stopped, stepped back a pace, and after a moment went slowly in. On a locker, beside a pair of trousers, lay two half crowns.

As if in a dream, he picked them up and looked at them. Five shillings—spilled carelessly from the pocket of a boy who would hardly miss it. He visualized Nora's face if, on her birthday, he could give her the compact. With one single, massive stroke of dishonesty he might gain her affection. Or he could put the five shillings back on the locker, leave the changing room, and forget about it.

He must have stood for a long time staring, fascinated, at the two silver coins lying in the palm of his hand. It was when he took a deep breath and slowly raised his head that he saw the prefect standing in the open doorway, silently watching him.

When he stood in front of Doctor Higgins, Roxton's head whirled so that he could hardly speak. Mr. Dutton was there, pale and anxious, speaking for him. "But Roxton hadn't taken the money, headmaster," he said urgently. "He had merely picked it up. He might have been going to put it back in the boy's pocket, or hand it to a master as lost property."

"Very well," Higgins said, holding up his hand. He fixed Roxton with piercing eyes. "I am going to ask you a question," he said. "Listen carefully. Can you say that at no time did you have any thought of taking that money for your own use?"

The muscles round Roxton's mouth twitched in tiny spasms. At last he managed to whisper, "No, sir. I can't say that."

"Headmaster," Mr. Dutton protested, "that was not a fair question. Any boy might have thought, even casually, of taking it. It does not follow that he would actually steal it."

"Any boy who thinks that," Doctor Higgins said coldly, "is a thief by intent and has no place in this school."

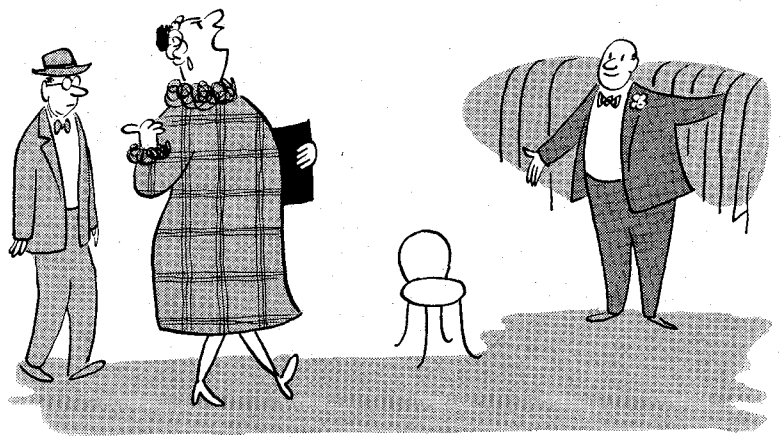
There was to be no public expulsion, merely a request that Roxton should be withdrawn from the school. At home there was anger and tears. Nora cried. His father, for the first time, struck Roxton.

The worst had happened. Roxton no longer suffered from fear, for there was nothing left to fear. In its place flowed an anger as cold as ice. Anger with his father for not listening to his halting explanations, anger with Nora for her past indifference. When he had nothing left but his family, his family, too, turned from him and only spoke of shame and humiliation, of money thrown away on him, of ingratitude, of stealing.

Roxton ran away from home. He was fetched back after two days, but when they found that he wanted to join the R.A.F. as a boy apprentice, they agreed with a certain relief. He thought then that he would never forgive Nora and his father, and it was many years before he saw them again.

After the Munich crisis, when it was clear that war was imminent, he volunteered for aircrew, was accepted, and completed his pilot training in time to take part in the last few weeks of the Battle of Britain. The R.A.F. was kind to him. It knew nothing of his problems and cared less. Could he fly a fighter skillfully enough to stay alive? Could he command men, inspire their confidence? Very well, then—and Roxton became a man.

When the war ended, he was twenty-four, a wing commander and the only survivor of his original squadron. He was granted a permanent commission, dropped to the rank of (*Continued on Page 81*)



The Perfect Squelch

Into the men's clothing store came a large, loud woman meekly trailed by a subdued-looking man. The woman announced that she wanted a suit of clothes for her husband. She reeled off specifications, measurements and requirements. "And," she concluded, "I want to see only the suits that are in your special sale."

The clerk obediently shuffled through several racks of suits on sale. He laid out five for inspection. One by one the woman rejected them. She then began scolding the clerk as if he were a small boy.

"Why, your prices are outlandish," she asserted. "I could have a suit made of that material for myself for one third of your bargain price."

"Tell me, ma'am," the clerk said politely, "would that be with one pair of pants or two?"

Joseph W. McKenney

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They said nobody could do it...but—

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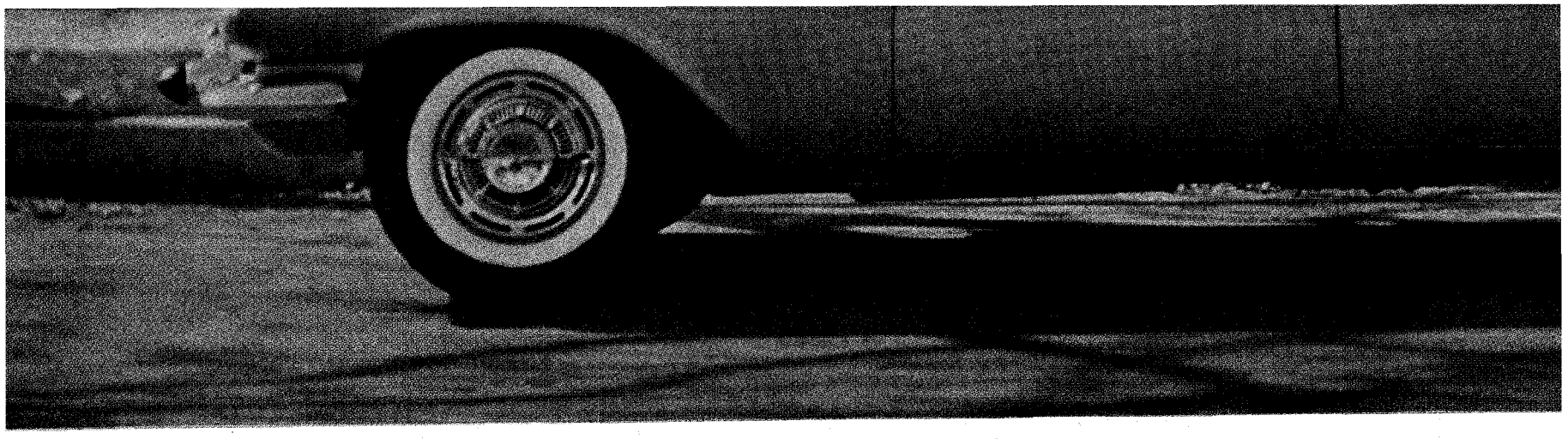

If the Joneses haven't got one, it's their turn to catch up!

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(*Continued from Page 76*)

flight lieutenant, and spent the next ten years working his way back to wing commander.

By peacetime standards he was young to be a wing commander. If he could become a station commander with the rank of group captain within the next year or so—and Roxton thought he could—there was no high rank which would be beyond his grasp.

In all this time there had been no thought of marriage. He felt the need of woman urgently enough, but he could never get close to a woman. He was always cautious, wary, as if he were expecting to get hurt. Perhaps it was because of this that he fell all the harder in love when he met Angela. And all his old fears and uncertainties came flooding back.

Her family was very old, full of tradition and breeding, and all the mystique of the English landed gentry. Within the closed circle of the R.A.F. he knew where he was. He was a senior officer, relatively young, capable and considered full of promise. Outside, his rank carried him some way socially. But with Angela he was struggling, fearful, out of his depth and, to some extent, playing a part.

The visit to Rockley would have suited the part admirably. The old-boy hero of a great public school, admired, respected, mildly feted, coming back to talk to the boys and modestly tell them what a fine fellow he was.

With one single, sweeping piece of dishonesty, he was going to capture Angela. He should, he thought bitterly, have known better.

He stopped talking and looked at the boys. At least he'd made them sit up and take notice. There was scarcely a movement in the great hall.

He cleared his throat. "You must forgive me if I don't sum up," he said. "I've no tidy capsule of morality or truth that you can swallow without noticing it. I was to talk to you on myself and the R.A.F. I have done that. Thank you for your attention."

He got himself away as quickly as he decently could. His recollection of those few minutes was fragmentary. Johnson's eyes shining with schoolboy admiration, bearing himself, somehow, a little straighter. The headmaster saying, "Very interesting. Very. You realize, I suppose, that you've forced me to look at Johnson's case again? I merely hope he deserves it." Mr. Dutton saying quietly, "Congratulations, Don." Angela, significantly, saying nothing.

He helped Angela into the car and drove away, veering toward the industrial quarter. After several minutes Angela broke the silence to say, "Where are we going?"

"To visit my father and my stepmother." He might as well complete the day's work and finish it for good and all.

Angela said, "That was rather an unusual speech you made. Are you always so terribly uncompromising?"

"About what?"

"About the truth."

Roxton thought about it. "I suppose so," he said. "In the end."

He stopped the car outside the house. "There it is," he said. "The old ancestral home."

They ran in rows, hundreds of them, all exactly the same. A front door, a bay window, a stamp-sized garden, a single window upstairs, the whole crowned with sooty chimney pots.

He opened the car door for Angela, and they stood on the pavement. Angela said, "Did you know that my family can be traced back to Thirteen fifty-five?"

Roxton pushed open the iron gate. "Yes," he said gravely. "Now, my father started as a bricklayer. He has now, I believe, progressed to the dizzy heights of foreman bricklayer. My grandfather was a groom. I haven't the faintest idea who my great-grandfather was."

Angela nodded. "We are supposed," she said, "to be descended from the illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Purbridge." She looked at Roxton from large eyes, in which oddly a smile was lurking. "Personally," she said innocently, "I don't believe the last bit."

Roxton stared at her and then began to chuckle. "I'm sorry," he said. "It's rather funny. Having impressed you no end this afternoon, I was going to take you to dinner somewhere terribly romantic and expensive. I even had the ring all ready."

"It's hardly fair to tell me that now," Angela said. "I think you ought to let me see it, at least."

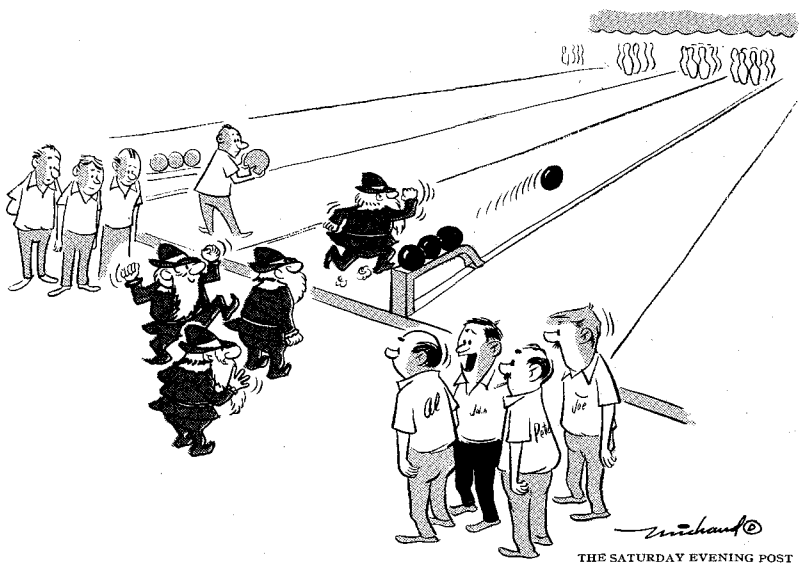
Roxton fished in his pocket and gave her the case. She opened it, studied the ring and tried it on the proper finger. "I like it," she said. "I think I shall keep it on."

"Well," Roxton said, looking at the polished brass door knocker, "what a damned silly place to get engaged."

"What could be more appropriate," Angela said gently, "than on the steps of the old ancestral home?"

Roxton grinned. He resisted the impulse to kiss her, for his boyhood training told him that by now every curtain in the road concealed a watching face.

He knocked on the door and waited, a free, whole man at last, for his father or his stepmother to open it. THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I dunno—I think they're a group from somewhere in the Catskills."

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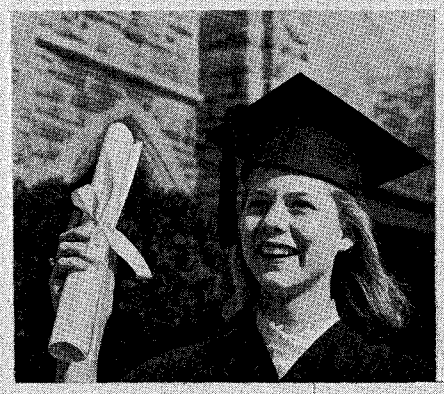

Mary's Graduation

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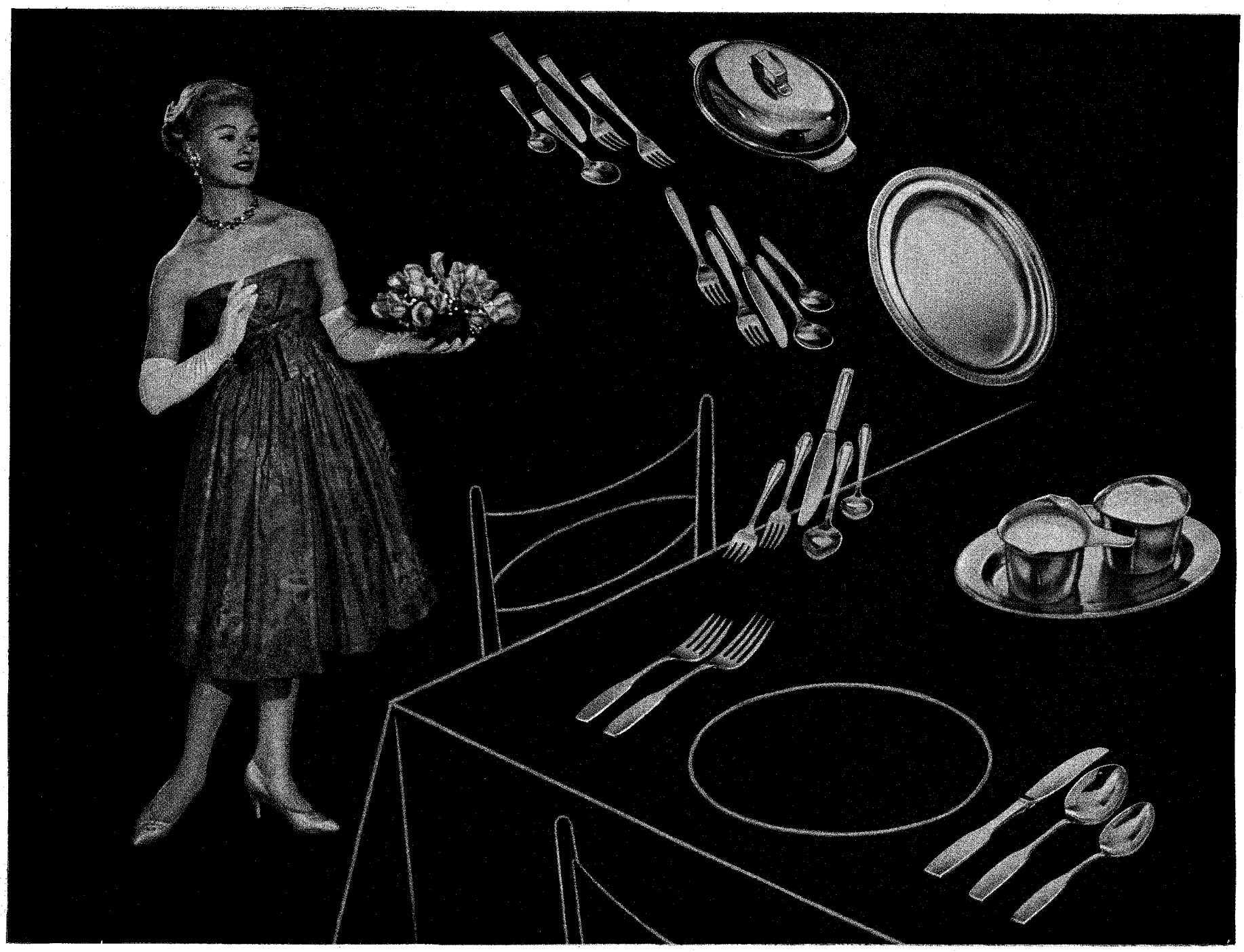

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Why Auto Insurance Costs So Much

(Continued from Page 19)

There was a fourth loser—you, no matter who you are. For every citizen must help pay the cost of this and every other road accident. The total annual bill is between five billion and seven billion dollars. Do not make the mistake of believing that the insurance companies will pay this bill. These billions are the direct total cost of destruction and loss of human service. They do not include insurance payments, claims or adjustments, which are regarded only as the shifting of a pool of premium money from one group, the policyholders, to another group, the injured.

Insurance money did pass from hand to hand in Jack's accident, which was, in insurance terms, a relatively simple one. Jack's motor-vehicle liability policy called for payment up to $5000 for bodily injury to one person in one accident. Clinton got the $5000, which wasn't enough, plus the cost of his wrecked car under the property-damage coverage of the same policy. The liability limit in Jack's coverage was low because he was eighteen years old, and hence regarded as a member of the worst driving category on the insurance scale. He could find no company that would sell him more than minimum coverage. There was no court case. Jack had no estate against which a further judgment could be laid. He was also wholly guilty, driving in the wrong lane at illegal speed. The question of contributory negligence on Clinton's part was never raised.

The circumstances surrounding the smash were those under which a majority of accidents occur. It happened at night on a straight road. The weather was clear and the road dry. The driver causing the accident belonged to a general group of drivers under twenty-five years old, who are at least twice as likely to be involved in accidents as older drivers. Jack and Vic were eighteen, the worst of all ages for accident probability. Finally there was the factor of high speed, which is a killer.

The American highway has been spattered with blood and money for a half century. In this period 60,000,000 Americans have been killed or injured in motor-vehicle accidents. Every few seconds there is an accident somewhere. Every eleven seconds there is an injury, every fourteen minutes a death. Forty-four minutes after Jack was impaled on a steering column, another young person [under-25] was due to die, and forty-four minutes after that another, and on and on.

We have been incredibly complacent about the blood spilled on the highway. But in this year of 1959 the money spilled is beginning to anger motorists throughout the land. We are apt to ignore the billions of annual destructive loss. What hurts us as individuals is a smaller sum—the cost of our own insurance. Many thousands of people are paying as much for insurance as they pay for gasoline.

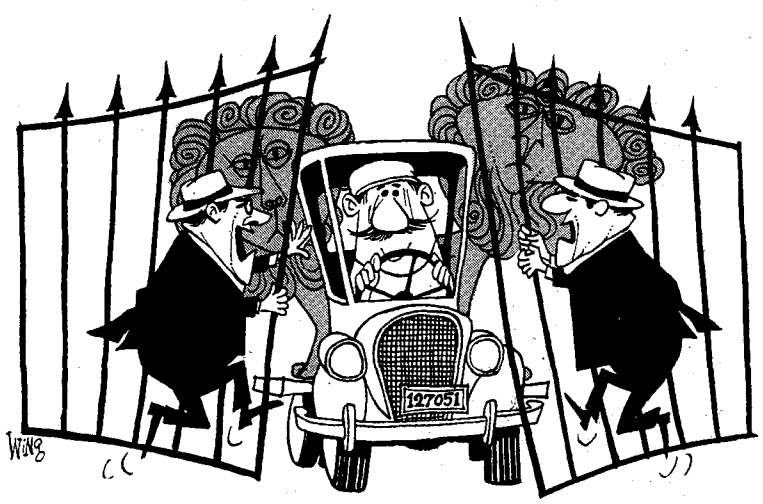
The cost of motor-vehicle liability insurance is leaping. In the ten years up to the end of 1958, average rates have advanced 69 per cent. This year, insurance companies are asking state governments all across the country to sanction still-higher rates. Many of the insurance companies are so disillusioned with our highway performance that they are trying to sell less and less liability protection. In many states the insurers will accept certain liability applicants only through a type of share-the-loss plan which forcibly assigns to various companies a share of the unwanted burden.

Automobile-liability insurance is sold by casualty companies. A liability policy protects you from the consequences of an accident in which your automobile injures another person or persons or causes property damage. If you do not have such insurance and are the guilty party in an accident, you are exposed to a suit and possible judgment in so large an amount you may be put in debt for life. A common but minimum form of liability protects you up to $5000 for one victim whom you may injure in a single accident, $10,000 for more than one, and up to $5000 for property you may damage, usually the victim's automobile. The industry calls this a 5-10-5 policy, and these days it is not large enough for good protection.

Liability insurance is the largest class of motor-vehicle coverage, and is carried by about 90 per cent of all car owners. They pay more than $3,000,000,000 in premiums annually to cover their collective individual risks of accident. The theory of premiums and insurance policies is that millions of policyholders chip in small amounts which collectively should more than cover the amounts that must be paid out to the injured. Insurance companies charge a small excess to cover their costs of doing business, profits to stockholders, if any, and a margin with which they can build up reserves against a sour day when all calculations may go wrong. If the claims to be paid increase, then the insurance buyers must pay higher premiums. In effect, what we pay for liability insurance depends almost entirely on how we behave on the highways.

The insurance companies now say that we have been behaving so badly that in seven of the last ten years they have been unable to break even on the liability premiums which individual states allow them to charge. The stock companies alone have lost $600,000,000 in those ten years. They lost heavily in 1957 and probably again in 1958, although twenty-seven states last year permitted rate increases. They are tired of losing, so they seek higher and higher premium rates.

Rate increases occur even in states with good highway records. Connecticut, for example, controls its highways better than most states. Its accident record is better than average, its laws are more strictly enforced and its licensing is done under the point system, which has a restraining effect on careless drivers. But on March first, Connecticut's average liability rates



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

For centuries, the rampant lion had been a symbol of a branch of the Grimoldi family. So when prosperous father Grimoldi died, his children ordered two huge marble lions. These they planned to place at the head and foot of his grave. When the truck bearing the lions approached the cemetery, however, horrified officials there slammed the gates. The Grimoldi family indignantly went into court over it.

"What's wrong with lions for a monument?" the family lawyer demanded. "Some of the world's finest memorials consist of stone lions. These good people own their cemetery plot and have a right to place any appropriate memorial on it."

"Lions may be appropriate in some cemeteries," the officials replied, "but we don't intend to have ours looking like a zoo. It is our duty and obligation to all the plot owners to decide what memorials will or won't harmonize with the surroundings. And we say lions are out."

If you were the judge, would you admit the marble lions?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

No lions, said the court. It explained that while cemetery officials cannot ordinarily interfere with the choices of plot owners, they may bar unusual or bizarre tombstones. "The admission of the lions," it added, "might open the way for the erection of all kinds of animal reproductions, good or bad, valuable or worthless, beautiful or hideous."

Based upon a 1947 Maryland decision.

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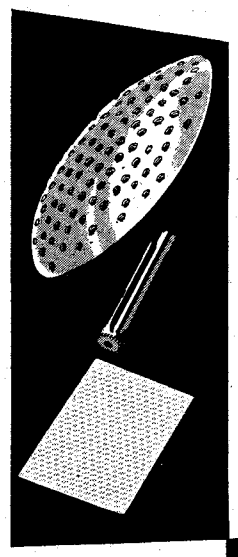

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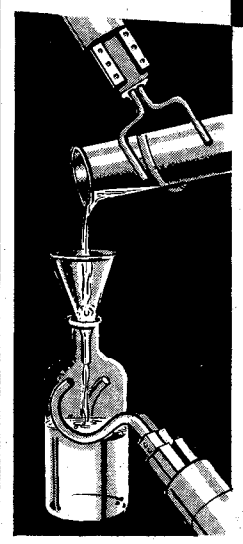
Mechanical milkers can replace dozens of milking hands. The metal parts are stainless because no other is so easy to clean. Modern dairies pipe milk from a stainless steel cooler, through stainless tubing to a stainless tank truck — and off to the dairy, not even seen by human eyes!



STAINLESS "ARMS"

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were increased 12.9 per cent. With this jump they are up 30 per cent in the last year and a half.

Communities differ in their highway habits, so insurance rates differ too. Boston, for example, is a bad accident city, hence an expensive place to buy liability coverage. Brooklyn is so bad that insurance companies would raise Brooklyn's rates immediately if the state would permit New York City to be rated borough by borough, rather than as one whole city. The country's cheapest rates are found in the Dutch country of Pennsylvania, where the people are safe and slow and generally exercise firm parental control of their teen-agers. The great insurance center of Hartford, Connecticut, on the contrary, is a moderately bad spot. It is Connecticut's worst accident city, and in March the Hartford rates were upped by half again as much as the state average. Even a city may be divided ratewise. In the area on one side of a certain Hartford street, rates are high; on the other side of the street they are higher.

In this metropolis, the capital of Connecticut, two huge piles of insurance experience lie within a few blocks of each other. These are the home offices of two of the largest firms in the casualty business, Travelers and Aetna. A mere line or two in their annual reports casts light on the country's accident costs. Take Travelers' automobile-liability dollar. In 1957 it arrived in Hartford as eighty cents, the agent having kept his commission of twenty cents. Out of that eighty cents, payment of claims took 78.7 cents, leaving the company a penny and a third with which to pay the landlord and the tax collector, the printer and the paper company, the post office and a host of other creditors. The penny-plus missed the mark by about $3,000,000. Reports for the year 1959 may be worse, not only for Travelers and Aetna, but for other stock companies, all the mutuals in the American Mutual Insurance Alliance, and pretty much everybody else.

There are a good many angels, including you and me, who are helping the companies to offset these losses. But some are unreliable angels. The stock market is one of them. Appreciation in the value of the securities they owned during the bull market has helped the companies, at least on paper, to balance their auto-liability losses. But, as one insurance man said, "Lord help us in a bear market." Liability losses are also offset, in part, by profits on fire, marine and other insurance lines. But this balancing can't go on forever. People who buy fire insurance for their homes are bound to resent having part of their fire premiums shelled out, no matter how indirectly, to bad auto drivers.

Life-insurance buyers also provide profits to bail out drivers; a few companies not previously in the life-insurance business have entered it within the last two years as a means of counterbalancing auto-liability losses. The agents of multiple-line companies still take poor auto-liability risks that pop up among old customers because they want to keep the customer's other insurance business. But more and more companies are telling agents to refuse bad auto risks, regardless of what nonauto business the customer represents.

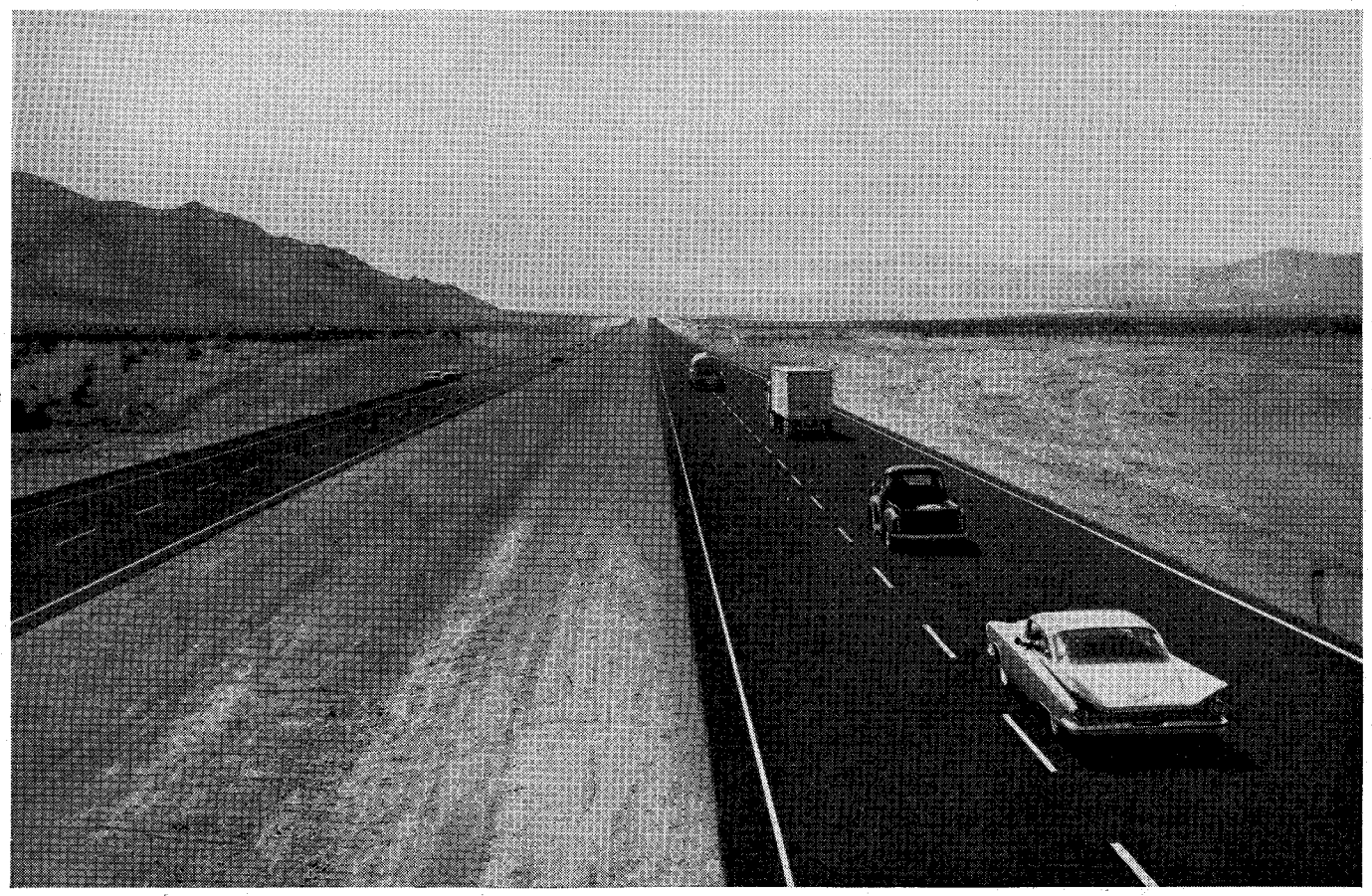
These increasing strictures are making insurance difficult to secure for mathematically undesirable risks. No company will offer liability insurance to undesirables at normal rates, or in more than limited quantities. So in many states there exist assigned-risk plans, where the buyer secures 5-10-5 or sometimes 10-20-5 lia-

Convention Wives

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

What ladies at conventions wear,
Would never make one stand and stare,
For young or aging shoulders bear
Monotony of mink;
And meeting wives of business friends,
Or customers, as Fate portends,
They spread good will for worthy ends,
And weld each genial link.

They smile and smile and smile all day,
With nice-to-see-you words to say;
At night tired smiles are put away
Lest rigid faces crack.
They try to sleep amid a rout
Of merry din and raucous shout,
Then next day get each smile-face out,
And grimly put it back.



Rugged, durable, modern Asphalt pavement meets challenge of Mojave Desert

Only pavement that can stand this combination of climate and traffic

This is a driver's-eye view of California's new Interstate Highway Number 15. It's the longest single paving contract of its kind ever let in California!

It had to be Asphalt-paved, the conditions are so severe. Interstate Route 15 slices across the Mojave Desert. Sometimes the pavement temperature gets up to 140°F *by day, then plummets to below freezing at night.* Then again, one-fifth of all the traffic entering California travels over this new road.

Only modern, heavy-duty Asphalt pavement has the ruggedness and durability to withstand this combination of climate and traffic.

Yet this rugged pavement **costs only half as much** as comparable concrete pavement to perform the same service.*

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*Based on comparable pavement costs in the same highway district.

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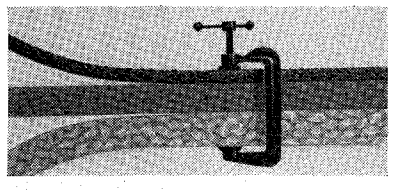

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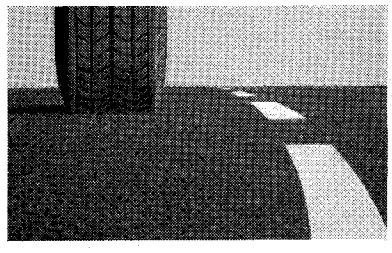

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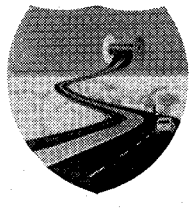

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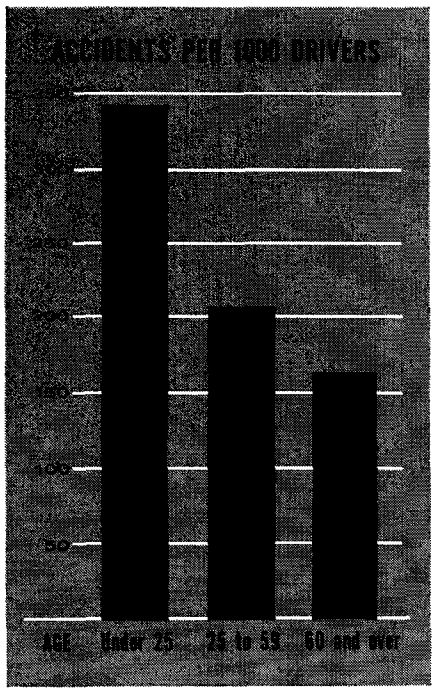
bility policies which a committee assigns to the companies in rotation. Each company must take its turn swallowing the unwanted stuff, the annual amount being a percentage that matches the company's percentage of all normal liability sold in that state.

Even a 10-20-5 policy leaves a driver in some jeopardy these days. Average injury awards in motor-vehicle cases have risen two thirds in the last ten years. Two members of a single family in Oklahoma were recently awarded a total of $825,000 in a single accident. The verdict was against a railroad, which is still contesting the case, but six-figure awards against individuals are not at all unknown. A driver who is covered only up to $20,000 and has a verdict of $100,000 scored against him has to pay the $80,000 difference, a responsibility which may mean a lifetime tragedy.

Assigned-risk plans are only one way the insurers can defend themselves against losses. They may ask agents to take smaller commissions. They are asking the states for permission to raise rates, and they will continue to do so. A few companies have simply abandoned the auto-liability business. Many are willing to try a system of stabilizing claim compensations similar to that used in workmen's-compensation laws. These put fixed values on injuries—so much for an arm, a leg, an eye or a life—and the same to everyone no matter who is at fault. This scheme would prevent excessive jury awards and help clear masses of motor-vehicle cases off the court calendars.

The insurance companies see no easy way of keeping the Jacks from hitting the Clintons. At the end of another decade, going the way we are, it is estimated that the annual highway toll may be 55,000 dead, 20,000,000 drivers involved in 13,000,000 accidents, 4,000,000 annual injuries and perhaps as much as $20,000,000,000 slipping down the drain.

There are actually people who believe this is merely a fair price to pay for the miles we roll up. There are some who take cheer in the per-mile declining death rate, and ignore the absolute annual rise of nearly 300,000 accidents. The death rate per mile has been stabilized, but all the improvement is urban and among pedestrians. The rate has been improved also by better and swifter medical attention, wonder drugs and better-engineered roads which permit cars to roll over a few times without immediately hitting solid objects planted on narrow shoulders.



Much of the high cost of automobile insurance is directly due to the poor record of our younger drivers.

There is an occasional cynic who suggests that all disasters and pestilences, including highway deaths, are a helpful cure for overrapid world-population growth. And there are those who believe the highway murder is just plain incurable.

Tom Boate is not one of the latter. Boate is a straight-talking ex-Pennsylvania state trooper. He perches in a tall building on John Street in Lower Manhattan, the home of rating bureaus, insurance companies and trade associations. He is chief of the accident-prevention work of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, and he is not popular with those who would rather not hear the full story of motor-vehicle accidents.

Boate believes the organized safety movement is actually afraid to tell the unvarnished truth about our highway death toll. He says the American motorist has been coaxed and propagandized about safe driving for fifty years, and he thinks that fifty years is enough. He considers it evident that the slogans, stickers, lectures, leaflets, movies and air time given to the problem have no more than lightly touched it.

Boate insists, furthermore, that motor-vehicle accidents can be cut in half tomorrow. Here is his simple solution: "Sound state laws and strict enforcement. This is no game! Let's remove every incompetent from the highway who ignores the rules of the road and see to it that he stays removed."

Boate wants professionals to provide professional solutions to the safety mess, and he regards state legislators as amateurs. In common with most safety professionals, he advocates fixed speed limits, uniform in every state; insulation of state

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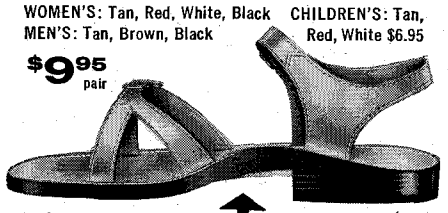

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vehicle administrators from politics (no fix); chemical tests for drunkenness; universal high-school driver education; abolition of all kinds of speed contests, and strict enforcement of traffic laws, even if this requires triple the number of police on streets and highways.

Exactly half of our fifty states still cling to prima-facie speed laws under which a driver can argue with and perhaps convince a judge that his eighty miles an hour was "reasonable for conditions." Compare this with a statement by one of the most experienced safety officials in the business. "No man in this world is competent to operate an automobile with complete safety at sixty-five miles an hour. If I had my way, and I am not altogether joking, I would make our highway signs read—'Beware! Every fifth driver traveling this road is insane!'"

The amount of highway safety work performed in this country is enormous. Insurance companies perform it—Aetna has even developed an automobile version of the Link Trainer to accelerate school training. Oil companies, civic clubs, mayors and housewives are engaged in it. In addition there are more than fifty large national bodies directly pursuing safety programs.

This abundance of effort is earnest and well-intentioned, much of it ingenious. It may have prevented complete road chaos. But statistics say it has failed to reach and influence the man habitually guilty of driving dangerously. Who is he? Who is this driver who cannot be persuaded, reasoned or educated into sanity on the road? The giant computing machines in the big insurance offices cannot name him, but they have long since identified the group to which he is most likely to belong. He is among the 2-C's, the under-twenty-five drivers, who have the worst highway record and pay the highest liability rates. He is Jack and Vic.

Other groups may conceal menacing drivers. Statistically the best drivers are those rated 1-A by insurers. They are adults over twenty-five who drive for pleasure. But among them are most of the drunken drivers, who are unforgivable. They also include many over sixty-five years old, who are not good drivers, particularly in those states which permit licenses to run forever without periodic checkups. Nevertheless, the record says that the first place to look for trouble is among the 2-C's, the young unmarried males.

The 2-C's, tragically, are those physically best able to drive and with the most to lose. But as a class their record is moronic, and they play an exaggerated part in boosting your liability costs. The under-twenty-five group holds about 14 per cent of all driving licenses and is involved in 28 per cent of all accidents. These drivers are involved in even more of the fatalities—31 per cent. They are easily the worst class in single-vehicle and off-the-road fatalities, which means they fail to make curves, hit trees and bridge abutments, and otherwise destroy themselves without the aid of another vehicle.

According to Metropolitan Life, more than half of all deaths from any cause in the under-twenty-five bracket are accidental deaths, and of these more than half are motor-vehicle accidents, far overshadowing the toll of any single disease. The disgraceful highway performer of the under-twenty-five group is strictly male. Young females are no more irresponsible than adults. But according to a 1958 study, young girls are too often passengers and fellow victims of the driving males. Four out of every five white females aged fifteen through nineteen who died in accidents last year died in the wreckage of automobiles. A New York State tabulation, excluding New York City, once disclosed that every 100 licensed drivers aged eighteen to twenty had 112 accidents, averaging better than one apiece.

This awesome record is achieved by a class of drivers who do relatively little of the nation's driving, compared with such older groups as salesmen and heads of families. Thus the per-mile record of the under-twenty-fives is worse than basic figures indicate.

The high incidence of fatalities and single-vehicle accidents among the young males registers another point. They obviously drive at high speed. Fatal accidents most often involve speed, and it is speed that causes a driver to fail to make a curve. The menace of speed becomes clear when death rates in various states are compared: a state that permits speeds over sixty miles per hour may expect twice the death rate of those with the lowest limits. Remember Jack—he was doing eighty.

Any bad class of drivers, and the under-twenty-fives are the worst, is susceptible to further criticism wholly apart from dubious driving performances. There is a correlation between bad accident records and crime or other antisocial behavior. There is a correlation between poor accident records and failure to carry insurance. There is a widespread correlation between mere car ownership and poor scholarship in high schools and colleges.

In March of this year the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Commerce presented to Congress a report on the Federal role in highway safety. It is an up-to-date and penetrating report, well worth reading. The bureau had complied with congressional request for a study of highway safety by setting up thirty-five scattered highway stations. Each station observed a selected stretch of rural road whose combined total was 600 miles. The information obtained included one traffic factor that is rarely reported, the mileage volume of traffic exposure.

The report emphasizes several points: that speed is a killer, that under-twenty-five drivers are involved in more than double their mathematical share of accidents, that some states issue driving licenses at too young an age—only three states hold off until age eighteen—that more limited-access roads are needed, and that good laws and strict enforcement are the most potent accident controls. There were a couple of surprises. The report said our road signs are out of date, and rejected high horsepower as a cause of accidents, pointing out a greater frequency among low-powered cars.

No competent report is likely to offer any conclusion but that our highway-accident record is bad and could become worse. Nor is there much that can be done about it until public opinion is strongly aroused. Perhaps soaring costs of insurance will bring revulsion. At least the higher rates are helping to make those who have the accidents pay for them. Class 2-C drivers must pay surcharges 35 to 400 per cent higher than the 1-A rates. In Akron, Ohio, for example, 2-C rates are triple those of 1-A's.

California inaugurated this spring a new merit pricing system in auto-liability rates. It calls for reduced rates for accident-free motorists and penalty rates for those with spotty records, and it answers the question good drivers often ask: "Why do we have to pay even part of the fare for bad drivers?" Of course, all insurance companies achieve a comparable effect by grading their risks from 1-A to 2-C.

But insurance companies still cannot keep dangerous drivers off the roads by adjusting rates. This is a job of law enforcement, and in order to encourage law enforcement the insurance industry as a whole is putting together a new organization, to be called the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. The new body will spend $1,000,000 a year, and its primary objective will be to encourage sound laws and effective enforcement.

Meanwhile we will continue to pay five billion to seven billion dollars a year for medical expenses, property damage, loss of wages to survivors of accidents and presumed value of lost careers for the dead. It is a high bill, and it will not be lowered until individual states start proving to motorists that driving a potentially lethal machine is a privilege that must not be abused. Consider this example of its present abuse. Last year there were sixty-five fatal accidents in Dallas, Texas. Thirty-two of the drivers involved had records of three or more prior traffic violations. Two of these drivers each had *thirty-three* prior violations. Or take a Washington, D. C., tabulation. There it was discovered that 72 per cent of those involved in accidents during the observed period had records of one or more violations or were driving without licenses.

If all the persons injured in motor-vehicle accidents last year were simultaneously taken to every available hospital in the country, they would fill the beds twice over. This mournful fact makes little impression upon us. But the rising cost of automobile insurance may soon do what multiple maiming will not. It will be ironic, indeed, if the pinch in our purses is the thing that finally moves us to save ourselves on our highways.

THE END

"Sa-ay!—you play a pretty good game—
I'll mention that in your references!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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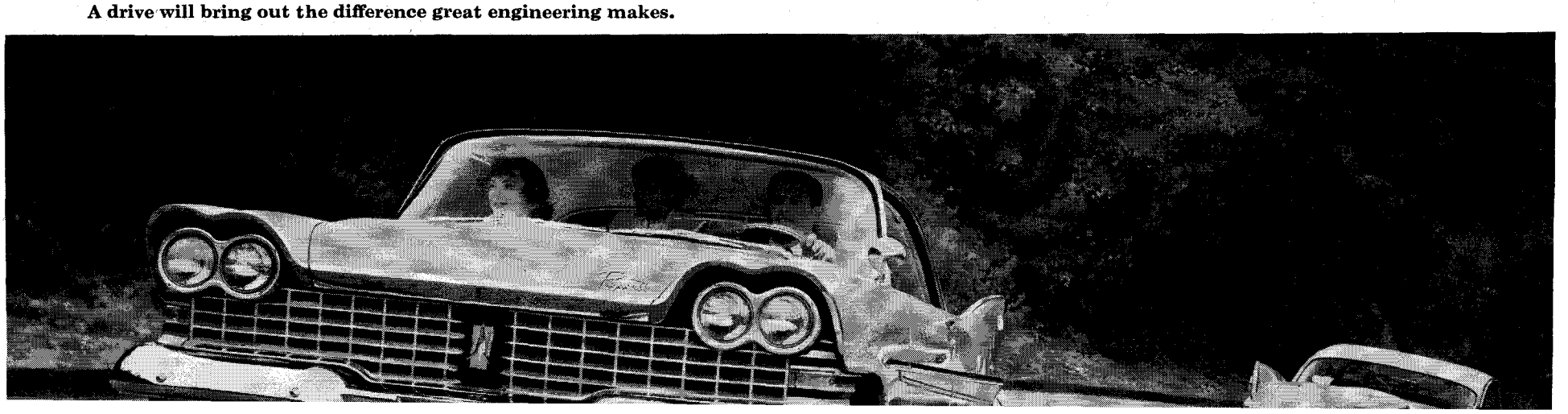

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He Knows Where Your Money Goes

(Continued from Page 36)

peculiarly qualified to serve as such a link. He has shown it during the last sixteen months. It is not a usual function for the Secretary of the Treasury, nor did Anderson seek it. Events forced him into it, particularly in the spring of 1958, when almost panic pressures were building up for a crash program of tax cutting and vast Government spending to halt the recession. More than any other man, Anderson, working quietly with congressional leaders and within the Administration, managed to put on the brakes. If he hadn't, the $12,000,000,000 deficit would have been many billions larger, with correspondingly greater dangers of inflation.

Anderson, by the way, does not agree for a moment with the idea that "inflation is inevitable." He considers such fears not only defeatist, but dangerous in themselves, since their spread aggravates that which is feared. "Inflation is man-made and can be man-controlled," he says. He knows the fight against further creeping inflation is a hard one, but is profoundly convinced it can be won. The Government can lead the way and set the example by setting its own house in order. But it is going to need the help of all of us, in Government and out, if we are to hold the line against ever higher prices, reduce the cyclic swing of booms and recessions which feed upon each other, and go forward with the healthily steady growth of which the country is capable.

Every citizen can give such help, he believes, by cultivating self-discipline and a longer-range perspective; by realizing that his own actions can contribute to the sound dollar and the sane economic expansion upon which the future of himself and his family depends. Some of Anderson's ideas on how this can be done will be given later in this article.

In spite of Anderson's increasingly vital role in Government, not a great deal has been written about him. He is a hard man to write about. His personality lacks the elements of the spectacular, the flamboyant and the eccentric which make good copy. Cautious in speech, he doesn't make those resounding statements—usually alloyed with half-truths—which hit the headlines. For a reporter's purposes he is exasperatingly modest; he won't claim credit for anything, but instead tells you about the people who worked with him in solving the problem. He never gets mad, never pounds the desk, never "knocks heads together." A calm, reflective man, he gives the impression of a friendly college professor—he once taught law at Texas U.—rather than a high-powered executive.

What's wrong with this picture? Simply that it gives little indication of the qualities beneath—enormous energy and endurance; high practical intelligence refreshed by continued study, and an inner core of toughness which has enabled him to master intractable problems in many diverse fields of business and politics.

Coming from the obscurity of a small Texas farm young Anderson, handicapped by a childhood polio which had left a slight lameness in one leg, went on to work his way through school and college. He graduated at the top of his law class at the University of Texas. At twenty-two he was elected to the state legislature. At twenty-three he was appointed assistant attorney general of the state, and at twenty-four state tax commissioner. At twenty-six he was the chief draftsman and first administrator of the new Texas unemployment-compensation laws. I asked one of Anderson's old friends from Texas how so young a man could be picked for such a variety of complex tasks.

"For one thing," he said, "Bob is the fastest learner I ever saw. He makes the hard ones look easy. He can get to the heart of the most tangled-up controversy and explain the essentials. Then, by patient discussion, he can usually bring bitter opponents around to a view close to his own. Once he reaches a decision, he stands by it like iron. For another thing, everybody who has ever dealt with him realizes you can trust him absolutely. When he gives you his word, that's it. This counts for a lot in Texas, and with the old boys who run things in Congress too."

Word of young Anderson's abilities spread and soon "the eyes of Texas," as the song goes, were upon him. Business began to seek him out. At twenty-seven he became the attorney, and at thirty-one the general manager—at $60,000 a year—of the vast W. T. Waggoner Estate, reputedly valued at $300,000,000. As such, Anderson had to run not just one business, but a whole congeries of enterprises. The estate comprised, among other things, a 510,000-acre ranch in cattle and farm lands, a couple of thousand oil wells, a refinery, banking interests, city office buildings and real estate.

This job brought into full play his capacity as a fast learner and a reconciler of diverse interests, as well as his ability to get along with all kinds of people. His work brought him into daily association with cowboys and petroleum geologists, farmers and financiers, refinery workers and the hard-bitten big shots of the oil business. He likes people and they like him. His gift for winning the co-operation of the people he works with enables him to operate by light guidelines, rather than by rigid rule. It is also, as mentioned, a significant part of his value to the Administration.

In 1952 Anderson, then a Democrat (he is now a Republican), was prominent among the Texans who became "Democrats for Eisenhower." He had not intended to re-enter politics or government and was considerably taken aback when, a few weeks after the election, he received word that General Ike wanted him to take over as Secretary of the Navy. He protested that he was not qualified; that he had never trod the deck of a warship and came from a part of Texas "where it hardly even rains." The offer was repeated more insistently, and he accepted it. It meant interrupting a brilliantly promising business career just as he was getting into full stride, but this was not a point he spoke of. Friends say he had always felt bad because his slight lameness had barred him from military service in the war. Certainly it was his duty now to serve the country anywhere the President thought he could be helpful.

The Navy's admirals are a powerful and cohesive set of men. Many of them sized up their new Secretary as an amiable landlubber who could be humored along as a figurehead. Once Anderson had completed his intensive preliminary studies, they began to see their mistake. He was not content with summaries and generalities. He wanted the detailed facts and figures, the inner whys and wherefores. And, when they were laid before him, he absorbed and analyzed them with appalling speed. He was willing to listen patiently to all points of view, but when the discussion ended, things somehow seemed to come out his way—not by forced agreement, but by logical persuasion.

The firmness was there, too, in a crisis. Perhaps the best example of it was in Anderson's decision in the bitter controversy over the promotion of Captain Rickover.

Hyman G. Rickover is the Navy's engineering genius primarily responsible for developing America's nuclear-powered submarines. He is a thorny, outspoken individualist who does not hesitate to step on the toes of the mighty or to slash through tradition and red tape on his way to his objective. His qualities inspire warm friendships, but also create potent enemies. These latter were strong enough to prevent his promotion from captain to rear admiral in 1952.

It was Anderson who, after examining the situation, intervened to insure Rickover's promotion. In this action he had support from allies outside the Navy, in Congress and in the press. One of the latter was Clay Blair, Jr., now an associate editor of The Saturday Evening Post. When Anderson learned that Blair was completing a book about Rickover, he borrowed the galley proofs and studied them as part of the background of the case.

"Others may have helped," says Blair, "but don't forget it was Anderson who had to make the decision, and it was a tough one, when you remember the red-hot atmosphere among the Navy brass at the time."

The decision not only affected Rickover's own career. Even more importantly it enabled him to hold together the devoted team of experts who have gone forward with him to develop America's whole "family" of nuclear subs—one field in which we are far ahead of the Russians. Such subs have proved that they can operate freely under the polar icecap. As they are equipped with the new Polaris missiles now being developed, they will bring most of continental Russia under range of H-bomb retaliation. Many believe this will prove to be the best single deterrent yet devised against the dangers of another world war.

In the spring of '54 Anderson was moved up to the post of Deputy Secretary of Defense, where he again showed his ability to (*Continued on Page 91*)

NEXT WEEK

HOW WE BROKE THE MONTANA PRISON RIOT

A Prison Official Describes His Ordeal as a Convicts' Hostage

MY UNPRIVATE LIFE AS MAYOR

By Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia

IN COLOR:

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 29:

THE TRAGIC VISION

By Stanley Hyman

THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK

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By Virgil T. Blossom

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(*Continued from Page 89*) get results without fuss. The job gave him a broad and intimate knowledge of our intricate military setup which is most useful to him as Secretary of the Treasury. After all, that is where more than half our Federal tax moneys go, and will continue to go for the foreseeable future. He knows the Pentagon, its ways, its inner politics and its people. He can weigh the urgency and dimensions of its problems. All this is valuable background for the President's chief adviser on our national finances.

It was while Anderson was still in the Defense Department that Mr. Eisenhower was quoted as saying, as he has said since, that Bob Anderson has the capacity to handle any job in the United States, including the Presidency. This is a fine compliment and helps explain the firm backing which Eisenhower has always given his Treasury chief. As a practical possibility, it is hard to see Anderson as a Presidential nominee. His main effectiveness lies in his influence with individuals and groups, rather than in broad popular appeal. Nor can I imagine him going in for the practical politicking which would be necessary.

In the fall of 1955 Anderson took time out from Government work to serve as president of Ventures, Ltd., a mining company with mineral holdings on five continents. The job presented a challenging problem. The company, over more than a quarter of a century, had acquired holdings and resources of enormous potential value; but it lacked the necessary working capital and expert operating staff to get the properties into large-scale production.

After his usual intensive study of a complex new situation, Anderson worked out a solution with another big mining company, McIntyre Porcupine Mines, Ltd., which had capital to spare and a staff with a wealth of mining and management experience. The negotiations required all of Anderson's patience and skill, in order that a fair balance should be struck between many conflicting interests. Agreement associating the two companies was finally reached. It was ratified in May of 1957 by a 98-per-cent vote at a meeting of the stockholders of Ventures, Ltd.

At this time George Humphrey was preparing to retire as Secretary of the Treasury, and President Eisenhower asked Anderson to take the post. Feeling that he had accomplished his main task at Ventures, Anderson gladly resigned his high-salaried job and accepted the nomination. He was confirmed by the Senate and took office as Secretary of the Treasury in July of 1957. One of the things legislators on the Hill like about Anderson is that in confirmation hearings, when he is required to disclose what disposal he has made of his business interests, he has never indulged in even a hint of handwringing about his "financial sacrifices." One day when a visitor in his office mentioned the subject Anderson said, "When I measure myself against what a lot of others have done for this country, I rate about so high," and he held his finger half an inch above his desk.

When he took over at the Treasury, succeeding the vivid and masterful Humphrey, there was considerable head-shaking among those not fully aware of Anderson's past record. He was just too nice a guy, they said. "If the going gets real rough, they'll stomp him." It wasn't many months before things got much rougher than anyone had expected, but Anderson didn't get "stomped."

In July of '57 the business boom was still on, and tax revenues were high. The prospects were that the budget could be balanced at around $72,000,000,000, with a small surplus.

During the autumn two things happened. One was the appearance of the first Sputnik, dramatizing Russia's swift progress in the scientific-military field and pointing up the need for higher spending on American defense. The other was the onset of the recession, foreshadowing a decrease in Government revenues. Hopes for a balanced budget faded fast; the only question was how large the deficits might be.

On the necessity for more urgent defense effort there was general agreement. As to the recession, there were wide differences of opinion on how long and severe it would be. Anderson's view was that the slump, while it would produce some painful dislocations, would not be prolonged; that the built-in "cushions" of our system—for example, in unemployment insurance and control over interest rates—would help the economy to right itself, and that further Government intervention should be held within moderate limits.

Early in 1958, as the recession deepened, the tide began to run strongly against Anderson's viewpoint. Calls began to come from all over the country for tax cuts. By February and March there was a veritable parade of prominent citizens and delegations to Washington, urging that massive tax slashes were the only way to avert a downward spiral into disastrous depression. They testified ominously before the House Ways and Means Committee, which initiates tax legislation; many came to Anderson's office to appeal to him personally.

What made the demands more impressive was that they came from all shades of the political spectrum: from labor leaders and the National Association of Manufacturers; from the A.D.A. and the Chamber of Commerce; from eminent economists—including Dr. Arthur F. Burns, former chief of Eisenhower's economic advisers—and from top industrialists. Joining in the chorus were some of the Administration's most influential supporters; also the two ex-Presidents, Harry Truman (emphatically) and Herbert Hoover (cautiously). Congressmen of both parties began drafting tax-reduction bills.

The pressures began to seem irresistible. The President was standing firm behind Anderson's position, but for a time some of his official household wavered, including Vice President Nixon, Secretary of Labor Mitchell, and Dr. Raymond J. Saulnier, Presidential economic adviser. Anderson remained the strongest center of opposition to hasty tax cuts as a cure for the recession.

As Secretary of the Treasury, he had no direct control of taxes, which are the province of Congress. But his gifts for quiet persuasion were tirelessly exercised. Some of his arguments were these:

Business activities, while weak in some fields—notably durable goods—were strong and healthy in others. Inventories were being steadily reduced and soon would have to be replenished by new purchases. A 10 per cent tax cut "across the board" would mean, to the man with a family of four and an income of $5000 a year, savings of only eighty-one cents a week—no great stimulus to the purchase of durable goods such as cars and appliances.

Associates sometimes criticize Anderson for "seeing too many people," including those whose modest status does not normally rate entree to a Cabinet officer. It puts so great a burden upon his usual eleven-hour day that he has to carry home a briefcase of documents for study at night. But Anderson likes these visitors and believes he learns from listening to them. They give him a sort of one-man, face-to-face sampling of public opinion. One impression he gained was that the ordinary citizen was less scared about the recession than generally believed. Another was that massive tax cuts during a time of mounting deficits would, by shaking people's confidence in the financial responsibility of their Government, do more harm than good.

Of special usefulness were Anderson's relations with Congress. He has been liked and respected there since the days when he used to appear before committees as Secretary of the Navy. There was also an element of luck. It happens that those two powerful Democratic leaders, Speaker Sam Rayburn of the House and Lyndon Johnson of the Senate, are not only fellow Texans but old friends with the highest regard for his character and judgment. Anderson had won a similar confidence among many other influential figures on the Hill, of both parties. In the tax controversy he naturally consulted most frequently with the House Ways and Means Committee and its chairman, Wilbur D. Mills, of Arkansas.

In all his discussions with legislators and others, it was typical of Anderson that he listened more than he talked; and that he did not claim for himself any special omniscience as Secretary of the Treasury. "We've all got the same statistics," he said. As to a tax cut, he "never said never." This would simply have heated up the arguments toward the boiling point. He admitted that if his own appraisal of events was wrong, if we slid into the accelerating downward spiral which many feared, drastic Government action might be required. His main plea was for time—time to see whether the favorable forces in the economy would soon begin to reassert themselves as he expected.

This plea for time seemed reasonable to Anderson's friends, but was it practical? By early March, as pressures continued to mount for quick, heavy tax reductions, restlessness spread in both parties. In an election year tax cuts are catnip to politicians. The natural urge among men worried about re-election was to git thar fustest with the mostest slashes. Each party wanted to take the lead in this, so as to claim the credit with the voters. Anderson felt that tax legislation undertaken in such an atmosphere might get out of rational control, with grave future effects on Federal financial stability and the value of the dollar.

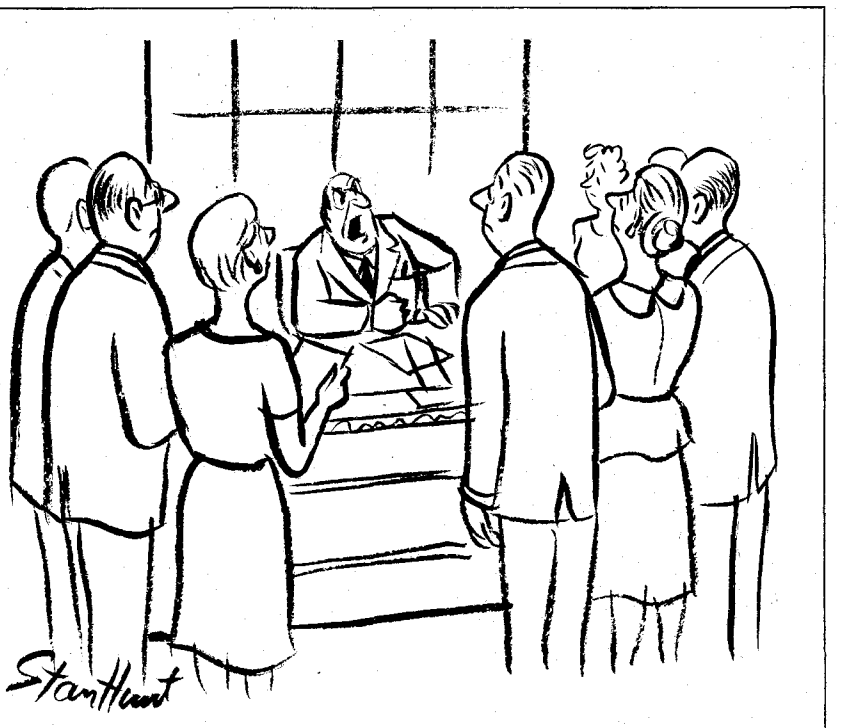
The heart of the problem, as Anderson saw it, was this danger of a frantic race between Republicans and Democrats in which the national welfare would finish a poor third. The Democratic congressional leaders, who are thoughtful men, agreed. But how avert such a race? After long confabs, an unusual and crucial understanding was reached. Neither party would initiate tax cuts without full consultation with the other.

It was this "tax truce" which won Anderson the time he had been praying for. It has been called "the Treaty of the Rio Grande," since three of the chief participants were Texans: Anderson, Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson. Of course, it was no treaty, not even a formal agreement which, however carefully spelled out, could not have been binding. The force of it lay in an understanding among men who trusted one another. Individual credits for the arrangement are hard to apportion. Chairman Mills and other Democrats were involved. As for Anderson, he had to have the backing of the President and the co-operation of Republican leaders on the Hill to make his assurances stick.

On March twenty-first, Arthur Krock, the New York Times' experienced observer, described the tax truce between Secretary Anderson and the Democratic congressional leadership as "one of the most constructive acts of interparty statesmanship on the recent record, where the entries are few enough." It was especially notable, he pointed out, because while bipartisanship has often been invoked in foreign policy, it is rare in the field of domestic politics.

The pressures for tax cutting continued through March and April, but the truce held. By May there were some signs of business pickup, and in June it was clear that the upturn had begun. Gradually the call for reductions faded away, and there was a general feeling of relief that the Government had not been burdened with even heavier deficits.

Still, they were bad enough. The combination of recession and necessary defense, as mentioned earlier, has put the deficit estimate at some $12,000,000,000 for this fiscal year. Where do we go from here? Anderson views the prospect with concern, but no panic. Of course, such a



"I want more humility around here and, blast it, I'm going to have more humility!"

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deficit exerts an inflationary force. But it is not insupportable, at the moment, when measured against the annual $465,000,000,000 of America's gross national product. Its chief immediate influence is as a symbol—an encouragement to the resigned belief that "inflation is inevitable." Anderson takes some comfort from the fact that the price index has remained steady for the last twelve months.

The real danger, as he sees it, will appear if we come to believe we can continue to "live with" deficits of such magnitude; if we fail within a reasonable time to fight our way back to balanced national budgets. Anderson has no doubt that the fight can be won, but it will need the thoughtful help of those millions of citizens who have drifted into the belief that Federal finances have become so hopelessly complex that "I guess we will have to leave it to those fellows in Washington."

Anderson is reminded of the old story of the farmer who was buying a pair of oxen from his neighbor. "Are you sure this is a willing pair?" he asked. "Dead certain," the neighbor replied. "This ox George, here on the right, is willing to do all the work, and Tom there on the left is willing to let him."

There's a natural instinct to "let George do it." But in the case of inflation, where is George? The problem has gone beyond the point where it can be handled by any one man, or group of experts, or faction, or party. It affects the future of us all, and the efforts of all are needed.

The Administration can exert its influence. It can lead, urge, direct, push. It can explain and exhort. It can, when necessary, exercise the veto power. It is Congress, however, which holds the purse strings, making the final decisions on taxes and appropriations which move toward soundness or toward inflation.

But Congress is a reflection of the public. Its members do what they think the voters want. If ordinary citizens let themselves sink into the silence of resignation, the cries of special interests for more Federal favors sound all the louder on Capitol Hill. If the citizens speak up—all those who realize how their own long-range security depends on the soundness of the dollar—their voices will be heard. They can write or talk to their representatives. Quite apart from that, each of us, in the daily opinions expressed among our friends and neighbors, contributes a part to that great body of public opinion, to that national mood, which Congress cannot disregard.

While Anderson's primary province is Federal financing, he emphasizes that this is only part of the picture. Without a steady growth in our whole national economy we cannot get the Federal deficit under control, or provide adequate defense, or take care of the needs of our increasing population. Whether that economic growth is healthy or erratic, sound or inflationary, depends on literally millions of daily individual decisions. Here again, he believes every citizen can play a part.

Two keynotes of his counsel are "steadiness" and "perspective." The main buying power in America comes from millions of average families. If they all sit on their pocketbooks at once, business stalls. If they all rush at once to buy, we run into the fevers of boom and inflation. Insofar as every family can cultivate a prevailing discipline of buying according to its legitimate needs, rather than swaying to the winds of rumor about "buy now" or "hold back," it helps stabilize the national growth which benefits us all. Such self-discipline not only gets the family's own finances into better order but makes possible the development of a regular savings plan.

Similar principles, Anderson believes, apply throughout our entire society; for two brief examples, among labor unions and business executives. In the last twenty years unions have developed enormous power. Without commensurate maturity and perspective, the tendency is for the unions, forcing wages up faster than increasing productivity warrants, to raise industry costs to the extent that the effects fall back on their own members in the form of unemployment and further inflation.

The businessman who cultivates steady perspective does not rush to batten down the hatches at the approach of recession. Rather, he considers whether this may not be the best time to install more efficient equipment or build that new factory he has been needing. In his pricing policies he does not concentrate on quick profits which will "make a good showing this year for the stockholders." He weighs rather the long-range effects on the health and good will of his company and his product.

Is this all elementary and platitudinous? No doubt. But a platitude may be described as a truth which, made dull by past repetition, can be forgotten when we most need it. Anderson himself is diffident about offering advice. He knows that advice, always in surplus supply, is usually about as effective as a hoot in a rain barrel. Of himself as Treasury Secretary he says, "You know, I'm not a darn bit smarter just because I've got this job." He admits some of his suggestions may be called "an attempt to repeal the laws of human nature." But he thinks there is more to it than that.

A person's first thought, naturally, is of his own immediate interests. But his second thoughts—when he is willing to engage in what Anderson calls "the hard art of self-examination"—will show him how his own interests and destiny are bound up with the health and strength of his country. Americans have proved in the past that they are capable of such sober second thoughts; otherwise, we could never have achieved the responsible self-government which has made the nation great. Anderson is convinced we still have this capacity, and that we have reached a point in our history where these "second thoughts" take on new urgency.

In discussing matters of Federal finance and inflation control, Anderson adds many qualifications suitable to subjects of such complexity. At the risk of oversimplification, I have ventured to paraphrase his ideas as I understand them. The main lines of his thought, coming from one whose judgment has so often been vindicated in the past, seem to me especially important to us at the present time. I have personally witnessed, in many foreign lands, the dreadful national misery which results when the tempting idea of "just a little more inflation" gets out of control.

In this article I have had to neglect many aspects of Anderson and his career: his happy family life and the pride which he and his wife, Ollie Mae, take in their two sons now in college; his church work—he is a Methodist—and his deep religious feeling; and the personal kindness and sincerity which have won him so much affection among men of both parties. In Congress his influence has not been limited to tax legislation. It was vital also in helping Eisenhower gain the substance of his proposals in foreign aid and reciprocal trade extension. The President has relied much on his counsel and services in matters such as NATO and the World Bank.

Like other important officials, Anderson has received foreign decorations. Among these is The Most Exalted Order of the White Elephant from Thailand. I'm sure he appreciates the honor. What worries him now is that he has on his hands a more formidable white elephant—that $12,000,000,000 deficit. He needs the help of millions of American mahouts if he is to control the beast and keep him from running rogue over all of us.

A Visit With Bill Veeck (Continued from Page 31)

sweeping redistribution of players and TV fees. It is no secret that the league put the squeeze on Veeck by denying him permission to move the Browns to Baltimore in 1953—a shift that was approved as soon as he sold the franchise.

Shortly before the current season opened, a group headed by Veeck bought 54 per cent of the stock in the Chicago White Sox for $2,700,000. Veeck returned to the big leagues convinced that the measures he recommended five years ago are more imperative than ever to pump vitality into baseball.

There was a pleasant turmoil in his hotel suite before Veeck settled down for an extended interview. When we entered, the room seemed to erupt children clamoring for his attention. Friends say it is a tossup whether Veeck is fonder of kids or baseball. He has been a part owner of four ball clubs, and he has seven children, three by his first wife. He introduced us ceremoniously to Marya, who is four, and three-year-old Gregory. Michael, who is eight, was at school. Nine-month-old Lisa had no truck with formality. She rolled on her back, thrashed her legs and showed her four teeth in an ecstatic smile.

"I don't know what's going to be with that girl," Mrs. Veeck said in mock despair. "She's wild about men. I keep telling her she should play hard to get, but she won't listen."

The children were whisked to another suite across the hall, and Veeck said with professional briskness, "All right. Let's have a go at it."

The first item on the agenda was that hardy perennial—the problem of beating the Yankees. Veeck qualifies as an authority on that subject because of his connection with the Cleveland Indians, the only team that has broken the Yankees' pennant monopoly in the last dozen years. The Indians won in 1948, during his tenure as president, and they also took the pennant in 1954. By that time Veeck had long since departed—his syndicate sold out in 1949 at almost twice its original $1,400,000 investment—but he was responsible for acquiring many of the players on the Indian roster of 1954.

Cleveland had not won in the twenty-six years prior to Veeck's arrival on the scene. This suggested a fascinating parallel, for the White Sox have gone longer without a pennant than any other team in the majors. They last won forty years ago, then were wrecked by the Black Sox scandal, in which eight players were barred for life on charges of throwing the 1919 World Series to Cincinnati.

Veeck was asked whether it is an easier or a tougher job to beat the Yankees now than it was in 1948.

"Tougher," he answered, "even though the Yankees are weaker than they were then. DiMaggio was a better ballplayer than Mantle ever will be, the pitching unquestionably was stronger, Berra was just coming as a big star and the infield probably was a shade better. The trouble is, the league as a whole has deteriorated more than the Yankees. A challenger must beat the Yankees singlehandedly now. It can't count on help from the rest of the league."

Veeck stuck to this view even in early May, when the Yankees were in seventh place after losing twelve of their first nineteen games. "Anyone who expects the Yankees to beat themselves is in for a great disillusionment," he declared. "As long as Weiss and Casey Stengel are around, the Yankees will have a well-operated club. Weiss is brighter and works harder than anyone in the business, save in one area. He does the poorest job of public relations in the major leagues."

Veeck leaned forward intently. "All baseball attendance figures are shocking to me. Multiple customers—fans who see more than one game a year—make the crowds look better than they really are. Actually, we are drawing only about seven per cent of our potential audience.

"The Yankees do worse than that. They have been playing to less than a million and a half people in a metropolitan area of about fourteen million. Box seats bought by corporations, which write off the expense as a tax deduction for entertaining clients, represent about thirty per cent of the Yankees' ticket sale. Maybe a lot of those people wouldn't go to the games if they had to pay for the tickets. After making due allowances for multiple fans, corporation guests and tourists, you find that no more than three hundred thousand different people who live in the New York area see the Yankees play at home. It breaks down to not much more than two per cent of the local population. That's a miserable showing for a team with the Yankees' prestige.

"It's no great trick to pull big crowds when you have a good ball park and a pennant winner"—in 1948 Veeck's Indians established the major-league record for one season with 2,620,627 paid admissions. "But the best job of selling baseball I've ever done was at St. Louis in 1952. The team lost ninety games and never got out of seventh place after June, but we had one of the largest gates in the club's history"—518,796. "The blunt truth of the matter is that baseball is doing a rotten promotion job."

Attendance in the American League last season was 35 per cent below the all-time peak of 1948. The National League was a fraction under its high-water mark of 1947, despite the big stimulus provided by the introduction of major-league baseball in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Television usually is blamed for declining gates, but some observers say the problem goes deeper—that people have become too sophisticated to get excited over the performances of professional athletes.

We put the proposition to Veeck: Has baseball lost its appeal for the general public?

"Now you're coming up my street," he said. "Pardon me while I get comfortable

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for my big sales pitch." He went to the bedroom and returned with two crutches, then sat on the divan between us, rolled up his trousers and unstrapped his artificial right leg. While he was with the marines in the South Pacific during World War II, his leg was shattered by the recoil of a 90-mm. gun. After eighteen operations the leg finally was amputated below the knee in 1949 to stop the spread of osteomyelitis.

Veeck, then a vigorous man of thirty-five, had been a football star at little Kenyon College. He used to keep in shape by working out with his ball clubs. Since the amputation, he has made a point of treating his handicap casually and cracking wry jokes about it, probably to forestall sympathy.

At the opening game in Detroit this season, played with the temperature in the thirties, Veeck told people sitting in the box with him, "One advantage of having a wooden leg is that it never freezes on you."

Now he tucked the empty trouser leg under him—"I take up less room this way"—and resumed the interview. "You ask whether baseball has lost its appeal. I wouldn't have sunk all my money into the White Sox if I believed that, but I do think the appeal has changed. Everything in life changes except hidebound baseball owners.

"A lot of ball parks were built around 1910, and they look it. General Motors invests millions of dollars in a new model faster than some owners spend a couple of thousand to spruce up their old joints with a coat of paint. In the meantime, we're losing fans to race tracks which provide air-conditioned grandstands, moving stairways and every comfort for dropping money on the horses. Most fans travel by car, but there are adequate parking facilities only in Cleveland and Milwaukee.

"Outmoded physical plants are bad enough, but the worst mistake is the failure to promote baseball as a delightful way to spend an inexpensive afternoon or evening. There has been no change in the presentation of baseball since I started to peddle Ladies' Day tickets for the Cubs about thirty years ago"—Veeck's father was the president of the Cubs from 1919 to 1933.

"We're still selling the game on the won-and-lost column. That automatically means seven of eight teams in the league are offering a second-rate product, because only one can win the pennant."

Well, isn't winning ball games the big idea?

"Of course," he snapped, "and I'd give my one good leg to see the White Sox finish on top. But I'm also in the business to make money, and there aren't enough dyed-in-the-wool nuts who will come out regardless of the team's position in the standings. If I'm selling my team only on the basis of close competition, what happens when the Yankees clinch the pennant by Mother's Day, as they did last year?

"This may be heresy, but most people are not basically interested in the technique of baseball. They are casual fans who want fun and excitement. I can't guarantee every game will be exciting. Nobody can. There are bound to be very dull 11-to-2 games that are boring no matter which side you root for. But I can provide my fans with entertaining fun.

"A while ago you wondered whether people are too sophisticated nowadays to go for baseball. Let me ask a question. Where did all of this sophistication come from suddenly? You say television spreads it? Now I've really caught you between Scylla and Charybdis. I threw that in just to illustrate I've had a classical education. Can you name one TV show aimed at eggheads that ever has had as high a rating as a Western?

"The sources you cite imply that baseball is not a pastime for better-educated people. I agree. But how intellectual is football, the college man's game? Baseball serves the identical purpose for the working man. It gives him an emotional outlet, an excuse for yelling harmless insults at the umpires and the visiting team, and knocking off a few cans of beer. Maybe the home team gets murdered, and he can't sound off. So I create a gala atmosphere, give him something to talk about, with fireworks, bands, pretty girls and even midgets."

It was an opportune time to confront Veeck with the familiar charge that his promotion stunts are bush league, a travesty on baseball. What was his reaction to the accusation?

"I am amused," he said, but he was not smiling. "People who blast me for putting on corny shows forget that the Yankees have had dog races and acrobats before games. They also forget that on the last day of the season in 1933 the Yankees pitched Babe Ruth to draw a few more bucks at the gate. The Big Guy, who had pitched only one game in twelve years, damn near dropped dead on the mound, but he went nine innings and beat the Red Sox. What's worse—exploiting baseball's greatest star at the end of his career or using a midget for a gag that hurt no one?"

The midget incident, which convulsed everyone with laughter or choler, was sprung by Veeck at St. Louis in 1951. Eddie Gaedel, three feet seven inches short, was sent up as a pinch hitter against Detroit and walked on four pitches.

A similar situation was the climax of a short story by James Thurber, YOU COULD LOOK IT UP, in The Saturday Evening Post on April 5, 1941. Was the Thurber story the inspiration for Veeck's stunt?

"No, but four hundred and fifty people sent me copies of the story later," he replied. "I got the idea from my daddy, who had heard John McGraw, manager of the Giants, talk about it. McGraw had a hunchback batboy, Eddie Bennett, of whom he was very fond. He was always threatening to have Bennett pinch-hit for a player who was in a batting slump, although he never actually did it.

"Well, in 1951 the Browns were in a mass slump. The only way we could get a man to first base was on a walk, so I got Gaedel up in my office before the game and coached him to crouch ——"

Veeck did what?

"Showed him how to crouch to present a smaller target at the plate. Mayor Joseph Darst was there helping me. By the time we got through, Gaedel's strike zone was no bigger than a postage stamp." Veeck chuckled. "The first call I got when I landed in Chicago was from Gaedel. 'I'm in shape, boss,' Eddie said. 'I'm ready any time you need me.'

"I still don't see anything wrong with using a midget. The Browns were going to wind up in last place no matter what we did and Detroit couldn't finish better than fifth, so the stunt had no effect on the race. When you can't laugh at yourself, you're in real trouble.

"My favorite gag came the day Cleveland was eliminated from the race in 1949. We took down the 1948 championship flag and buried it with full ceremonies in center field. I got tricked out in a silk hat and a frock coat and drove the hearse around the park, with the players as pallbearers.

"The best stunts are cheap and spontaneous. I gave Gaedel one hundred dollars. Joe Early Night cost even less. Joe Early, a salesman for a small company, wrote a letter to the Cleveland Press complaining that ballplayers, who made a lot of money, always were getting nights in their honor. It was high time, he thought, that recognition was given to the average fan who paid his way into the park and supported the heroes. I latched onto the letter and persuaded local dealers to give Joe a car, an automatic washer, a TV set, a refrigerator—the works. The club's only contribution was a lifetime pass."

Surely Veeck's trick and treat on opening day at Chicago this year must have cost more than $100. He invited the 19,303 fans to have a free drink on the house and toast the success of the White Sox. Some 15,000 were served before the venders ran out of beer and soda pop.

"If you must know, and I'm sorry you asked, the drinks were donated by people who may be called friends of the management. All I paid was a buck apiece to a hundred extra venders who worked fifteen minutes."

In the furor over Veeck's promotion gimmicks, a vital fact is often overlooked. His successes have been predicated on the fast, decisive improvement of his teams, rather than on his stunts. In his debut in 1941 at Milwaukee, which was then in the American Association, there were exactly twenty-two customers in the park to watch the eighth-place Brewers the day Veeck and Charley Grimm took over. In 1943 Milwaukee clinched the first of three consecutive pennants, shortly before Veeck enlisted in the marines.

Cleveland won the World Series a year and a half after Veeck and associates acquired a sixth-place team in June of 1946. Only the bedraggled Browns failed to improve under Veeck, who operated the club from July, 1951, to the end of the 1953 season. He got in a financial jam in St. Louis spending close to $500,000 for players in anticipation of moving to Baltimore.

"If I hadn't been thrown out of the league on my ear," he told us, "Baltimore would have a good ball club today. Look at the fellows we owned." He ran down the list of his top properties, most of whom are with other clubs today—Turley, Larsen, Duren, Sievers, Courtney, Wertz, Groth, Moss.

Veeck improved each shining hour for himself too. He is adept at the modern corporation-finance practice of swinging big purchases for comparatively little cash plus extensive credit. He summed up his various baseball deals as follows: He and Charley Grimm put up no capital for Milwaukee, but assumed debts of $130,000. When they sold the team, Veeck's share of the profits was sufficient for him to buy a ranch in Arizona and to partic-

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By Patricia Duff McGinley

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Janie wants a blanket;
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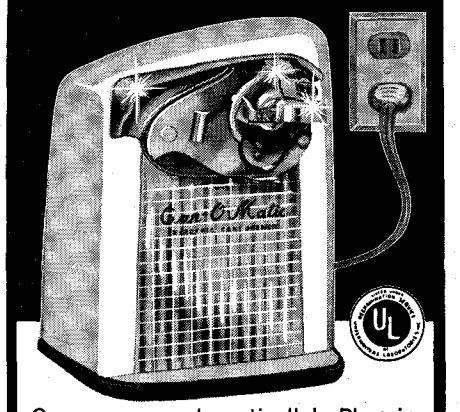

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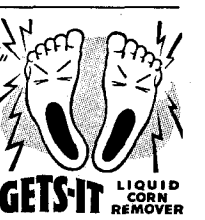

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ipate in a syndicate that purchased the Indians for $1,400,000 in 1946. Less than four years later the investment returned $2,700,000. Essentially the same principals acquired 80 per cent of the Browns' stock for $1,680,000 in 1951. They received $2,640,000 for their holdings three years later.

Veeck now is the largest investor among the eight men who contracted this year to pay $2,700,000 for 54 per cent of the stock in the White Sox, a consistent money maker through the years.

"I'm positive we have a great potential here," he said, "but first we have a public-relations job to do. Attendance last year dropped more than three hundred thousand. The fans have been bored by the suits Chuck Comiskey has dragged through the courts in battling his sister, Mrs. Dorothy Rigney, for control of the club." (Their mother's will left 46 per cent of the White Sox stock to young Comiskey and 54 per cent to Mrs. Rigney. It is the latter holdings that Veeck and Company have bought.)

Veeck went on, "Finishing second to the Yankees no longer is a novelty, but we can't win with our present personnel. The Yankees still have too much class. We have to buy or trade for two distance hitters to be a real contender."

It is curious that the White Sox never have had a man who led the league in homers or runs batted in.

Veeck nodded. "Since time immemorial the Sox have been the same type of club—fast and good defensively, but seldom with anyone who can whack the ball. The team always has been tailored to Comiskey Park, the biggest playing field in the league. The stands are three hundred fifty-two feet from the plate on both foul lines. Besides, a strong wind generally blows toward the plate. That means you need ball hawks to cover the outfield. But the fans want guys who can deliver the big whack."

Veeck was asked what his chances were of getting the sluggers he needs.

"You never know when you'll come up with somebody's son-in-law," he said, laughing. "That's how I made my best trade. At the end of 1948 Clark Griffith, who owned Washington, gave me Early Wynn and Mickey Vernon for Ed Robinson, Ed Klieman and Joe Haynes, a sore-arm pitcher. The key man in the deal was Haynes, Griff's son-in-law. Griff gave up Wynn, who later twice won twenty-three games for Cleveland, and Vernon, a former batting champion, just because he didn't want Haynes playing for that screwball in Cleveland—meaning me.

"Then you may be lucky and have the fans stop you from giving away the pennant, as I almost did with the Indians in 1947, when I wanted to trade Lou Boudreau to St. Louis. The next year Boudreau led us to the world championship with the greatest single season I've ever seen for any ballplayer. Yet I was so close to making the trade that I had Al Lopez sitting in the lobby of the Savoy-Plaza Hotel in New York waiting to be named my next manager."

Mention of Lopez, now the White Sox manager, raised an interesting point. Many people believe that when Casey Stengel retires from the Yankees he will recommend Lopez as his successor.

"I can well imagine any team wanting Lopez," Veeck said, "but I think the Yankees will have to appoint someone from their own ranks as a matter of policy. I'd say Ralph Houk is a strong possibility. I'm hoping, though, that Casey doesn't retire for a long time. He has been one of my favorite guys ever since I hired him as my manager at Milwaukee fifteen years ago. It's always enjoyable and educational listening to him."

Does Veeck fathom Casey's scrambled syntax?

"Casey has a penchant for starting three stories at once, but he is very lucid when he wants you to understand him. Let me tell of an incident that illustrates why Casey is great. Two years ago the Yankees lost a night game in Cleveland when Tony Kubek, who was playing center field, slipped on the wet grass and failed to reach a routine fly ball. The next morning I had breakfast with Casey and sympathized with him on the tough break that had cost him the game.

"'It wasn't a tough break,' Casey said. 'It was my stupidity. After the game I looked at Kubek's shoes and, sure enough, they were the same ones he probably had used in high school. The spikes were worn down to a nub. That's why he slipped. Now, it's the duty of a manager to inspect the equipment of his men, especially rookies. So I said to Kubek, "Young man, buy yourself a new pair of shoes tomorrow and charge them to me. After this, if you use any kind of equipment that isn't major league I'll know you don't want to stay in the major leagues, and I can take care of that very easily."'"

Veeck paused. "I know of no other manager who would've thought a player's shoes were his responsibility, or blamed himself for neglecting it. Those are the details that win ball games for Casey."

It is significant that Veeck's sniping at the Yankees is confined exclusively to general manager Weiss. He is particularly high on Stengel, Yogi Berra and Gil McDougald—"the most underrated player in the game"—but he rarely misses an opportunity to take a crack at Weiss. The feud was triggered in 1953, when Veeck threatened to get an injunction to stop telecasts of the Browns' games in New York unless he was given a share of the Yankees' TV fee. Weiss retaliated by announcing that he would not schedule the Browns for lucrative night games at Yankee Stadium.

"Weiss had me over a barrel, so I capitulated," Veeck said. "I still insist I was justified in my demand. Every customer kept away by TV deprives the visiting team of twenty-seven and a half cents, its share of each ticket sold. Maybe the Browns were the worst team in the league, but they contributed as much to the telecast as the Yankees. The Yankees' TV rights wouldn't be worth a dime if they had no team to play.

"I'm going to bring up this issue again, because the difference in TV money points up the inequities of baseball more than anything else. Washington gets a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year from TV. The Yankees get more than a million. That gives the Yankees a tremendous edge when they compete for players.

"The hassle over TV was just one of several things that led to my departure from the league. Maybe I had it coming to me. I poked fun at stuffy members in meetings. And then I proposed the unrestricted draft—I'll come to that in a minute—which was anathema to rich teams with extensive farm systems. Finally, I wanted to move from St. Louis. That awful blow to tradition, coupled with my general demeanor, was all the owners needed to say, 'Let's get rid of this bum.'"

It was suggested to Veeck that the National League—the first to approve the shift of a franchise and to expand to the West Coast—now is a stronger circuit than the American League.

"Wait a minute, you're lumping together two unrelated factors," Veeck said. "There is no question the National League is stronger competitively and financially than we are. Its close pennant races reflect a more balanced distribution of talent. When you go out to sign a player today the top bids come from National League teams—Milwaukee, then St. Louis and Philadelphia.

"The National League made a grave mistake, though, in pulling out of New York, the publicity capital of the country. After I left the Browns I spent seventy-five thousand dollars trying to convince both leagues that Los Angeles and San Francisco were the logical places to move immediately. I did it in the hope of getting one of the franchises. It didn't make any difference to me which league it was in. I never dreamed both the Dodgers and Giants would leave New York. I thought there would be an expansion to ten clubs in each league and then, maybe five years later, an increase to twelve clubs, followed by a split into four major leagues. I still believe that was the way it should have been done.

"The American League missed the boat by failing to move to the West Coast, but it began to lose the initiative to the National League fifteen years ago, when a bunch of wealthy men suddenly were in the market to buy clubs. More National League clubs were available. As a result, most of the fresh capital was poured into the National League.

"Today, every National League owner is a millionaire several times over except Horace Stoneham, and he has a good thing going for him in the Giants." (Walter O'Malley, of the Dodgers, might object to being classed with the multimillionaires.) "In the American League most clubs are run by syndicates, which never are as strong as individual owners."

Veeck shook his head. "This brings you smack up against a paradox. New capital has improved the major-league structure, but it has retarded the game to an alarming degree. Rich owners have so many other business interests that they turn over the operation of their clubs to general managers who are career men in baseball. Now comes the big drawback. When important legislation and policy matters are decided in league meetings, the absentee owners, not the general managers, do the voting.

"The owners undoubtedly are intelligent men, or they wouldn't have amassed the money to afford the luxury of a ball club. But they have so little time to study new proposals that they vote to retain the status quo rather than risk a bold decision. So baseball muddles along with no definite program to meet the problems posed by changing conditions."

Two measures are needed, Veeck believes, to restore balanced competition in the major leagues: (1) a common pool for TV receipts which all teams will share equally; (2) unrestricted drafting of minor-league players, to eliminate the monopolizing of talent through farm systems. Veeck would permit each team to control only forty players.

If players were subject to draft by any team after one year in organized baseball, as Veeck recommends, major-league clubs would have no incentive to subsidize minor-league farms, which generally lose money. In that event, wouldn't the minors collapse?

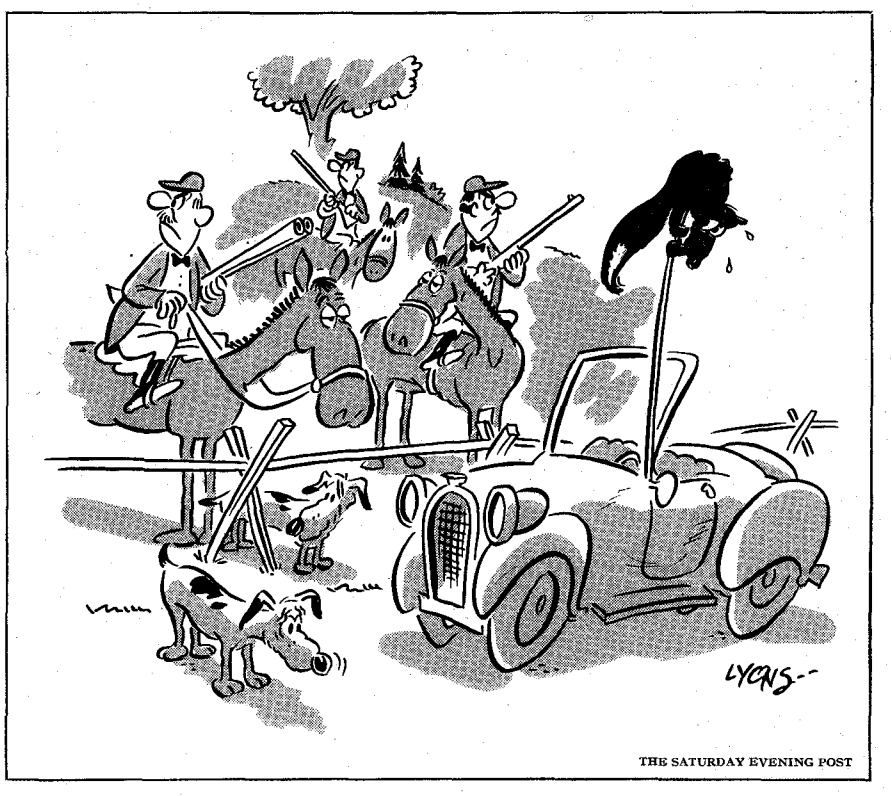
"Nonsense," Veeck snapped. "In the old days—the so-called golden age of baseball—all minor-league clubs were independently owned, and seventy-five per cent made money. The minors withered on the vine when they lost their chief source of income—the sale of players to the majors.

"I did no better than break even at the gate in Milwaukee, but I cleared a handsome profit by scouting players in my own territory and selling them to the majors. The players benefited, on the whole, because I gave them twenty per cent of the purchase price. You hear about huge bonuses paid to rookies, but only a handful hit the jackpot. My way, every kid who went up to the big leagues was rewarded for his ability."

What chance is there of having his proposals adopted?

Veeck shrugged. "Back in 1922 my daddy suggested an interleague schedule—a plan for American and National League teams to play each other occasionally during the season to whip up a little added interest. The owners still are debating that revolutionary idea, so you can see how rapidly the great American game of baseball moves.

"I'm going to keep on plugging for the unrestricted draft and the pooling of TV money because I believe they are vital for the welfare of baseball. I've been a maverick all my life, and if conforming means I have to become stuffy and stilted, devoid of any fun, I'd just as soon be evicted from the American League again." THE END



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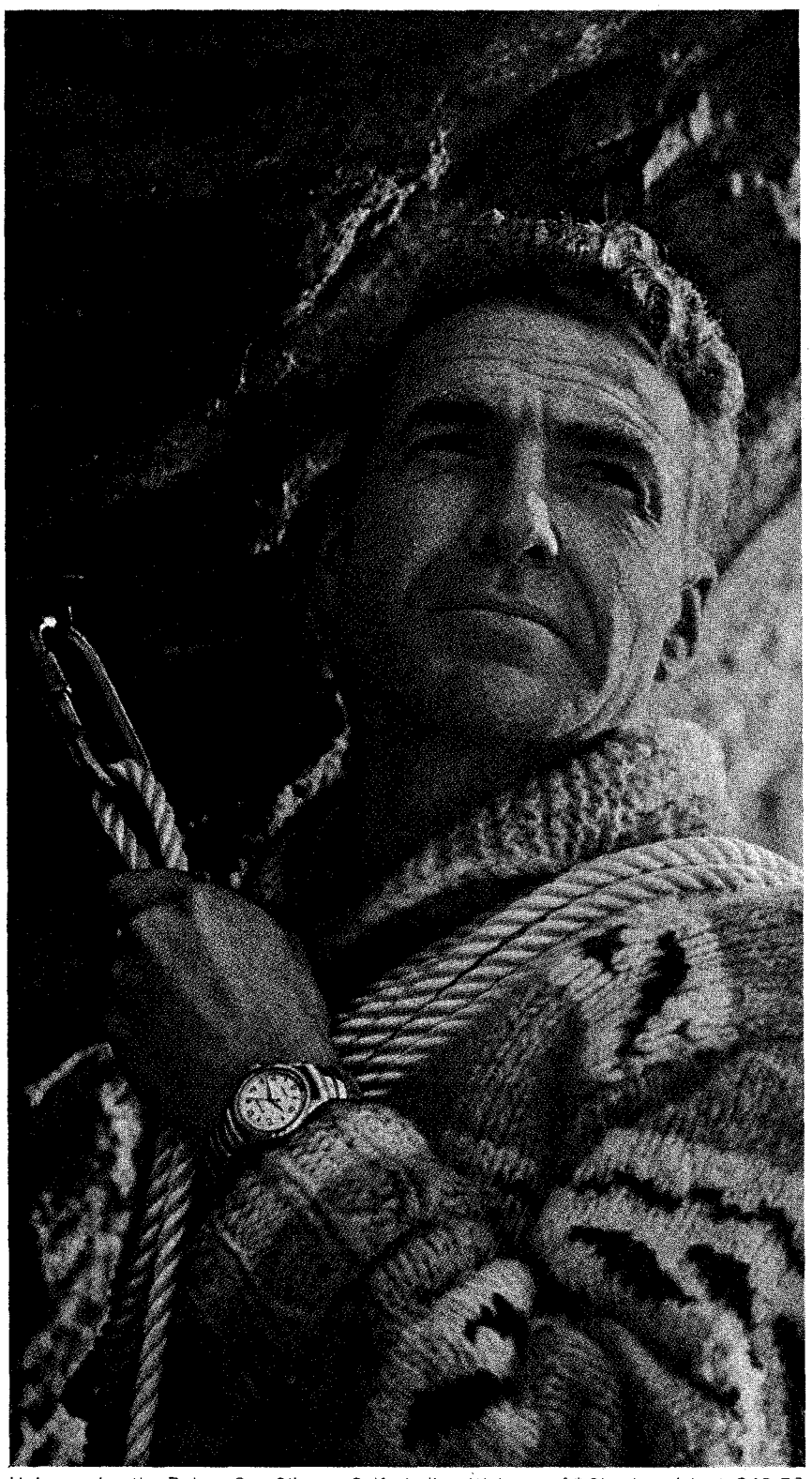

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Island of Hate (Continued from Page 22)

blow of a rifle butt. It was not an answer to give a man whose blood was like the blood they spilled, a man who could be tortured beyond endurance by a mother's anguished screams.

O'Brien had killed two of the president's executioners and had seriously wounded the third. For him, then, and for the boy's family, there had been safety only with men who believed such killing was justified. The family had been helped out of the country. O'Brien had stayed to pay the debt he felt was owed for this help, becoming a revolutionary for a certain length of time. His uniform was a set of faded suntans, too small for his long frame. Insignia indicated he was an officer. His shoes were worn American paratrooper boots, his helmet was a soiled Panama hat.

O'Brien had never questioned the rightness of the revolution, or the obligation he owed the men who commanded it. Nor had he questioned the specific task they had set for him. But he never failed to wonder at the ironic mix-up of good and evil that made the task necessary. The men who commanded the revolution were men of good conscience. The man who directed this group, Tomás Vilar, was without any conscience at all.

O'Brien had been surprised to find the notorious commander so young. Tomás Vilar was only twenty-six. He was short and round and appeared soft. But he was not soft. He liked food, drink, women, being alive, being a revolutionist and being in command. In addition, he liked killing government soldiers.

Angela Diaz, kneeling at the small fire, spoke to O'Brien now. She used Spanish, as they all did, because he knew the language and they spoke English badly, if at all. "I have made coffee."

Angela Diaz was twenty-five. She wore a man's trousers and a man's shirt, and her black hair was cut off short for convenience. But she was not bad to look at. She had given her son the large, dark eyes and the long, dark lashes. O'Brien understood that she had seen her husband die of a cut throat for refusing to answer a question put to him by a government officer, but he had been unable to find insanity in her eyes, or even dullness. They were the thoughtful, shadowed eyes of a good woman.

"The Diaz family," he said, "is a family of dirty faces."

She shrugged. "When I cook in the Palace, I will wash ten times a day."

Tomás Vilar made a snort of laughter. "What do you say to that, O'Brien? Is this a woman? Give me a hundred men with as much purpose and I would hang the president within a week."

"She is much woman," O'Brien agreed. He smiled at her. "Is the coffee good, Angela?"

"I promise only that it is hot."

"In a moment, then."

O'Brien got up and slung his carbine on his shoulder. "I have need of three minutes to myself," he said to Vilar. "I will see about the men and return in five minutes."

Vilar gave permission with a shrug.

O'Brien went a short distance to the bank of a small stream and washed himself. Then he took up his carbine again and went beyond the stream, climbing through the undergrowth of palmetto, rank fern and wild banana, and presently came upon a man lying prone at the edge of a cliff. The man's name was Julio Peña. He wore sergeant's stripes sewn on the sleeves of ragged fatigues, and he held field glasses firm on braced elbows. He did not lower the glasses when O'Brien spoke to him. "How does it go with you?"

"It goes well enough," the sergeant answered.

At the foot of the cliff the mountain continued to slope swiftly away. A highway, which was near at hand and only a little below them on the left, curved down across that slope in long sweeps, disappearing and reappearing. It went straight, finally, for a short length at a distance of about a mile. It was this short straight the sergeant was watching.

"Are you confident you will know the car?" O'Brien asked.

"I am confident of nothing," the sergeant answered. "That is why I go to Mass. But I have a quarter of a kilometer of highway in my glasses, and I have seen pictures of the American sports car. If the woman is not driving too fast and if I am not too stupid, I will know it."

"The woman is driving?"

"So the radio tells us."

"And Captain Córdova is with her?"

"Yes."

"Is there any report of an escort?"

"A truck carrying soldiers is on the highway ahead of them now. Two miles ahead at last report."

O'Brien checked the angle of the sun as it fell on the field glasses. "Be careful of the reflection. Córdova is a soldier of experience."

"I have seen the daughter of Pedro Redondo," the sergeant said. "A man who will do such a thing to a child is not a soldier. Or even a man. He is filth."

"Córdova is filth of experience then."

"I will be careful," the sergeant said.

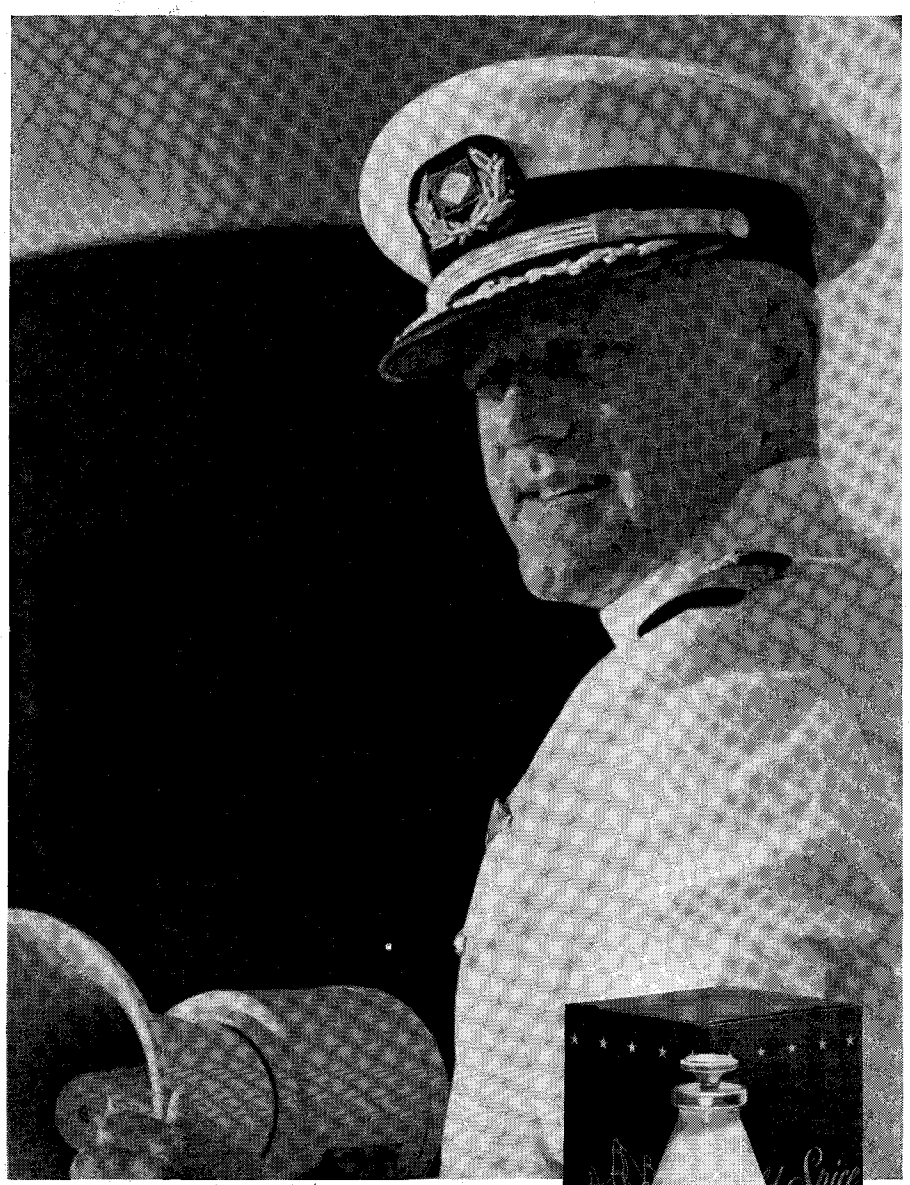
O'Brien turned and went along a path. He paused in a dozen yards to look up at a jutting rock where three men were sitting in partial concealment, one holding a hand radio.

"Can you speak with Hernando?" O'Brien asked.

"I did only a moment ago."

"The truck with the soldiers must be stopped," (*Continued on Page 98*)

MEN WHO FACE
SUN AND WIND



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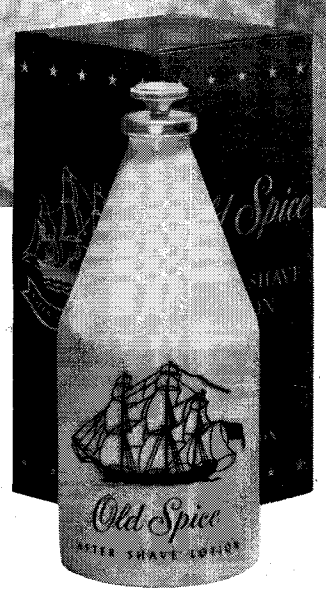

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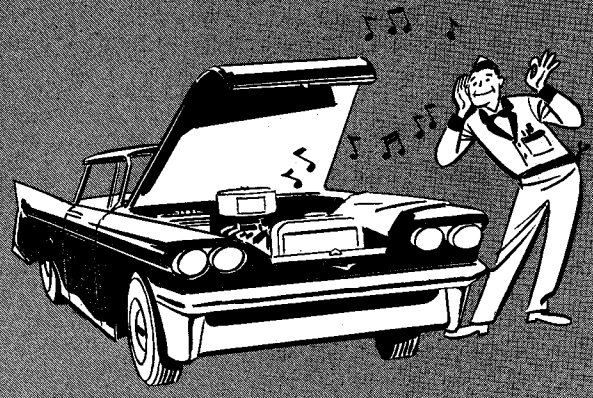

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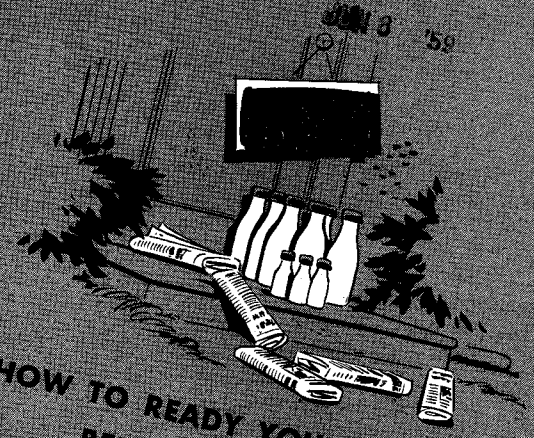

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(*Continued from Page 96*) O'Brien said. "Ask Hernando to see to it. It would be best if it were some small thing, like two flat tires."

"I will tell him."

O'Brien went on, returning in a few moments to the clearing. He told Vilar about the truck and the thing he'd asked be done about it. Vilar only shrugged again. Angela gave O'Brien coffee in a canteen cup. Vilar was drinking coffee laced with rum. He offered O'Brien the rum bottle, and when O'Brien refused, hostility came into Vilar's eyes.

"A man who refuses rum is not much of a man," he said. He drank from his cup. . . . "Do you agree, Angela? Would you, as a woman, have anything to do with a man who refuses rum?"

Angela did not lift her eyes. "As a woman, I would be content with O'Brien, with rum or without. He is more man than anyone I know."

O'Brien said, "You are kind, Angela."

"She is mistaken," Vilar said. "Or she lies. I have seen this before—the Americans have their pick of our women because they are Americans, not because they are men of value. In time, all our children will grow as tall as trees and have noses like turkey buzzards."

Angela said, "He is one of us, too, remember."

"Which is proof of what I say."

O'Brien was giving much attention to the coffee in his cup. "Angela means only that she likes me as a friend," he said. "And I feel the same toward her."

Vilar spoke to Angela, "How did you mean it?"

Angela's face was flushed, and she was busy packing her few utensils. "I meant it in all ways," she said. . . . "But do not concern yourself, O'Brien. I will keep my place." Without turning her head, she said, "Carlos, take these things to the top of the mountain and wait beside the path."

The boy was startled. He had thought himself well hidden in a growth of wild banana at the edge of the clearing. But he came forward, took the small pack of cooking utensils and went away. Angela covered the last of the fire.

"If you are done amusing yourself," she said to Vilar, "you might give a little thought to serious things."

Vilar grinned at O'Brien. "Women like to worry."

Soberly O'Brien said, "There are serious things to consider."

Vilar's hostility returned. "You criticize me?"

"I criticize myself," O'Brien said. He was thinking that as second in command here he had a very narrow line to walk. "I was assigned to you with instructions to be of service," he said. "I have done all the physical things there were to do, but I have suggested nothing. A good lieutenant is supposed to think, as well as work, and to give his commander the aid of his thinking."

"I think well enough without aid," Vilar said.

"Nevertheless my instructions were clear."

"Here I give the instructions," Vilar said. "Here, I am in command." He took a drink from his canteen cup. "Look around you, American. These are my men. They take their instructions from me, not the men at headquarters. If I say shoot the American with the buzzard's beak, shoot him now, they will shoot you. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And you still want to think for me?"

"I want to say what I am thinking."

Angela spoke sharply. "Enough strutting, Vilar. We are lucky to have a man of O'Brien's experience. You would be a great fool if you did not make every use of him."

"I will use him," Vilar said. "In my own way, in my own time, without any help from you. But he is new with us, and it is necessary that he knows his position, my position, and who commands here." He looked at O'Brien. "So—now tell me what you are thinking. I may listen."

"I have been thinking that we give too much importance to this thing with Captain Córdova," O'Brien said. "I understand that Córdova is very important, and that you have been waiting months for him to leave the capital. And I also understand that it is great good luck that he should become interested enough in the American woman to lose his judgment. And I agree that we should take him now, at almost any cost."

Vilar said, "You agree—what is the dispute?"

"Córdova is not the main objective," O'Brien said. "It is a small, necessary thing, convenient for us now. Boca Rio, and what we are to do there, is our primary objective. The ship with the arms is due there the twenty-eighth of this month. That is only eight days from now. Eight days is not half time enough to plan and prepare ourselves for an action the size of Boca Rio. I am thinking about that."

"I will manage Boca Rio," Vilar said.

"No doubt." O'Brien drank from his cup. "But with some difficulty, I think you will agree. I worry most about the tanks, and the diversion that is to keep them occupied while we hold the harbor and unload the ship. I have had something to do with tanks. I found them formidable."

"I have killed a tank with a bottle of gasoline."

"It can be done."

"But not by American marines?"

O'Brien looked at him steadily. "Doubt me, if you like," he said. "But do not deceive yourself about American marines. Or about tanks. If they get through to us before the arms are taken from the ship, we are finished."

Vilar finished his coffee and rum. "You fear machines," he said. "I fear the men who operate the machines. In particular, I fear the man who commands the operators. You think I want Córdova only because of what he did at the farm of Pedro Redondo. But I have another reason. It concerns Boca Rio."

O'Brien said, "Córdova is a commander of tanks?"

"He is their best commander of tanks," Vilar said. "I will feel better about Boca Rio when Córdova is dead."

"It could be done quickly here."

"That would be a waste."

"In the political sense? Or the military?"

"Something of both." Vilar grinned. "It is true I am a politician, as well as a soldier. That is why I command and you obey—I have the authority of the people behind me. From time to time I think of them and the things that will please them."

"They do not require what you have in mind."

Vilar studied O'Brien. "You are not being honest with me," he said. "You say you are concerned about Boca Rio and the tanks and Captain Córdova. But you have not mentioned the American woman."

"Naturally I am concerned about her."

"Oh, naturally!" Vilar mocked him.

"She is not involved in this," O'Brien said. "The reports call her a woman of decency. She was going to make this trip, and Córdova chose to go with her—it was not her design."

"Design?" Vilar asked. "There is no design. Córdova became foolish about a

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woman, and he has finally exposed himself. She is happy to have him with her. She may even be his woman now."

"I do not believe it," O'Brien said.

"Because she is an American?"

"Because of the reports."

"You do not know her?"

"No."

Vilar thought a moment. "I know what you are up to, O'Brien. And you are not going to succeed at it. I do not like killing women. But I am in command, and I must place the safety of my men before the life of any person, man or woman. It could be fatal to us to let her live."

"She could be kept prisoner."

"With what lies ahead of us?"

"It could be managed."

"Are you thinking as a soldier?"

"I think as a man, first," O'Brien said. "Then as a soldier. I can do anything a soldier must do. But I say this is not necessary."

Vilar asked, "Who commands here?"

"You command," O'Brien said.

"And I say it is necessary!"

Jill Corby was driving with enjoyment. The sun had just risen, the air was cool and clean, and there was a clear brilliance to all the colors. The car she was driving was a thoroughbred among cars, and Captain Córdova, who rode beside her, had proved himself excellent company. But most important was her feeling of accomplishment. The capital was hundreds of miles and twelve hours behind her, the city on the bay was no more than seventy-five miles ahead—the trip was nearing a successful end.

Jill Corby was twenty-two. There was a lean ranginess about her, too athletic to be truly beautiful. Her hair was an unremarkable light brown; her eyes were hazel; her skin was inclined to redden under the sun, rather than tan. But she had beauty, the beauty of candor and honesty and clean lines. Her nose was straight, her chin firm and the smooth-sloping line of her mouth was generous and warm. She was wearing a modest peasant blouse, a full skirt and slim golden sandals.

"You're very quiet," she said to Captain Córdova, smiling. "Don't tell me I've worn you out."

"My apologies," Captain Córdova said, answering her smile. "You drive so well there is no excitement to keep me awake. I was half asleep, I guess."

They spoke in English. Jill had found that most people in the country who knew English were grateful for an opportunity to use it. The opportunities for Jill to use her Spanish, which was very good, were, of course, endless. The favor was small, then, and easily granted.

But the captain had not been half asleep. Jill made a note of the small lie with pleasant excitement. There had been much talk and speculation among the Americans in the capital about the revolution. One understood there was still strong feeling though in three months there had been no reports of shooting. It was whispered that there was censorship. And rumor had it that there might possibly be fighting in these mountains at the eastern end of this island country. Still, the officials had not forbidden her to make the trip. Captain Córdova, a man of some importance, had even suggested he go along to act as guide.

The captain was a man of forty-odd, taller than the average of his countrymen. His dark hair was gray at the temples, his features were regular, his smile was very pleasant. But Jill did not doubt his strength. "Beautiful country," he said. "You must admit we give you tourists a little of everything."

"A little of everything," Jill agreed.

She swung to the left to pass a group of soldiers standing about a stalled truck. The soldiers were interested in the sports car and even more interested in her. The captain was much interested in the truck. He looked back at it for some distance.

"What was the trouble?" Jill asked.

"A flat tire apparently."

The highway began traversing a steep slope, looping upward toward a rocky prominence. There was a cliff above them to the left and hardly less than that below them on the right. Jill was alert for any danger. It was because of this that, rounding a curve and coming suddenly upon a barricade, she was able to stop before striking it.

"Where were the warning signs?"

Nowadays grandma leaves a light in the window so she can find her way back home.

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The captain was silent. He had jerked the door release before the car had stopped. He was half in and half out of the car now, motionless. His face was stiff, and he was breathing heavily. He stared into the undergrowth beside the road, swung his eyes quickly to another place and then another. He whispered a curse in Spanish.

Jill said, "What on earth ——"

There was no need to finish the question. A dozen men had suddenly appeared, stepping from behind trees, standing erect out of ferns, climbing up over the edge of the road. Each man had a gun.

Jill said, "Oh, no!"

The men were a ragged lot and wore odds and ends of uniforms. One of them had corporal stripes sewn on the sleeves of a civilian shirt. But they handled their rifles, carbines and machine pistols with professional skill.

"Revolutionists!" Jill whispered.

They moved without orders. Two men took positions down the road, two others trotted up the road, others went to work on the light barricade, taking it apart. The corporal with the civilian shirt and two soldiers appeared beside the captain. The soldiers held the captain at gun point, while the corporal tore at the captain's uniform, searching.

The captain's face was still, his eyes bright and hard, his forehead sweating. When the corporal ripped open the captain's uniform blouse, their faces came close together. Deliberately the captain spat in the corporal's face. "And upon your mother," the captain said.

The corporal wiped his face with the back of his hand, staring at the captain with young, dark eyes. Then, with equal deliberation, he lifted his rifle and drove the butt plate into the captain's face. The captain's nose was broken, and blood spilled from it over his mouth and chin.

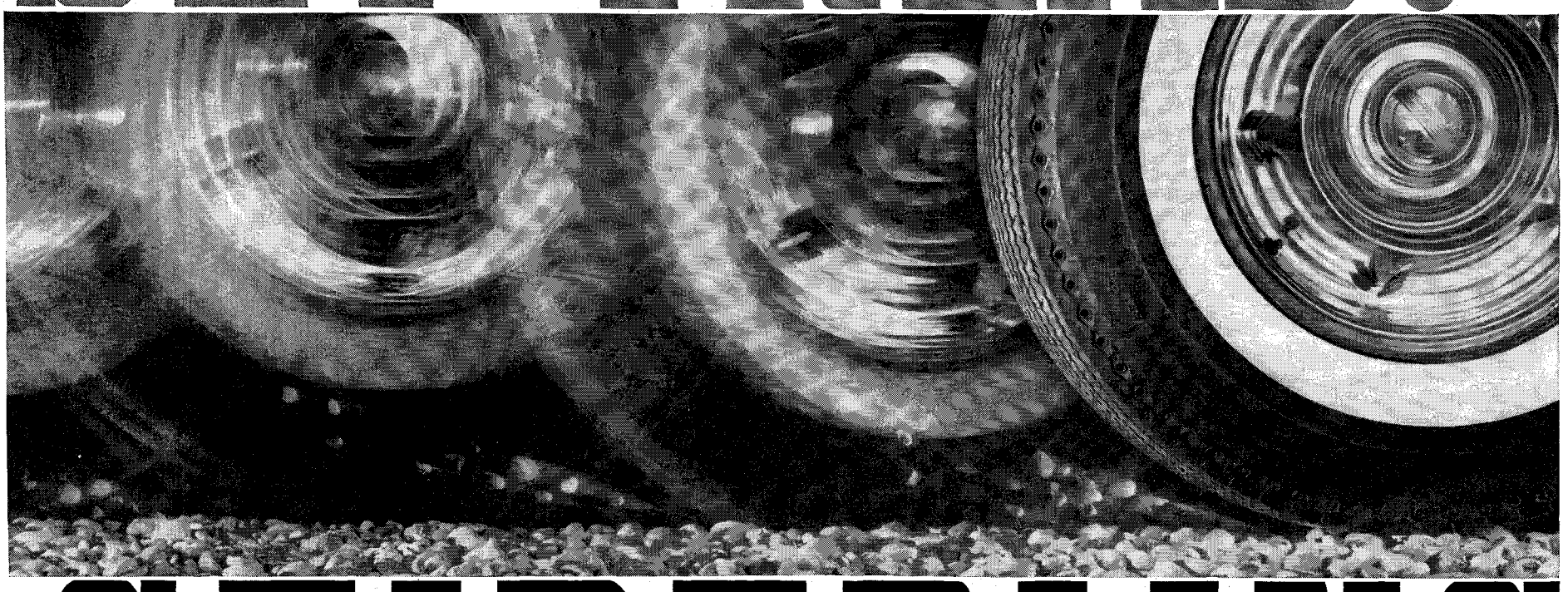
The door on Jill's side was jerked open, and a rough hand caught her arm. "Get out!" a voice said in English. "Get out fast!"

The man who held her arm was very tall. He wore a soiled Panama hat and the shrunken suntan uniform of an officer. He had gray eyes and an ax blade of a nose. There was a savage sort of urgency in the way he looked at her.

"You're an American!" she said. Suddenly her shock and fear had become anger and fear—an American with these bandits! She began to struggle and to fight without

(*Continued on Page 101*)

JET TREAD!



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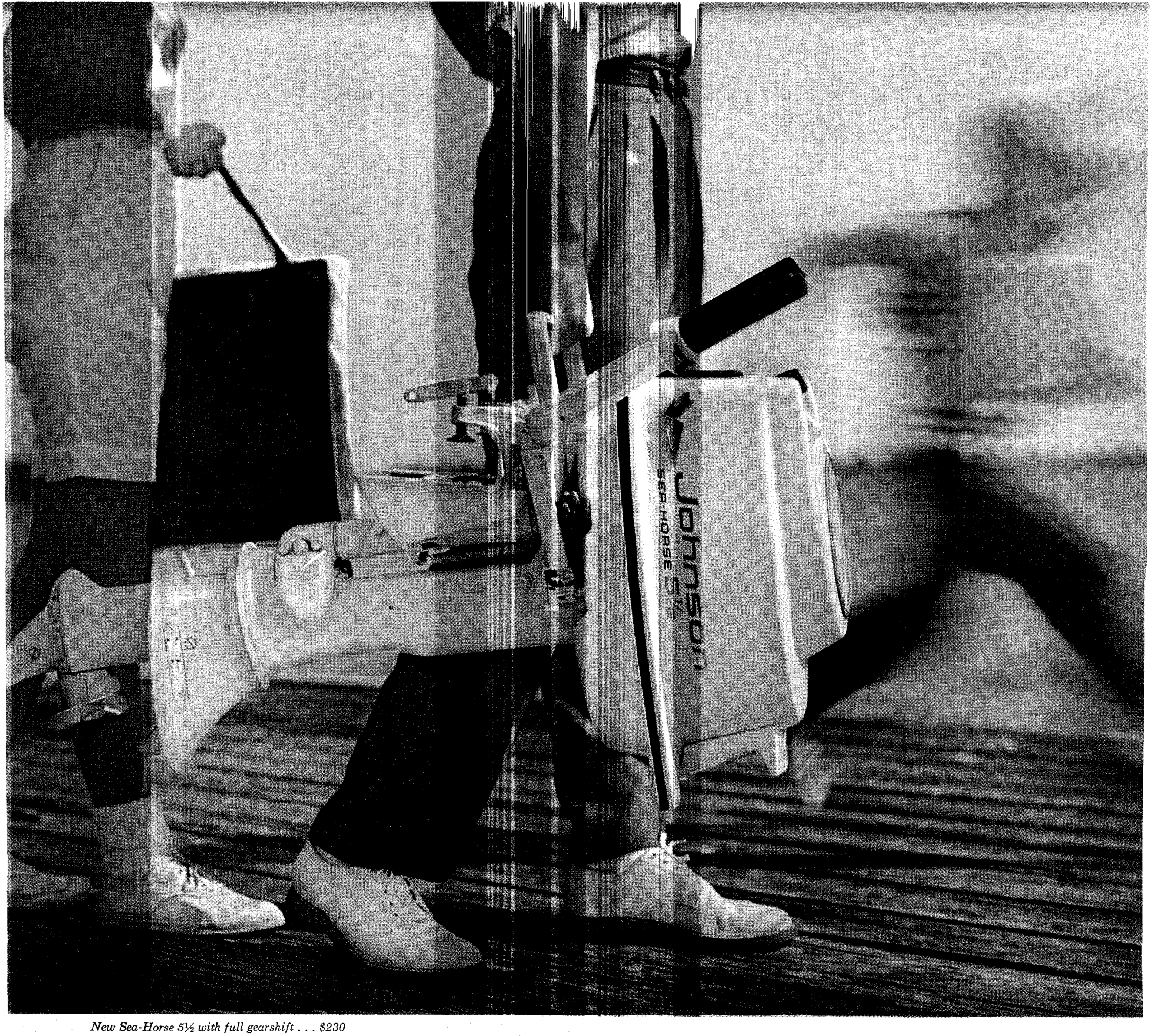

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To fit your family fun, '59 Johnsons range from the 33 lb. 3 hp to the mighty V-50. Wonderfully convenient electric starting can be had on the three largest sizes (18, 35 and 50 hp). Prices start as low as $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

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Goes better with your boat

. . . makes your boat go better!

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(*Continued from Page 99*) sense, striking at him with a fist, then clawing at his face.

O'Brien dragged her from the car and around to the other side. His carbine was slung across his back, his left hand gripped her arm, his right hand held the forty-five automatic. He turned to three men who had gathered close beside him. The men were Sgt. Julio Peña and two who always fought close to him. O'Brien put the forty-five against the sergeant's chest.

"You will die, Julio," O'Brien said.

The sergeant's face was taut. "But you will die also!"

"Now is as well as later."

Knowing Spanish, Jill knew what they had said, but it meant nothing to her. She was concerned only with fighting O'Brien. She had bitten his wrist and had drawn blood, and now she was trying to reach his face with fingers clawed again. O'Brien held her at the length of his long arm, his eyes locked in a contest of wills with the sergeant.

Angela Diaz called from the trees, "Bring her to me!"

The sergeant swore, undecided.

O'Brien said, "It's a short life in any case, Julio."

"All right. Give her to me!"

O'Brien gave Jill to the sergeant. The sergeant spoke sharply to his men, they slung their rifles and took Jill by the arms. They ran her across the road and threw her forward. She ran, staggering, into the undergrowth. Angela, who was waiting, fell upon her back and bore her to the ground.

The soldiers turned quickly. They waited, as O'Brien and the sergeant waited, to see what might come from Vilar about this. Nothing came from Vilar. He was standing in the center of the road, looking at O'Brien, his machine pistol pointed toward the ground. Vilar said, "I have never had a mutiny before."

"It was decency," O'Brien said. "Not mutiny."

"It was mutiny, and idiocy as well," Vilar said. "For this there will be an accounting."

"I understand that."

"Then attend to the car."

The sergeant and his men went to help with the barricade. O'Brien got into the sports car, turned it across the road and ran it to the edge of the shoulder. Here, the slope fell away steeply, almost a cliff. O'Brien and two others shoved it over the edge. The car tumbled down the slope and was swallowed by the jungle.

"Is there nothing left?" Vilar asked.

O'Brien's eyes searched the slope. "Nothing," he said.

A soldier with a broom made of branches swept the tire marks from the soft shoulder. In a moment there were only the skid marks on the pavement and crushed ferns beside the road to show that anything at all had taken place here.

Captain Córdova, holding a bloody handkerchief to his face, was shoved across the road and into the trees. O'Brien waved at the men who had stationed themselves on the road above and below, and they disappeared up the hills. Then O'Brien and Vilar went into the trees.

"You climb like a frightened deer," Vilar said, following O'Brien. "What frightens you, American?"

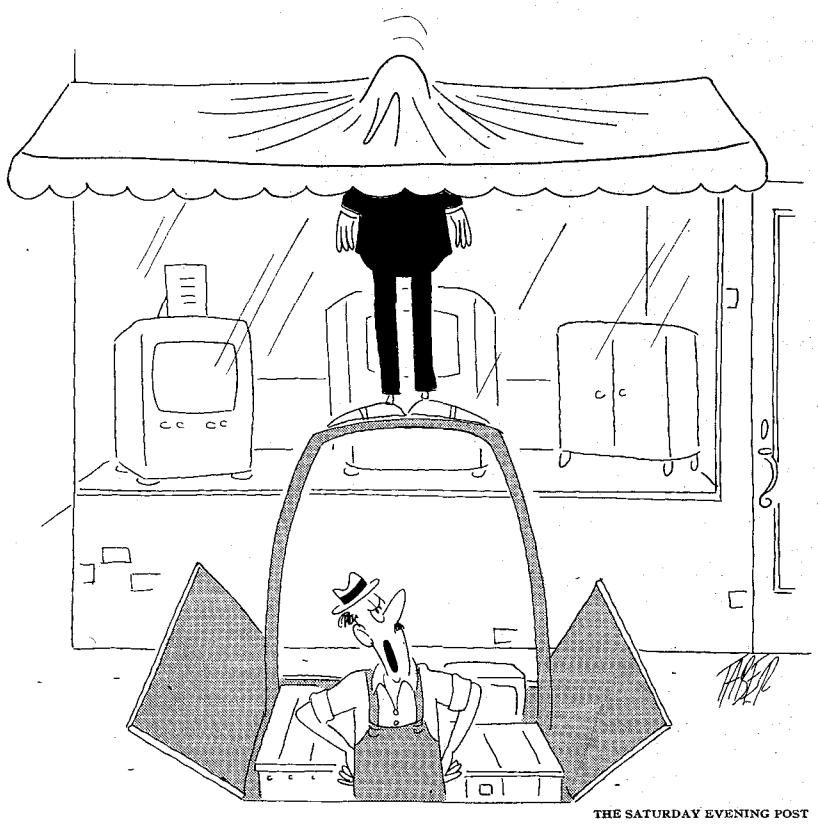
"The passage of time," O'Brien said.

He was watching the others as he climbed. They were all scattered through the trees, so as to leave no common path, climbing with urgency. Córdova was climbing well because of the prodding point of a knife in the corporal's hand. Angela and the American girl were nowhere in sight. O'Brien hoped they had begun climbing before the thing at the road was finished, but it was equally possible Angela was climbing somewhere alone. To exist as a revolutionary, one had to be able to kill quickly and without sickness, and Angela was a revolutionary of experience.

They went past the place where they had camped and came finally to another clearing. This one had been prepared during the night. A thirty-caliber machine gun had been placed to cover the road. There was a small mortar on either side of it. Some men manned the weapons, the others scattered to positions where their rifles would bear on the road.

O'Brien checked the placement of every man, then spoke to Vilar. "We are ready."

Vilar spoke loudly enough for all to hear. "Let them pass, if they will. We do not want a fight if we can avoid it. The



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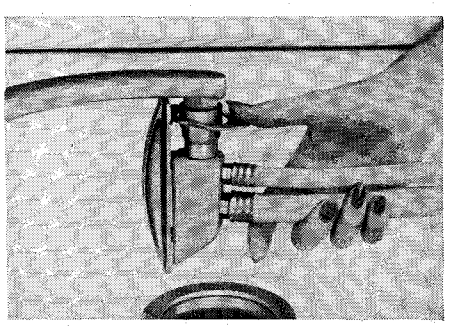

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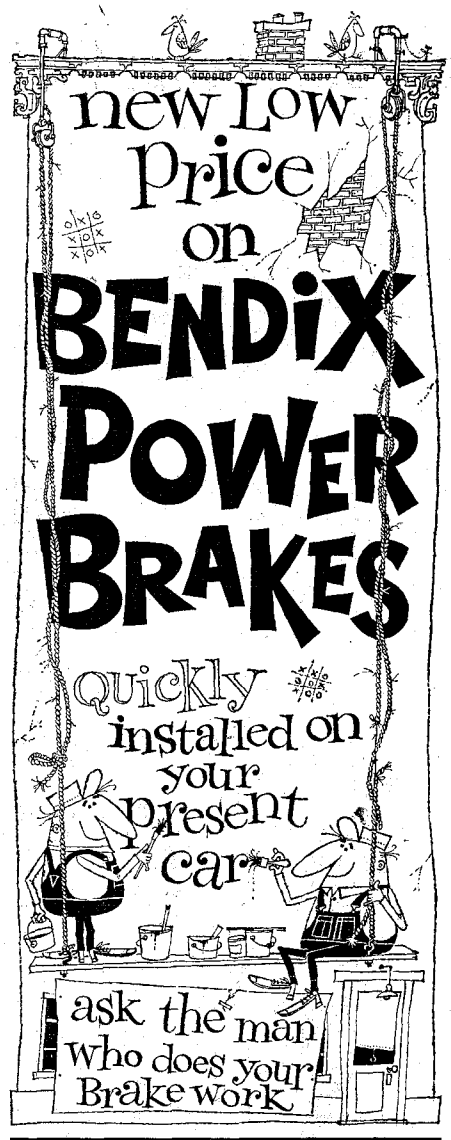

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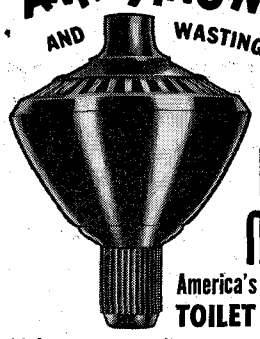

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man who fires before my order will be shot by my gun. Is it clearly understood?"

The men replied that it was.

O'Brien took a position some distance from Vilar beside Sgt. Julio Peña. They had about thirty-five yards of road in their view. The angle was sharply downward, and the distance to the road approached two hundred fifty yards. O'Brien made a mental note to allow for shooting downhill, and wished for a Garand or even a Springfield.

"They take their time," the sergeant said.

"I asked Hernando for two flat tires," O'Brien said. "He would give us two, if he had to bite a hole in one of them. It is unlikely they would have two spares. With one, there would be the business of patching the tube."

"Hernando has the smell of a bull," the sergeant said, "and a bull's sweet temper. But he will do any task set for him. There is none better."

"Much man," O'Brien agreed.

O'Brien did not take his eyes from the road, but he could see the sergeant's face well with the edge of his vision. It was a good face. True, it was unreasonably handsome, and there was youthful vanity in the care the sergeant took of it—the shaving, the trimming of the narrow mustache, the brushing of the strong white teeth. But the face was firm.

O'Brien spoke quietly, so that Vilar would not hear. "I would have killed you, Julio, about the girl. In my life I remember nothing as good as the fact that we can be together now. This is how it stands with me. I have no way of saying it better."

"You have said it well enough."

"And your men ——"

"I will tell them."

"There will be reprisal."

"With certainty."

"And I will be with you."

"That, too, is certain," the sergeant said. "But Vilar is a bad enemy. You will do well to look after yourself."

The sun was already hot upon their backs, and O'Brien was sweating. The truck with the soldiers would come very soon now. *And let it go by*, he said to himself. He did not feel compassion when he said it. He felt concern about what would result from fighting them.

A man heard the sound of the truck, and word of it was passed along the line. In a moment the truck appeared. It was a new truck, lightly loaded, and would not have difficulty with the grade. But it was going slowly.

"Damn!" the sergeant said. "They know!"

"It is not certain," O'Brien said. But his belly was tight.

The men in the truck were alert about something. They were hard-faced men, professionals, and they were perfectly equipped. They stood facing outward, their rifles ready. A thirty-caliber machine gun was mounted on a circular track near the cab. A gunner's hands were on the grips, and a man beside him held a belt of cartridges free of entanglement.

Quietly Vilar said, "They are sitting ducks." He was crouching near O'Brien and the sergeant, a knee on the ground, a hand holding the machine pistol. His attention was fixed rigidly on the truck.

O'Brien felt the salt of his sweat begin to sting the edges of his eyes. He put his face against the stock of his carbine, constructed a careful sight pattern and brought it to bear on the chest of the man behind the machine gun on the truck. He moved the pattern slowly as the truck moved.

The truck went beyond the skid marks, but one of the men at the tail gate saw them and understood them correctly. He called out. Then another saw something beside the road against the rising slope and called out also. Others added their voices, and the truck stopped.

"Luck of the devil!" Vilar said. "Kill them!"

O'Brien shot the man behind the machine gun on the truck. The machine gun beside him began its wickedness then, crossing the truck with bullets from left to right, and the men fell like cut stalks of grain. The mortars made their small, initial sounds almost together, and the men along the line began to fire their rifles with as much haste as care would allow.

Most of the men below died at once. A few men found protection on the far side of the truck. These began to return the fire. The mortar shells came down then and exploded harmlessly on the downward slope beyond the truck. Vilar cursed the men at the weapons for having made a bad estimate of the range, and the men worked hard to correct it. Vilar had not fired at all. He was standing erect, keeping an exact account.

The mortars fired again. After what seemed an interminable wait, the shells struck on the road at either end of the truck. Pavement and rock and steel exploded upward in a black cloud of burned powder. The truck reared and fell back upon its wheels, jarring up dust of its own. The bodies of two men were thrown violently into the air. In a moment all was still. The truck was dead and burning, a door of it hung loosely, a fender was ripped up like stiff paper, a wheel collapsed. And there was no movement among the bodies.

"Enough," Vilar said.

The firing stopped, and a great silence came to the hills. The men watched as the smoke of the mortar shells blew away. The dead lay scattered about in the sun, making the black pavement red with their blood. They had died quickly and with small pain, and perhaps they were grateful for that.

"I would like those guns," Vilar said.

O'Brien closed his eyes and breathed deeply and slowly into the bottom of his lungs. Then he opened his eyes and got to his feet. He was weak with the killing, but he did not want to show it to Vilar. He made a cool business of replacing a clip in his carbine.

"We have bought ourselves a bad one, Vilar," he said.

"I know how bad it is," Vilar said.

O'Brien slung his carbine on his shoulder and motioned the other men up. They began their preparations to move out at once. Vilar was still interested in what was left on the road.

"I know that you know," O'Brien said. "I spoke of it, because it concerns their guns. We have no time to pick them up and no strength to carry them."

"If I say take them, we take them," Vilar said.

"Yes," O'Brien agreed.

Vilar turned his face from the road, only now fully aware of O'Brien. "How do you think now, American? You have seen Tomás Vilar in action. He fights a little bit, eh?"

"He fights very well," O'Brien said.

"At Boca Rio you will see more."

"If any of us are alive."

Vilar looked at O'Brien's stiff face and steady eyes a long moment. Then he laughed suddenly. "The American wants to run and hide!"

"Exactly," O'Brien said. "And with sufficient reason. The truck was in contact by radio. When the others hear nothing from it, they will come. They will come with fresh young men, with planes, with heavy machine guns, with mortars and hand grenades—and they will come very hard and very fast." He continued to meet Vilar's eyes steadily.

"I will lead the men," Vilar said. "You will follow at the rear with the sergeant and his men. You have a position of importance. Attend to it carefully."

"As best we can," O'Brien said.

Jill Corby had been beaten. It had been necessary to beat her in order to save her life. She would not do as ordered until there had been much pain and until her mind had become confused. Angela Diaz had known this, and she had not been merciful. She had beaten the American woman with all her strength. Now Jill Corby was climbing the slope toward the top of the mountain, crying as she climbed, but climbing very hard.

They had stopped for a moment at the sound of gunfire on the road below them. Angela Diaz had whispered the name of the Virgin in prayer, and then she had driven Jill Corby on. They came to the top of the mountain, to a path, and then to a widening in the path. Angela told Jill to stop here, and Jill fell to the ground at once, full of pain, exhausted. She could not move. She could not even think. But soon she heard the voice of a small boy, speaking in Spanish. "My mother—you have brought the American woman!"

"As you see," the boy's mother said.

"But Vilar said she was to die."

"Vilar is not God."

"He commands us."

"God commands us first," the woman said.

Their Spanish was different from the Spanish Jill had learned in college, but it was not so different that she could not follow it easily. She did nothing to let them know she understood. This was what seemed to be an advantage over them—her first—and she found herself treasuring it.

The boy said, "And what of O'Brien?"

"He was going to let himself be killed over her."

After thinking, the boy said, "Then that is the reason she is here, and not because of what God wanted."

Tiredly the woman said, "A stupid son would be less trouble—for kindness, be stupid for a little while now."

Jill turned her head to rest her cheek on a forearm. She could see the two others then. (*Continued on Page 104*)

Cold Reception

By Herbert Merrill

You'd think a rabbit would
at least
Wait to look a person over
And talk a little, man to
beast,
Before retreating into clover,
Showing nothing but the
white
Flashing of his own taillight.

It hurts a fellow's feelings to
Pay a call upon a friend,
Expecting to discuss the
blue
State of heaven and the end
Purpose of a man or hare,
Only to have him take the
air.

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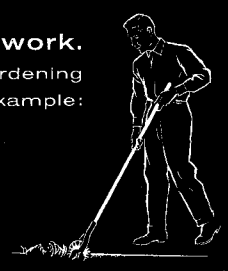

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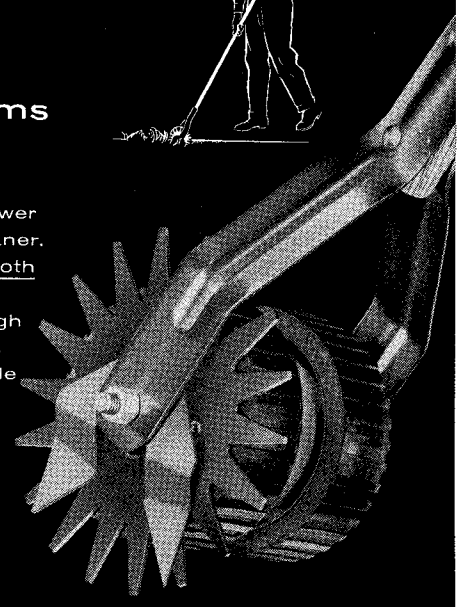

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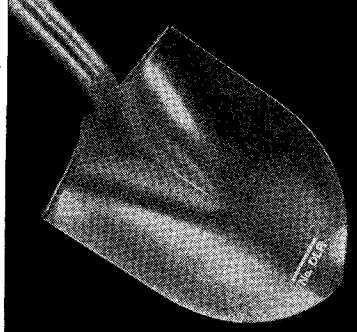

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TRUE TEMPER® THE RIGHT TOOL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

(*Continued from Page 102*) The woman was sitting against a tree, her face showing her own exhaustion. She was watching down the slope with anxiety.

The boy was standing in the path near Jill. There was dirt on his face and on his ragged clothes and on his bare feet and hands. But the dirt could not conceal the beauty of his features or the clear intelligence of his large, dark eyes. He was looking at Jill with much interest. He did not look away when he spoke to his mother again.

"What was the shooting on the road?" he asked.

"I was not there!" the woman said angrily. Then, only with tiredness, she said, "Someone came, I suppose. There were federals in a truck on the road. Vilar might have been tempted beyond his intelligence."

"They will come after us then."

"With certainty. I do not know how many of us are left, but they will come."

"A truck of soldiers is nothing to Vilar," the boy said. "Ten trucks are nothing." He was bragging a little.

"One truck is enough for anyone—even Vilar."

The boy sat on his heels to bring his eyes on a better level with Jill's face. He studied her in a curiously intent, impersonal way. Then he spoke to his mother again. "The American woman has been hurt."

"It was necessary," his mother said.

"But it was bad ——"

"Bad and necessary!" His mother was angry again. "What was I to do?—will you tell me? As you see, she is larger than I am. Was I to carry her here? Was I to explain everything in great detail? There was not even one small moment of time. We came or not—just then! I had to hurt and frighten her, so she could not think. You say it was bad. I say that she is at least here and alive!"

"I would not have hurt her," the boy said.

"Enough!" His mother threw up her hands in despair. "I will do penance on my knees in a bed of sharp rocks. When there is time and I can find the rocks. Will that satisfy you?"

"If the rocks are very sharp," the boy said.

"Then leave me alone!"

The mother got up and went nearer the edge of the slope and stood there, staring down. Her hands were thrust deep in the pockets of the trousers she wore, her shoulders were pushed forward with anxiety beneath the shirt.

The boy continued to look at Jill's face. "I do not speak English," he said.

Jill turned her face away from him.

Angela saw the men a little later. They crossed a thinning out in the undergrowth much below her, and she saw them only for a moment, working like ants, their backs straining against the slope. But they were coming—at least a part of them. She had not been able to count them, or to recognize any but Vilar. She called to her son. "They are coming!"

Carlos went to her side and stood within the shelter of her arm. After searching the slope intently for several moments, he turned his face up to his mother. "Have you seen the American?"

"I knew only Vilar."

"You would know the American's hat."

"Yes."

"Because you do not see him means nothing."

"It could mean nothing."

"And it could mean something."

Angela bent then, to take her son's small chin in her hand, to shake it gently with strained patience. "You bite me like a flea," she said, "and I hurt enough. Will you stop now? Find our canteen and give the American woman a drink. She must have a great thirst."

Carlos looked steadily at his mother's eyes. "O'Brien may like the American woman, but you are more beautiful."

"Carlos, I warn you! I will bite your nose off if you speak one more word about O'Brien!"

Carlos moved away from his mother. From a little distance, he said, "O'Brien does not like me."

"He has said this to you?"

"He has shown it to me."

"You could be mistaken."

"But I am not," Carlos said. "I have tested it many times." He looked down and made puffs of dust come up between his bare toes. "I would like O'Brien to be my father, but he does not like me. That is the way it is."

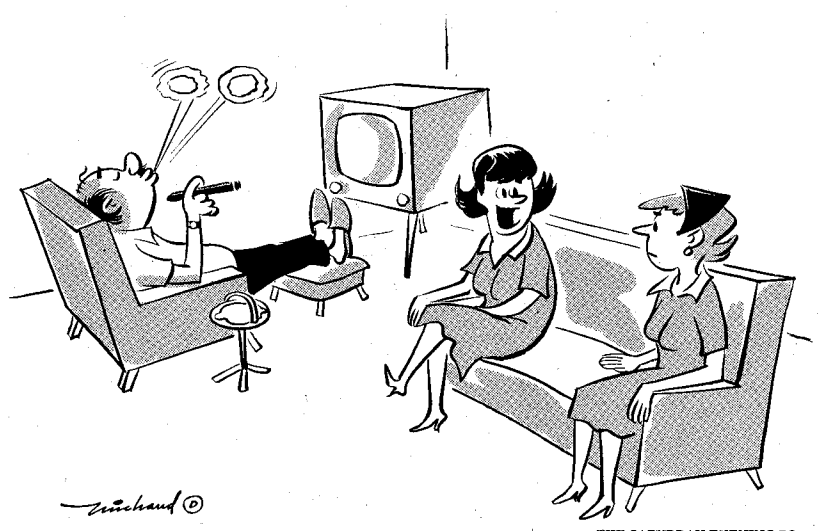
Angrily Angela said, "I will cry about it tonight. Now I have other things to think about. And you do as I told you to do!"

Carlos moved away again. At a greater distance, he said, "You also would like O'Brien to be my father."

"Imp of the devil!" Angela looked about for a stick. Finding none, she picked up a lump of dirt and threw it at her son. The boy was running, and she missed him by a wide margin. "Flea of a son!" she called after him.

He grinned at her from behind a tree. "Witch of a mother!"

TO BE CONTINUED



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"My husband just came into a lot of money—he returned all the empty bottles we had in the basement."

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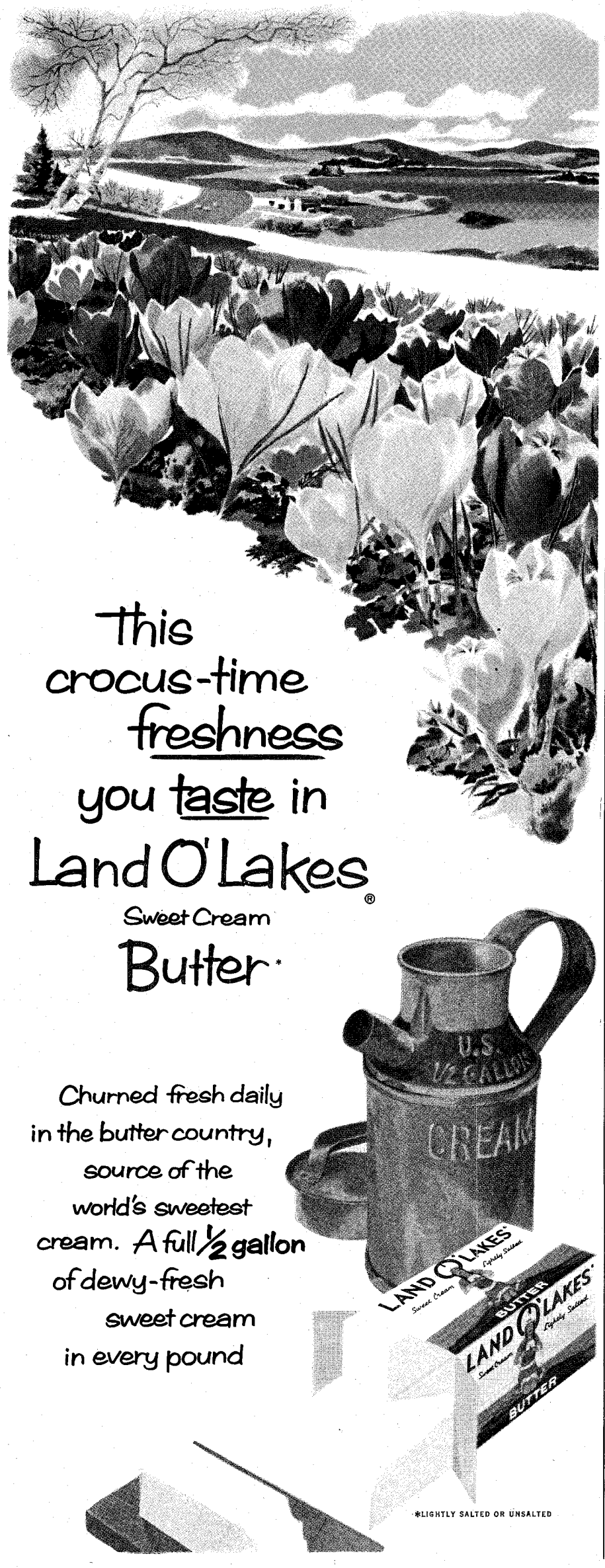

The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 45)

was to take the right-hand turn. At fifteen and three-tenths miles she would come to another fork in the road and again she was to take the right-hand turn. After that, I gave her directions about following the road to the main highway, crossing the main highway and traveling a rather narrow road through the orange groves for three miles until she came to the freeway to Los Angeles."

"The defendant made notes?"

"She did. Yes, sir."

"I am going to show you what appears to be a page from a shorthand notebook with some writing and some shorthand annotations. I will ask you if you are familiar with the handwriting of the defendant."

"I am. Yes, sir."

"Do you recognize this handwriting?"

"It is the defendant's handwriting."

"There are words here, 'Received, three hundred dollars.' What does that mean?"

"I gave her three hundred dollars to apply on an expense account."

"Over the weekend?"

"Yes. Of course, she was to credit me with anything that was left over."

"Are you a shorthand stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Are you familiar with the defendant's shorthand?"

"I am, yes."

"Can you read these shorthand notes?"

"Not well enough to testify to each word, but well enough to testify that they are the directions I gave her for coming down the mountain and that they are in her handwriting."

"Now, do you know where this page which I hold in my hand was found?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In a wastebasket in the room in my penthouse which was assigned to the defendant."

"You took this out of the wastebasket?"

"Yes."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I gave it to Lieutenant Tragg, of Homicide."

"That's all," Ellington said. "You may cross-examine."

Mason said, "What else did you talk about when you were discussing this weekend trip with the defendant, Miss Meade?"

"Just a moment," Ellington said, "if the court please, I feel that cross-examination should be restricted to the specific ground I have covered."

Mason smiled. "It is an axiomatic rule of law that when testimony is adduced concerning a part of a conversation, the cross-examiner can call for all of the conversation if he wishes."

"Only, if the court please, for so much of the conversation as is pertinent to the issues," Ellington said. "I am familiar with the rule and the code section, but I insist that it must have a reasonable interpretation."

"I'll lay a little more foundation," Mason said. "How long did this conversation last, Miss Meade?"

"Oh, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes."

"And you discussed her duties with her?"

"Yes."

"And the trip she was to make?"

"Yes."

"And the trip down the mountain?"

"Yes."

"And what else?"

"I—I think that's all. I remember I told her that I had reason to believe this Edgar Carlisle was something of a wolf and she was to take reasonable precautions. I also told her something about the clothes she was to take and told her what car to take up there."

"And that was the entire conversation?"

"That's all I can remember at the present time."

Mason said, "You told her how to come down the mountain."

"Yes."

"Now, when you gave her those directions, did you give them from memory?"

"Yes."

"I would like to refresh your recollection a little, Miss Meade, without appearing to be unduly insistent, but isn't it a fact that you had a map which you kept in your desk and that you used this map in giving Miss Doyle the directions as to how to come down the mountain?"

"I may have."

"Where is that map now?"

"Heavens," she said, "I don't know. I—I just can't remember. I think perhaps I gave it to Lieutenant Tragg—no, I guess—frankly, I think that was a duplicate map that I gave Lieutenant Tragg. I had two maps."

"The map you used in giving Miss Doyle directions and one other?"

"Yes."

"Both covering the same thing?"

"Generally."

"You had those two maps in your possession on Friday, the sixth of this month, when you gave Gladys Doyle the directions for coming down the mountain?"

"Well, now—wait a minute. I'm not prepared to state that, Mr. Mason."

"Oh, your honor, I object to this as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, not proper cross-examination and already having been asked and answered," Ellington said.

"Are you making any particular point about this map or these maps, Mr. Mason?" Judge Bagby asked. "Is there anything about them which you feel the court should know about?"

"I think there is, your honor."

"Well, I'll overrule the objection on the strength of your assurance, Mr. Mason. I assume that it is a matter of importance and, inasmuch as it relates to the conversation and the manner in which the directions were given to the defendant, I'm going to permit the question."

"If the court please," Ellington said, "I'd like to be heard on that. That map is going to become a controversial point in the case, and once we open the door we're going to go far afield. Counsel will attempt to impeach the witness on a collateral matter which, as far as we're concerned, has no great bearing on the case."

"Well, I'll permit the question, at least I'll go that far," Judge Bagby said.

Mason turned to the witness. "Did you have both maps at that time?"

"I think—I think I had the second map later."

"The map which you gave Lieutenant Tragg?"

"Yes."

"Does the prosecution have that map?" Mason asked, turning to Ellington.

"The prosecution has the map," Ellington said stiffly.

"May I see it, please?"

"You may not," Ellington said. "The map has no bearing whatever upon the issues involved in this case. It is purely a collateral document; it is one which the witness did not have in her possession at the time this conversation took place; it is one which came into her possession later on."

"It's in her handwriting, isn't it?" Mason asked.

"Don't examine me," Ellington said testily. "If you want to call me as a wit-

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ness, wait until I've submitted my case; then you can call me as your witness and I'll answer what questions I see fit."

Judge Bagby frowned. "Counsel will please refrain from personalities," he said. "Is there some reason, Mr. Prosecutor, why this map should not be produced?"

"There is, your honor. Very frankly, this map is one that counsel would like to use as a springboard for a browbeating cross-examination of this witness. He would like to try to confuse her and confuse the issues with this map. We object to it.

"The evidence will show—in fact, I am prepared to show by this witness—that this map was actually not in existence at the time that this conversation took place."

"Not even in existence?" Judge Bagby asked.

"It was not in existence," Ellington said. "The witness may have drawn this map especially for Lieutenant Tragg when she couldn't find the original map. I will state to the court that during the absence of this witness someone had searched her penthouse apartment and had pulled out drawers, had taken clothes out of closets and left the place looking generally like a wreck.

"Lieutenant Tragg asked about this map because Perry Mason was there, and Perry Mason was anxious to see the map. I won't say that this happened, but it is quite possible that the witness, unable to produce the map she had at that time, drew another map which illustrated the point in which Mr. Mason and Lieutenant Tragg were interested and gave Tragg that map, simply stating that it was a map showing the road in question. I certainly see nothing wrong with that, but I realize that it is a straw at which counsel is going to clutch with savage ferocity if he can once get that into evidence."

Judge Bagby pursed his lips.

"May I be heard?" Mason asked.

The judge nodded.

"I am very much interested in the question of whether the map which was in the possession of this witness showed the cabin and the location of the cabin and the road leading to the cabin where the murder was committed."

"It has absolutely nothing to do with the case," Ellington said. "You are simply trying to confuse the witness in regard to that map, where it is and what happened to it and how she happened to make another map in her handwriting."

"And I think I'm entitled to cross-examine her on it," Mason said.

"It has nothing to do with the case," Ellington snapped.

"She used that map as a memo when she directed the defendant as to the road she was to follow."

"Not that map," Ellington said. "If you want to cross-examine her about any map, specify that it is the map that she used at that time, and I will have no objection."

"Thank you," Mason said. "Under those circumstances, your honor, I withdraw my previous question. I will ask the witness this question. You had a map at that time, Miss Meade?"

"Yes."

"Where is that map now?"

"I don't know."

"Do you remember the contents of the map?"

"Vaguely."

"What did it show?"

"It showed the road down the mountain, from Summit Inn on down."

"Would you know that map if you saw it again?"

"Certainly."

"That map was in your handwriting?"

She hesitated a moment, then said, "Yes."

"And how did you happen to draw that map?"

"Someone told me about this short cut down the mountain."

"Had you ever followed this short cut?"

"I had. I'd taken it on several occasions."

"And had you ever made the turn at that fork so that you went down to the cabin—the fork which is fifteen and three-tenths miles?"

"I—I may have. I have been up and down that mountain a great number of times, Mr. Mason."

"And have you ever stopped in at that cabin?"

"Now there, your honor," Ellington said, "is an illustration of the point I was making. I was very careful to say nothing about that cabin or about that road. I limited my questions of this witness to one conversation. The question of whether she ever saw that cabin is not proper cross-examination."

"I think I'll sustain that objection," Judge Bagby said.

"But you would know that map if you saw it again?" Mason asked. "The one that you had in your hand when you gave the defendant directions how to get down the mountain."

"Yes."

"Is this it?" Mason said, drawing the map he had received in the mail from his inside coat pocket and placing it on the rail in front of the witness. "I will ask you, Miss Meade, if this is your handwriting."

Mauvis Meade looked at the map Mason was holding and went white to the lips. Ellington, seeing the expression on her face, jumped to his feet and started hurrying to the witness stand.

Mason folded the map and put it back in his pocket. "Is that your handwriting?" he asked.

"If the court please," Ellington said, "I am entitled to see the document that counsel has produced and with which he is facing the witness. I want to know what's on it."

Judge Bagby nodded.

"I have no intention at the present time of introducing it in evidence," Mason said. "I was simply asking her to identify her handwriting."

Judge Bagby looked at the face of the witness, which, despite her attempt to control her expression, showed complete consternation.

"I think counsel is entitled to see any document that you show to the witness and on which you are basing your question," he said.

"Very well," Mason said, smiling urbanely, "I withdraw the question then."

"I still want to see that document."

"But the question is withdrawn," Mason said. "I will not ask any more questions on that subject."

High Place, Southwest

Here distance beckons; like
a dusty scroll
The scene unwinds. Far on
the tilted plain
Some cattle trickle toward a
water hole,
And passing thunderheads
trail beards of rain.

Richard F. Armknecht

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He moved back, away from the witness, over to the defense-counsel table and sat down.

"But he has asked her a question about it, and I want to see it," Ellington said.

Mason smiled at the court. "Who's going on a fishing expedition now?" he asked.

Judge Bagby's eyes twinkled. "I think that in view of the fact the question has been withdrawn, Mr. Prosecutor, there is now no necessity for exhibiting the document to either court or counsel."

Ellington took the ruling with poor grace.

Mason turned back to the witness. "Are you acquainted with Morrison Findlay, who previously testified and who appears to be the owner of the cabin where the murder was committed, Miss Meade?"

"I don't think I have ever seen him," she said, slowly shaking her head.

"Have you ever talked with him over the telephone?"

"Now just a moment, just a moment," Ellington said, jumping to his feet. "Here again, your honor, we come to a point where I must insist upon the rights of the witness and the rights of the prosecution. We did not ask her anything at all about whether she had talked with Morrison Findlay over the telephone. We asked her only about one conversation with the defendant. This is not proper cross-examination, it assumes a fact not in evidence and it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

Judge Bagby regarded Mason with a thoughtful frown. "On the face of it, the objection is well taken," he said. "But, of course, under the circumstances and in view of the testimony which has been given, the situation might be a little—well, of course, the court can see where this might very well go to the bias of the witness, and I believe counsel has a right to cross-examine a witness in regard to bias."

"He can ask her about her bias," Ellington said, "but he can't go rambling all around the lot, dragging in all sorts of telephone conversations the witness may have had in order to show that bias. He's got to have some specific objective in mind."

"I have some specific objective in mind," Mason interposed.

Ellington ignored the interruption and went on smoothly as though it had been in his mind all of the time to finish his statement in that manner. "And specifically what he has in mind has to be communicated to the court, so that the court can then determine whether it does actually give ground for bias within the meaning of the law. Counsel simply can't ask this witness all kinds of questions on the chance that some answer that the witness might give would show a possible bias or show something that counsel could use as a peg on which to hang an argument that the witness was biased."

Judge Bagby drummed with the tips of his fingers on the desk in front of him. "I can recognize the importance of this point to the defense," he said, "and I also realize, of course, that this is a preliminary hearing and that under the law, the prosecution has the right to control the amount of proof it puts on. It does not have to put on its entire case. It is obligated to put on enough evidence to show that a crime has been committed and that there is reasonable cause to believe the defendant is connected with that crime.

"The court itself admits that it would like very much to know a little more about this situation. It might make quite a difference. However, in view of the fact that the prosecution has announced its desire to limit the examination of this witness, and has been very careful in so doing, the court is going to sustain the objection to the question in this form. At least at this time, Mr. Mason."

"Thank you," Mason said. "Now, Miss Meade, I am going to ask you directly whether you are the person who rented this cabin from Morrison Findlay."

"Objected to as not proper cross-examination, incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Ellington said.

Judge Bagby ran his left hand over his head, then down the angle of his jaw and rubbed his cheek thoughtfully with the tips of his fingers, then said, "I'm going to permit counsel to examine the witness as to possible bias, Mr. Prosecutor."

Mauvis Meade said, "I have no bias. I have no animosity against Gladys Doyle. If I knew anything that would help her, I'd be glad to say so. I can tell you that I'm trying to protect her in every way that I can. Now does that answer the question about my bias?"

"The specific question," Judge Bagby said, "was about whether she rented that particular cabin shown on the maps in this case, the cabin where the murder was committed."

"Now right here, your honor," Ellington said, "we are going far afield. This is a fishing expedition, pure and simple. I object to having extraneous matters brought in here, and I object to having this case prolonged by going into all these matters and having us wait here while counsel goes on a fishing expedition."

Judge Bagby said, "The distinction is very close. It's something of a hairline distinction, but I am going to sustain the objection to that question, Mr. Mason. The general knowledge, if any, of this witness is not something the court is prepared to let you go into on cross-examination, particularly when the prosecution so carefully limited the direct examination of this witness."

"Very well," Mason said. "That's all. I have no further questions."

Judge Bagby looked at Mason with thoughtful consideration. "Do you wish the document which you showed the witness marked for identification, Mr. Mason? If you do, it will be necessary to show it to the prosecutor. Unless it is marked for identification, there is no way at any subsequent time that the document can be identified as being the one which was shown the witness."

"The question was withdrawn," Mason said.

"And you don't wish the document marked for identification?"

"No, your honor."

"Very well. . . . Call your next witness," Judge Bagby said to Ellington.

"The prosecution will call Lieutenant Tragg," Ellington said.

Lieutenant Tragg came forward, stood shrewd-eyed and unsmiling while the oath was administered, then took the witness stand.

"You are acquainted with the defendant, lieutenant?"

"I am."

"Did you hear her make any statement, or were you present at a time when a statement was made, concerning the events of the night of the eighth of this month and the early morning hours of the ninth?"

"I was."

"The defendant did make such a statement?"

"She did."

"You were present?"

"I was."

"To the best of your knowledge, was the statement free and voluntary?"

"To the best of my knowledge it was a free and voluntary statement."

"What was it?" Ellington asked.

Judge Bagby frowned. "Are you going to show the other persons present, Mr. Ellington? The general circumstances?"

Ellington shook his head. "If Mr. Mason wants to object on the ground that no proper foundation has been laid, he can go into the subject on *voir dire*."

"Is there any objection from the defense?" Judge Bagby asked.

Mason said, "No, your honor, not in view of the statement made by Lieutenant Tragg."

Judge Bagby frowned at Mason as though trying to see beneath the surface and put together the defense strategy. Then he gave an almost imperceptible shrug and said, "Very well. . . . Lieutenant, answer the question. What did she say?"

Lieutenant Tragg said, "She made a statement that she was following directions down the mountain, that she came to this fork in the road fifteen and three tenths miles from where she had checked her speedometer, that she thought she had been told to turn left at the fork and she took the left-hand turn, that it was a wild, stormy night, that she came down the mountain and found herself bogged down in a mudhole. She had to leave her car in this mudhole. She said she started walking down the road in the dark, groping her way, that she had gone only a few yards when she saw a light, that she went to the light, that it turned out to be a light in this cabin, that she found a man there whom she described as being very tall with dark, wavy hair and very penetrating steel-gray eyes, but whose name she doesn't know other than he told her she could call him John, that the man was rather curt with her, that she tried to get him to help her get her car free, that he refused to do so, stating that he had had pneumonia, that he didn't intend to go out and get wet, that thereafter the defendant went to bed and slept soundly, although she thinks she heard the sound of an automobile backfiring, that when she awoke in the morning she went out into the main room, that the oil stove had been turned off, the room was cold, the house seemed deserted.

"She said she opened the door of the other bedroom and found a body on the floor, that she knelt down and felt for a pulse, that she then noticed a twenty-two rifle on the floor by the open bedroom window, that she picked up the rifle, thinking for the moment that perhaps she might need a weapon, that she decided against this and dropped the rifle, that she ran from the house in blind panic, that she ran up the road, that when she came to this mudhole she found that her car had been extricated from the mudhole, had been turned around and was pointed up the grade, that she jumped in the car and drove to the city, that she went to the penthouse where she lived and found that Miss Meade, whom she wished to see, was absent, that the place had been thoroughly ransacked, that in very much of a (*Continued on Page 110*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Here is a play which tangles rules into a knot.

Say San Francisco leads Cincinnati, 5–3, as the Giants bat in the last of the seventh. Singles by Ed Bressoud and Jim Davenport, and a walk to Orlando Cepeda load the bases with none out. With Daryl Spencer coming to bat, a squeeze is ordered.

Bressoud leaves third base as the Reds' pitcher goes into his windup, and slides across the plate just as the ball zooms into the strike zone. The ball hits Bressoud on the back. It then drops in front of the plate. The Reds' catcher picks it up and throws to third base in time for the baseman to tag Jim Davenport, coming from second.

The Reds' manager, meanwhile, charges interference by Bressoud. He claims that the pitch is the overriding part of any play, and that the Giant runner is out for interfering with the delivery. But that covers only part of the play.

If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

(See page 110 for answer)

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Al C. Church, Florida State Highway Engineer, inspects causeway approach in Miami Beach. It will be part of a bridge system crossing Biscayne Bay to Interstate road in Miami.

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Al Church has counterparts in every state. On their ability and judgment ride the growth of America's commerce and the well-being of its motorists.

These state highway engineers are a determined breed. For years they fought a lone and losing battle as traffic multiplied fiercely and revenue for highway building failed to keep pace.

Now they are not alone . . . nor are they losing.

Approval was given almost three years ago to a national highway program which called for the building of a 41,000-mile system of Interstate freeways, as well as miles of city expressways and farm-to-market roads. Scheduled completion time for this, the greatest construction job in history, is another 12 years.

Right now this farsighted program is on schedule. And it should stay that way with men like our state highway engineers and machines like the big Caterpillar earthmoving units on the job. Unless, of course, we shortchange the program.

This isn't happening in Florida, where the state's officials and its people are solidly behind Church in the highway building program. As Church says, "The roads of *your* state are what *you* make them."

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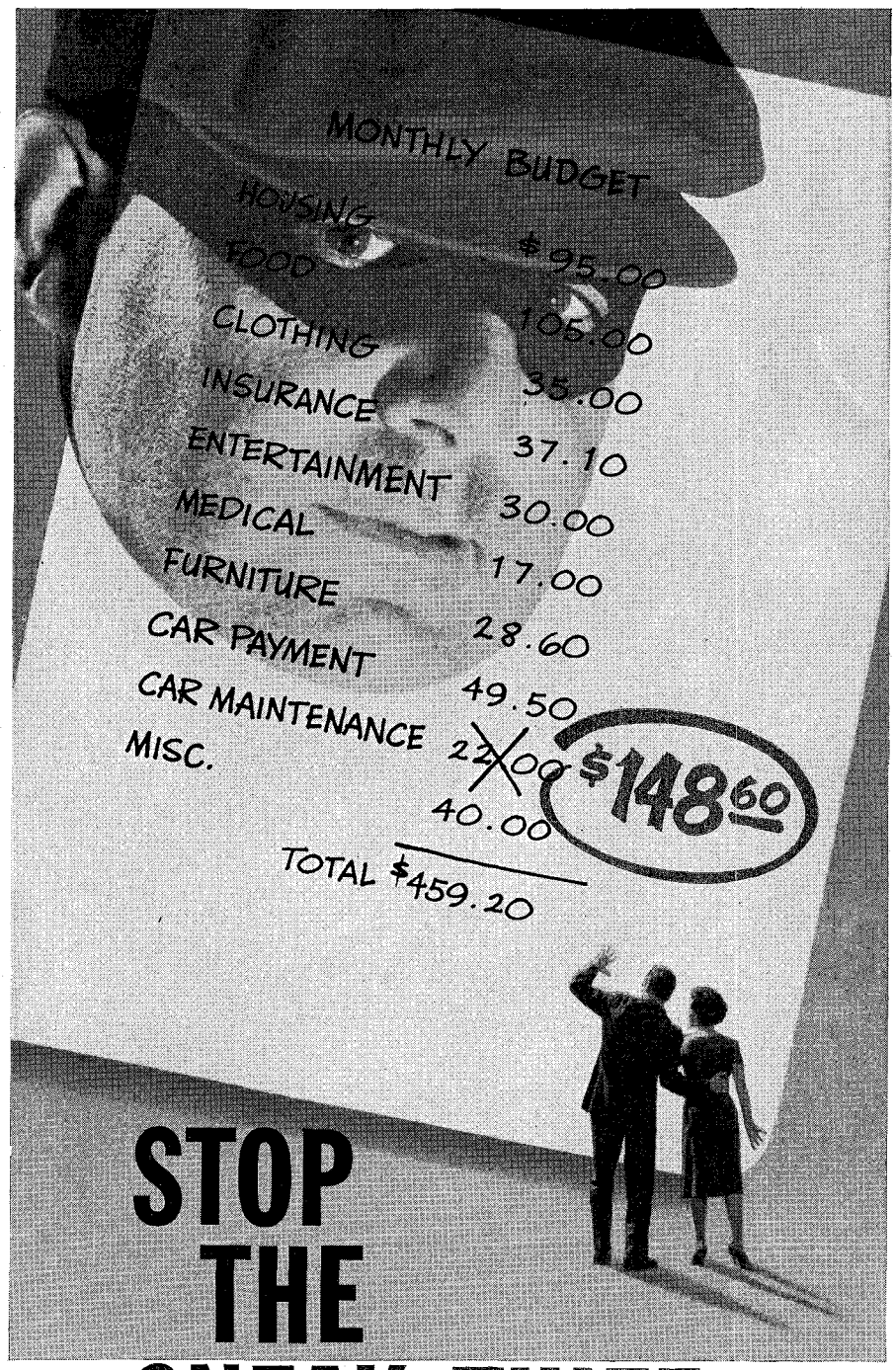

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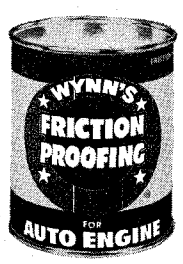

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(*Continued from Page 108*) panic and without changing her clothes, she went at once to the office of Perry Mason, that Mr. Mason arranged to have her borrow some clothes from Della Street, his secretary, and that Mr. Mason notified the police of the murder."

"Did you find her co-operative?" Ellington asked. "Was this statement made for the purpose of facilitating your investigation?"

"She was not co-operative and the statement was not made for the purpose of facilitating our investigation, but for the purpose of trying to explain away certain facts after we discovered those facts and asked for an explanation."

"What facts?"

"Well, for one, her clothes. We discovered that the clothes she was wearing had the cleaning mark that was issued by the Extension Cleaning and Dyeing Works to Miss Della Street. Therefore, we surmised what had happened, got a search warrant for Miss Street's apartment and found clothes there which the defendant admitted were hers. Thereafter we asked questions and finally received this statement."

"All at one time or piecemeal?"

"We had to drag it out of her a bit at a time and afterward she tried to put it all together for us in a consecutive narrative."

"You say you found clothes belonging to the defendant at Miss Street's apartment?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the defendant make any statement with reference to the ownership of those clothes?"

"She admitted they were hers."

"Did you notice anything significant about those clothes?"

"They were processed in the laboratory."

"Were you present at the time?"

"I was."

"What did you yourself notice, lieutenant—not what anyone else at the crime laboratory may have noticed?"

"There was a rather large blood spot on the hem of the skirt; there was a blood spot near the bottom of the left sleeve. There was another spot on the slip."

"These bloodstains were typed by the laboratory?"

"I believe so."

"You yourself were not present when that was done?"

"No, sir."

"Did you examine the Twenty-two rifle which was found in the cabin for fingerprints?"

"I did."

"And where was that done, if you know, lieutenant?"

"It was processed at the police laboratory."

"Were you present?"

"I was."

"Were there any latent fingerprints on that rifle?"

"There were several. Only one, however, was sufficiently clear so that it could be identified."

"Did you work on that fingerprint yourself on the identification?"

"I worked on it myself and I worked with the fingerprint expert while he was developing, photographing and identifying the print."

"And did you check the work of this fingerprint expert?"

"I did."

"Do you know of your own knowledge whose fingerprint that was?"

"I do."

"Whose hand made that fingerprint, lieutenant?"

"The right forefinger of the defendant, Gladys Doyle, left that fingerprint on the gun," Tragg said.

"Did you make any attempt to check her story as to another person being in the cabin?"

"I made what check I could."

"Did you find anything that would tend to disprove that story of hers?"

"That question calls for a conclusion of the witness, if the court please," Mason said.

"I'll withdraw the question," Ellington said. "Did you find anything that would substantiate that story?"

"Nothing," Tragg said.

Ellington bowed. "I think, under the circumstances and in view of counsel's objection, I will leave it to Mr. Mason to elicit exactly what Lieutenant Tragg means by that last answer. . . . Your witness, Mr. Mason. You may cross-examine."

Mason smiled urbanely. "No questions."

"That's all, Lieutenant Tragg," Judge Bagby said. . . . "Call your next witness, Mr. Ellington."

"There are no more witnesses as far as the prosecution is concerned," Ellington said. "That's our case. We have made a prima-facie case, and we ask the court to bind the defendant over on the ground that a murder was committed, and there is reasonable cause to believe the defendant was connected with that crime."

Mason jumped to his feet. "On behalf of the defense, I ask the court to dismiss the case against the defendant on the ground that there is no proof connecting her with any crime."

Judge Bagby shook his head.

"I would like to argue the motion," Mason said, with an eye on the courtroom clock.

"There's no need for argument," Judge Bagby said. "The prosecution has proved a murder. It has proved that the defendant was in the cabin where the murder was committed at the time it was committed, and that the defendant's fingerprints were on the murder weapon, that there was blood on her clothing, that she consulted an attorney before making any attempt to notify the authorities.

"The court will admit that by the time the case reaches the superior court the prosecution will doubtless want to put on more evidence, indicating motivation, perhaps, and perhaps more statements made by the defendant. However, for the purposes of a preliminary examination, it certainly seems (*Continued on Page 112*)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 108

Bressoud's run counts, and the ball is instantly dead. Place Davenport on third and Cepeda on second.

(Section 5.09j: "The ball becomes dead and runners advance one base . . . without liability to be put out, when any legal pitch touches a runner trying to score. . . .")

Call a strike on Spencer as Section 6.05n provides when a pitch hits a runner in the batter's strike zone.

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How long has it been since you had your only pair of eyes examined?

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Such examinations are especially important because people still have eyes that nature created for hunting and distant seeing—a heritage from the days of our prehistoric ancestors. Today, however, much of our visual work is done within arm's length.

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(*Continued from Page 110*) that there is sufficient evidence, if that evidence is unexplained, to bind the defendant over. Now, if the defense wishes to make any showing, the defense, of course, has the right to put on witnesses and to make any showing that it desires."

Mason said, "It is nearly twelve, your honor. If we could take a recess for lunch at this time, I ——"

"I think not," Judge Bagby interrupted. "There is a very great backlog of criminal cases, and I want to expedite matters as much as possible. Let me ask you frankly whether the defense intends to make any showing."

"The defense does," Mason said.

"Then go ahead and call your first witness."

"I'll call Lieutenant Tragg as my witness," Mason said.

"Very well. . . . Come forward, Lieutenant Tragg. You're a witness called by the defense," Judge Bagby said. "You've already been sworn. You don't need to be sworn again. Proceed with your examination, Mr. Mason."

"You were up at this cabin on Monday after the rain had ceased?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you, at that time, have the story told by the defendant?"

"Not at that time. That came later."

"But during the same day?"

"Yes."

"Did you check automobile tracks in the vicinity of the cabin?"

"I did what I could."

"I notice that you were not asked about those tracks on direct examination," Mason said. "Therefore, I am going to ask you to describe those tracks at the present time."

"If the court please," Ellington interrupted, "this is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. It is quite apparent that counsel is simply fighting against the clock. He is asking Lieutenant Tragg to describe these tracks because, by so doing, he can stall his case along until the noon adjournment. If the defendant wants to make any showing, the proper procedure is to call the defendant to the stand, have her story and then, after that story is before the court, try to establish any facts which may substantiate it."

"That may be your idea of the proper procedure," Judge Bagby said, "but I know of no rule of law which determines the order in which a defendant should put on his case. The defense counsel is now asking for certain automobile tracks in the vicinity of the cabin, and the court will confess that that is a matter which occurred to the court. The court wondered why this witness was not asked about tracks. The court is very interested in hearing the testimony of this witness. The objection is overruled. . . . Answer the question, lieutenant."

"Well," Lieutenant Tragg said, "there were just so many tracks around the place that it was impossible to keep them all segregated. Cars had been up and down that road and left tracks. Cars had turned around and there were jeep tracks and automobile tracks, and you just couldn't keep them all straight. We tried to, but it couldn't be done."

Judge Bagby leaned forward with quick interest. "All of this traffic was after the ground had been softened by the rain?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Could you determine how fresh those tracks were?"

"They had been made after the ground became soft."

"Were there tracks indicating a car had been stuck in that mudhole on Sunday night?" Judge Bagby asked.

"There the situation depends on what sort of evidence would be taken as indicating that," Lieutenant Tragg said. "There was a mudhole, all right, with the ground churned up to about the consistency of thick hot-cake batter. There was a deep hole in the center which could have been made by the spinning wheels of an automobile, but there's no way of telling when it was made. There were tracks of more than one automobile, and there were tracks down the road where automobiles had been turned around. That much we could decipher. But there were other tracks interspersed all in through, and it was difficult to get them straightened out."

"Did you try to check the marks made by the tire treads with known automobiles?" Judge Bagby asked. "The car driven by the defendant, for instance?"

"We did."

"Were you able to do so?"

"We were able to prove that the defendant's car—that is, the car owned by Mauvis Meade, but driven by the defendant—had been through the mudhole on the downhill side.

"Whether the car had been left there, as is claimed by the defendant, for some time before the tracks below the mudhole were made, we don't know. We do know that the car driven by the defendant had unquestionably been below the mudhole. We can't tell how far.

"We also know that the car which the defendant claimed she was driving, the station wagon belonging to Mauvis Meade, had been driven both down and up the grade. Therefore, if the defendant's car was left in the mudhole while it was headed downhill, it must subsequently have been driven through this mudhole, down the hill and then driven back up the hill and through the same mudhole which the defendant claimed stuck the car going downhill."

"Yet it went uphill through that same mudhole without getting stuck?" Judge Bagby asked.

"That's what the tracks show, your honor."

Judge Bagby's expression became one of cold finality.

"There were other tracks?" Mason asked hurriedly.

"Yes."

"Footprints?"

"There were many traces of footprints, but for the most part they were not clear. Where the mud was hard it was slippery, and the prints were blurred. Where the mud was soft it was too soft to yield much in the way of prints."

"Did you find any footprints of the defendant?"

"We couldn't tell they were her prints. There were many tracks made by a woman's shoes, or by the shoes of more than one woman. We couldn't get any prints that were clear enough for identification."

"Footprints by men?"

"Yes."

"How many men?"

"We couldn't tell."

"Now how about automobile tracks?" Mason asked.

"There were quite a few tire tracks," Lieutenant Tragg said. "There's a flat about fifty yards below the cabin, and quite apparently this flat had been used as a place to park cars for some time. There was a hard-packed road leading up to it and places where cars had been parked and turned around and driven out. The tracks indicated a certain amount of traffic."

"What do you mean by a certain amount of traffic?"

"Several cars had been in there, including the defendant's car."

"During the last storm?"

"We can't tell as to that. The ground was shaded and we don't know how long the mud had been sufficiently soft to take and retain tire tracks."

"In other words, you couldn't tell as to the freshness of the tracks?"

"Not absolutely," Tragg said. "My personal opinion was that they were fresh, and—that is, the most of them—and ——"

"Just a moment," Ellington said. "If the court please, I move to strike out that last part of the answer as not being responsive to the question and on the ground that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, that the witness is testifying to a conclusion and assuming a fact which has heretofore not been put in evidence. This witness is a police officer; that doesn't mean he's an expert on tracks."

"I think it does, your honor," Perry Mason said. "However, if there's any question I'll qualify him. Lieutenant Tragg, how long have you been a police officer?"

"Just a minute, just a minute," Ellington said, jumping up. "If the court please, I realize now I was playing right into the hands of defense counsel. He is just looking for an opportunity to prolong this examination. In order to save time, I'll withdraw the objection. I'll stipulate that Lieutenant Tragg is an expert on tracks. I'll stipulate to just about anything the defense counsel wants him to testify to. Now let's get on with this hearing and get it over with."

"Well," Judge Bagby said, smiling, "I don't think, Mr. Prosecutor, that the situation calls for any dissertation on your part as to the tactics of the defense counsel. However, the court will note that the hearing has been somewhat delayed because of your objections, and, in view of the fact that it now appears the defense does intend to put on some evidence, so that the matter will not be disposed of during the morning session, we'll take a recess until two o'clock."

When the judge had left the bench, Ellington grinned at Mason and said, "That's a prize piece of stalling, putting Tragg on the stand as your witness."

"I thought you'd subject him to a grueling cross-examination when I got done with him," Mason said.

Ellington laughed. "I'll stipulate anything that you want Tragg to testify to right now. All I ask is that you tell me what you expect him to testify to, that Tragg says that's correct, and we'll stipulate that's evidence in the case."

"I can't do that," Mason said. "I want the judge to see the evidence as it unfolds."

"What the devil are you stalling for?" Ellington asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," Mason said with a disarming smile.

Ellington laughed. "You're just stalling along, hoping that something's going to turn up. It's a good even-money bet that when you walk back into court this afternoon, you'll state that Lieutenant Tragg is your only witness. I'll bet you two to one right now that you're afraid to put the defendant on the stand."

"How much do you want to bet?" Mason asked.

"Well, now, wait a minute," Ellington said. "You'd put her on the stand just in order to win the bet. I—I'll still make a fifty-dollar bet."

"Fifty dollars against twenty-five?" Mason asked.

Ellington hesitated, then nodded.

Mason grinned. "I wouldn't want to tip my hand over a small bet like that. . . . Come on, Della, let's go find Paul and get a bite to eat."

Perry Mason, Della Street and Paul Drake left their car in a parking lot, with instructions that it was to be filled up with gas, and the oil, water and battery checked and be all ready to go.

Walking down the street toward the restaurant, Mason said, "Paul, what about the handwriting expert?"

"Nothing to help there," Drake said. "The typewriter used on those rental letters was a Sterling."

Mason frowned. "There was a Sterling in Mauvis Meade's penthouse, Paul."

Drake said, "Sure. Mauvis Meade was the one who rented that cabin, all right. Ellington is trying to clam up on it right now, but you can force his hand on your case. Get samples from Mauvis Meade's typewriter, and they'll show the rental-remittance letters were typed on her machine."

Mason pursed his lips. "I wish I knew a little more about that cabin deal, Paul. I hate to go into it blind, but it's almost a safe bet Mauvis rented that cabin and Manly spent quite a bit of time there. Paul, you're worried about something. What is it?"

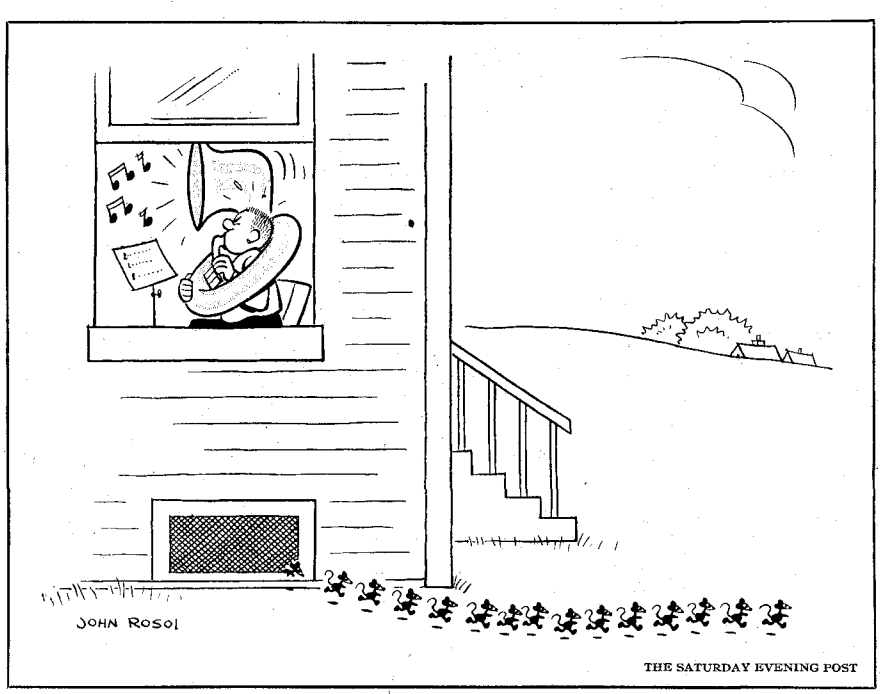
"I hope it's nothing," Drake said, "but I'm debating what to do, Perry. I don't know whether to try and head off something or what."

"Come on," Mason said, "get it off your chest, Paul."

"I hate to bother you at a time like this, and yet it's information that you should have. I am worried."

"Come on, come on, Paul, let me have the worst."

TO BE CONTINUED



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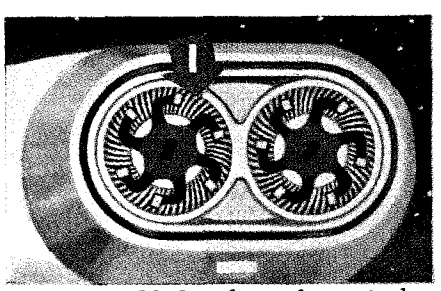

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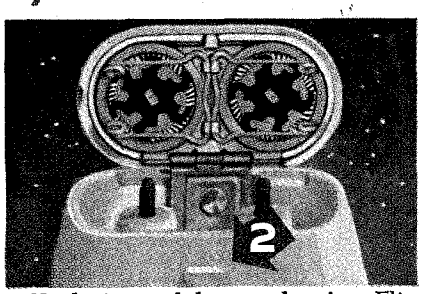

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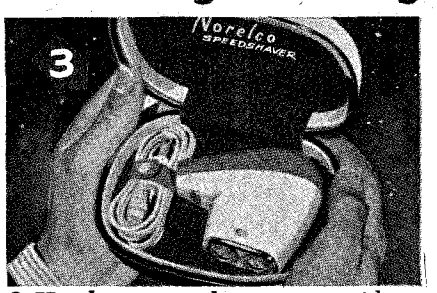

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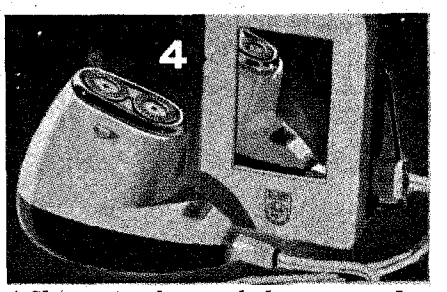

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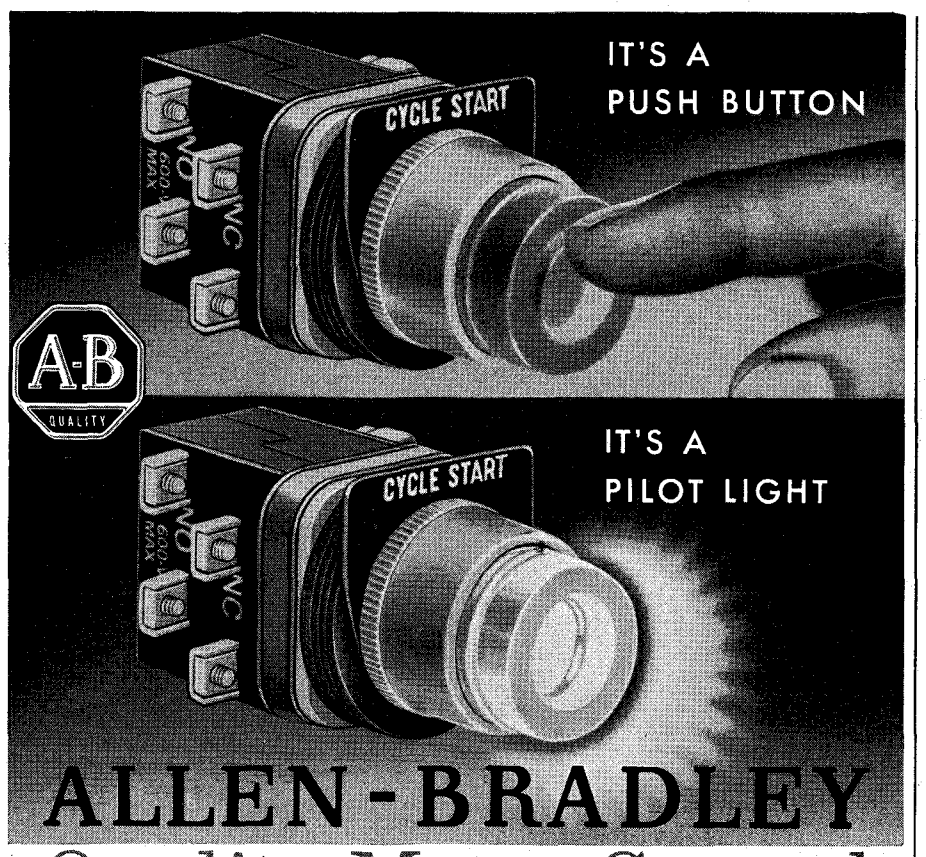

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Golden Isles of the Aegean

(Continued from Page 29)

despair. You may prefer, in the remoter places, to travel with an English-speaking guide—available at ten dollars a day through your hotel or tourist agency; if not, sooner or later someone who's lived in Brooklyn or Chicago is likely to materialize out of the blue, much like Athena in the thick of battle.

Where to begin? Because the movies are at least in part responsible for Greece's current tourist boom, it is perhaps no more than fair to start our Odyssey at Hydra, the picture-post-card isle immortalized, if that's the word, by Miss Sophia Loren's diving off the rocks in Boy on a Dolphin. It's close enough to Athens for a day's outing, and just the thing for a tight schedule.

The boat ride in itself is sheer Greek poetry. Your swift excursion boat, hugging the shore, takes you past dollhouse villages, pine forests casting a dark shadow on the water, and citrus groves that scent the air with the sweet fragrance of their blossoms. Hydra salutes you with a burst of color; once the well-feathered redoubt of rich merchants who ran their grain ships all the way to Russia, the little port now has the charm of a forgotten stage set. Bright orange fishing boats rock on the glassy water, and heaps of fruit and garlands of fish adorn the sun-streaked water front.

Here you may pass the time walking through the steep, stepladder streets of the trim little village, riding a mule to a hilltop convent, dancing under the gnarled umbrella pines above the sea or simply lazing by the sleepy harbor until your boat comes bustling back to take you home for supper. It is the one-day wonder Greece will work for you.

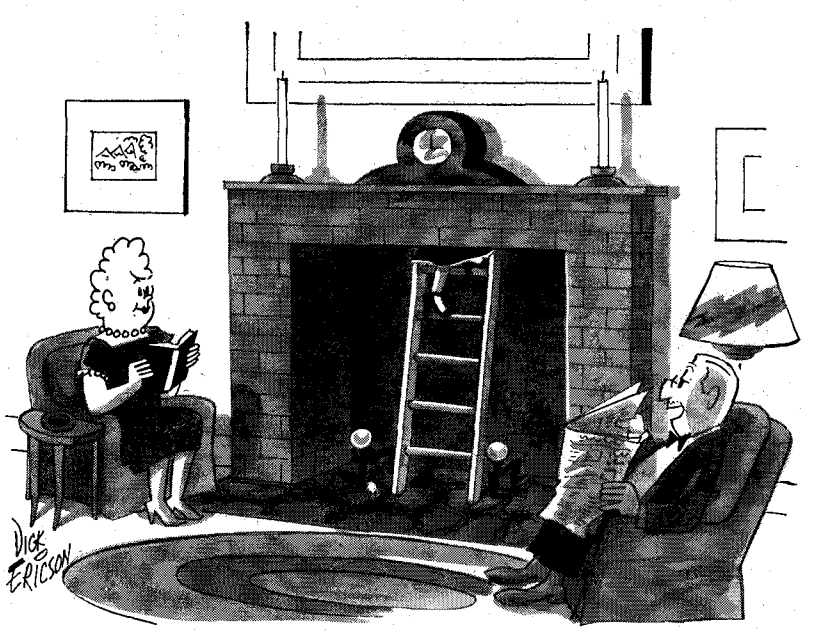
You will remember Hydra and its simple pleasures later, as you reach out for farther shores. Of the innumerable islands dotting the Aegean Sea, which measures some 200 miles across to Asia Minor, at least a score are well worth knowing, and three or four merit a longer stay. Which ones to pick? There are brown, barren islands and rich green ones; primitive islands and "developed" ones; islands with busy towns and crowded harbors, and islands with no more than a few shepherds on them. The names, as yet, mean little to the tourist, and there is but scant information your home-town travel agency can give you. Here, then, from a month's random cruising, are a few ill-assorted notes and observations.

Your personal adventure starts as you put out to sea from Athens' ancient port, Piraeus. You are still slightly numb from the farewell—the turmoil of the dockside scene, the noisy, shoving crowd, the cargo being hoisted clumsily aboard; the onrush of late passengers armed with all sorts of bundles, baskets, boxes and other belongings—a piece of furniture, a rolled-up mattress, the blood-stained carcass of a turkey; the shouts of hawkers selling cake and fruit along with gaily colored icons of St. Nicholas, the seafarers' protector. Now you relax and let the slowly shifting scenery take over.

It's hard to tell, at first, which of the mauve-and-golden hills ahead are parts of the Greek mainland and which ones are isles. Not that it matters much—Greece is a mountain country and its ranges continue in the hilly islands of this sea; this is Greek landscape, dipped into the brine by some great, prehistoric heave of the earth's crust. The first large island, on sentry duty outside Athens, is Salamis, renowned for the decisive naval battle in which the Greeks defeated Persia's fleet, thus saving Europe for the Europeans. And over on your right floats Aegina, whose wealth and power were a thorn in Athens' side.

Soon, as your steamer heads into the stiffening breeze, you become conscious of the intimacy of this sea—the cozy cheek-by-cheek of land and water, the neighborliness of the islands which never leave you with a bare horizon. It's one of the delights of the Aegean that you are never out of sight of some small speck of land, and friendly lights stay with you through the night. You are not abandoned. This does not mean that you are safe from the caprices of the gods. Boreas, who, during the summer months, goes by the nickname of Meltemi, likes to start blowing when you least expect it, and only the time-tested sailor will venture forth without some antiseasickness tablets in his pocket.

The group of islands you are now approaching is the Cyclades, best known of the four or five major archipelagoes of the Aegean. Consisting of twenty-four large and many smaller islands—down to some lonely rocks just managing to hold their heads (*Continued on Page 116*)



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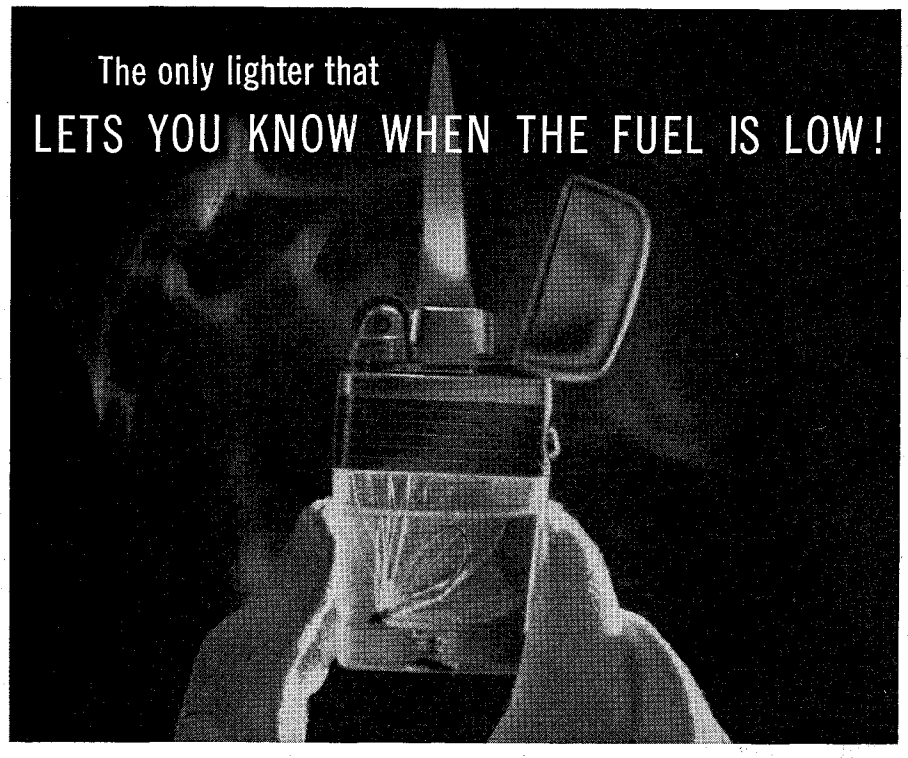

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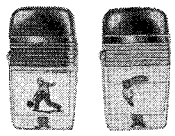
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Rotary, Reel and Riding Mowers From 18" to giant 25" swath cut

(*Continued from Page 114*) above the waves—this island family counts many honored members, and many a small, horseshoe port invites you to jump ship and do your own exploring. But you are bound, of course, for Mykonos, the new Greek "Capri," whose spreading shape soon moves up dead ahead.

Be ready for a jolt; this "fashionable" island still lacks a man-sized harbor and there are tense, hilarious moments as passengers transfer, with bag and baggage, to a small launch that bobs precariously alongside. You'll make it—everybody does. Planting your feet firmly on the water front, you are presently absorbed by a gay, buzzing swarm of tourists in various stages of undress.

Almost unknown until a few short years ago, Mykonos is, perhaps, the most sensational tourist find of our time. Its dizzy upward curve has only just begun. Some 16,000 tourists were counted here during the 1958 season—with the American contingent forming the largest single group—and many more are due this year. Considering that there are fewer than a hundred good hotel beds on the island, it's quite a feat.

What is the secret? A treeless, waterless, boulder-strewn chunk of granite, some seven miles across, this is an ugly duckling of an island, devoid of the fair gifts of nature. But Mykonos makes up for it with so much personality that you are more than willing to succumb. It's not an easy place to tell your friends about. The square-cut village, for example, that rises briskly from the deep-blue sea is of a whiter white than anything you have experienced—even the flagstones on the ground are whitewashed. Getting lost in its labyrinthine streets, so narrow you can touch both sides with outstretched hands, is a delight not easily forgotten.

The people of the Cyclades—learning a lesson now from Asia, now from Africa—have, through the centuries, evolved a curious architecture of their own: their houses are white cubes, with flat roofs to catch the rain and with small windows to protect those inside from the brilliant light. It strikes you that these robust little houses, with their rounded edges, their outer stairways and red balconies, would be a painter's dream—and they do pose, day in, day out, for amateurs of every age and nationality, along with Mykonos' 364 domed churches and the fantastic windmills whose canvas sails turn slowly in the breeze.

It's true, things have been getting rather fancy here of late. A fine hotel, built with American aid-to-Greece funds as an investment in Greek tourism, exudes an air of opulence, a dance band straight from Athens performs in a pavilion by the beach, a smart *boutique* sells dressy gewgaws, and you can even buy dried seahorses for souvenirs. Still, Mykonos has not yet lost its rustic charm. The quiet walks across the hills, the merry camaraderie of public beaches, the unpretentious sea-food places and cafés appeal, above all, to the younger set—the young in heart, at any rate. At the height of the season, hundreds who have found no berth in the town's three or four hotels or in the spare rooms of private houses camp on the beaches or bed down on boats. The fish you eat may be caught by a fellow tourist who lives by bartering his catch.

"Few of our summer guests are rich," said one Mykonian, "but they are people who know why they've come to Mykonos, and that is all we care about."

Survivors of an age when their bleak island was a pirates' nest, Mykonians seem to look at you with just a touch of condescension. Still, they are Greeks—at the *taverna*, where juicy bits of beef sizzle on the big stove and where good friends meet for a snack at dusk, they'll raise their glass of amber wine to you and treat you almost as an equal. You'll get to know them well: the monumental Constantine Kambanis, Mykonos' grand old man whose splendid town house is brimful of memories; the island's Greek-American family doctor; the cobbler and the plumber, the barber and the lantern maker, who, after hours, form the village string quartet; and Joseph, the dark, thin-faced tailor who makes the world's raciest ladies' slacks. In Mykonos, you live with the Mykonians. You share their joys and sorrows, your world becomes their world and, by the time you leave, a few may turn out to wave you off.

A host of half-remembered myths, mingled with muted echoes of the brave Greek world, crowd in on you as you sail through the Cyclades. Flat Delos over there—a forty-minute boat ride out of Mykonos—was thought to be the birthplace of Apollo, most radiant of the gods; its weathered marble lions will remain among the more impressive snapshots of your trip. The savage sweep of Naxos' gray mountains speaks of poor Ariadne, abandoned here by her beloved Theseus. The marble hills of Paros launched a thousand statues. And rugged Melos is, of course, the place where the Venus of Milo, now at the Louvre, in Paris, rose from her grave more than a century ago.

Take in the shifting sky lines from your deck chair, consulting, now and then, the pages of some companionable book—like Edith Hamilton's The Greek Way—and you are likely to discover that you've achieved the secret aim of every vacation: you've got away from it all. Your steamer's whistle wakes a sleepy harbor; the captain, from the bridge, swaps a few jokes with the boatmen below, and you are off again. Islands approach, drift past you, fade away. The dolphins, sacred to Apollo, play their own game of hide-and-seek. A distant sail briefly catches your eye, and you lie back and let the sunshine do the rest.

Santorin—also known as Thera—marking the southern limit of the Cyclades, remains the most dramatic single impression of the island world; a little too dramatic, almost. Your boat noses into the half-drowned crater of a huge volcano and ties up to a buoy hard underneath the steeply rising inner rim. Up there, 800 feet above your head, perches the town; and just as you've decided that getting up there is impossible, you find yourself straddling a bony mule, zigzagging up the almost perpendicular cliff.

You're glad you came. For, though the handsome town was leveled by an earthquake in the summer of 1956—the bright little hotel is one of the few structures that withstood the shock—the panorama takes your breath away. Peering straight down into the vast abyss—nearly six miles across, and far too deep for any ship to anchor—your eye lights on the island of black lava which squats, like a half-submerged monster, in its center: the live baby volcano that rose up from the bottom in historic times. Merely by looking at it you can tell it's loaded. Now, turn around; facing the gently sloping vineyards along the outer rim of Santorin, you've found the reason why 11,000 island people insist on holding on to their precarious habitat.

The patient reader might, at this point, wonder as to the general plan of his Aegean tour. Which islands should he visit, in what order? Alas, there is no simple answer to that question. Most of the islands can be reached by boat, but right there is the rub.

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The twenty-odd mixed-passenger-and-cargo ships plying between the islands and Piraeus belong to different companies and follow their own routes. You soon discover, as you try to juggle dates and places inside an Athens travel bureau—there's a helpful branch of the American Express—that islands A and B, next to each other on your map, are serviced by two or three different steamship lines, and that, if you want to visit both of them, you'll have to go back to Piraeus and start out afresh. Some services are daily, some less frequent. Moreover, much of your traveling is done by night, and this is "backward" Greece; no more than six or seven of those ships afford the kind of comfort most Americans expect. The typical interisland boat is overcrowded with men, women and children stretched out to sleep among their colorful belongings, a sheep or two tied up on deck, a noisy party going on somewhere, and refuse piling up in every corner. It takes a cheerful disposition and strong nerves.

Cheer up; there's one way out of what may prove too strong a dose of romance: a cruise. Two well-appointed cruise ships make the rounds of the Aegean during the summer months. What you will get, for fifty dollars and up, is a well-packaged, four-and-a-half-day tour of the more interesting islands; no fussing with strange food and a strange language, and no more inconvenience than a donkey ride on shore. One aspect of these tours which is no doubt responsible for their success is their dual dimension—time and space, the storied and the merely beautiful. Among the high points are a call at Patmos, the rocky isle of the Apocalypse, where tourists may inspect the somber grotto that sheltered the Apostle John; Kos, cradle of the doctor's trade, with the enormous plane tree in whose shade Hippocrates examined patients; and Crete, isle of the labyrinth, where you may have your picture taken perched on King Minos' roughhewn seat of stone, the oldest throne of Europe.

Unhappily, many a lesser paradise remains on the wrong side of your horizon—among them Skiathos and Skyros, the deep-green jewels of the Northern Sporades, where you would find some of the finest beaches in the whole Aegean. Still farther north lie thickly wooded Thasos, and lonely Samothrace, home of the Winged Victory; and, off the Asiatic coast, idyllic Lesbos, "burning Sappho's" isle, and drowsy Chios, where orange gardens crowd the steaming plain, and mountain flowers bloom in rich profusion on the steep hillsides of the chaste interior.

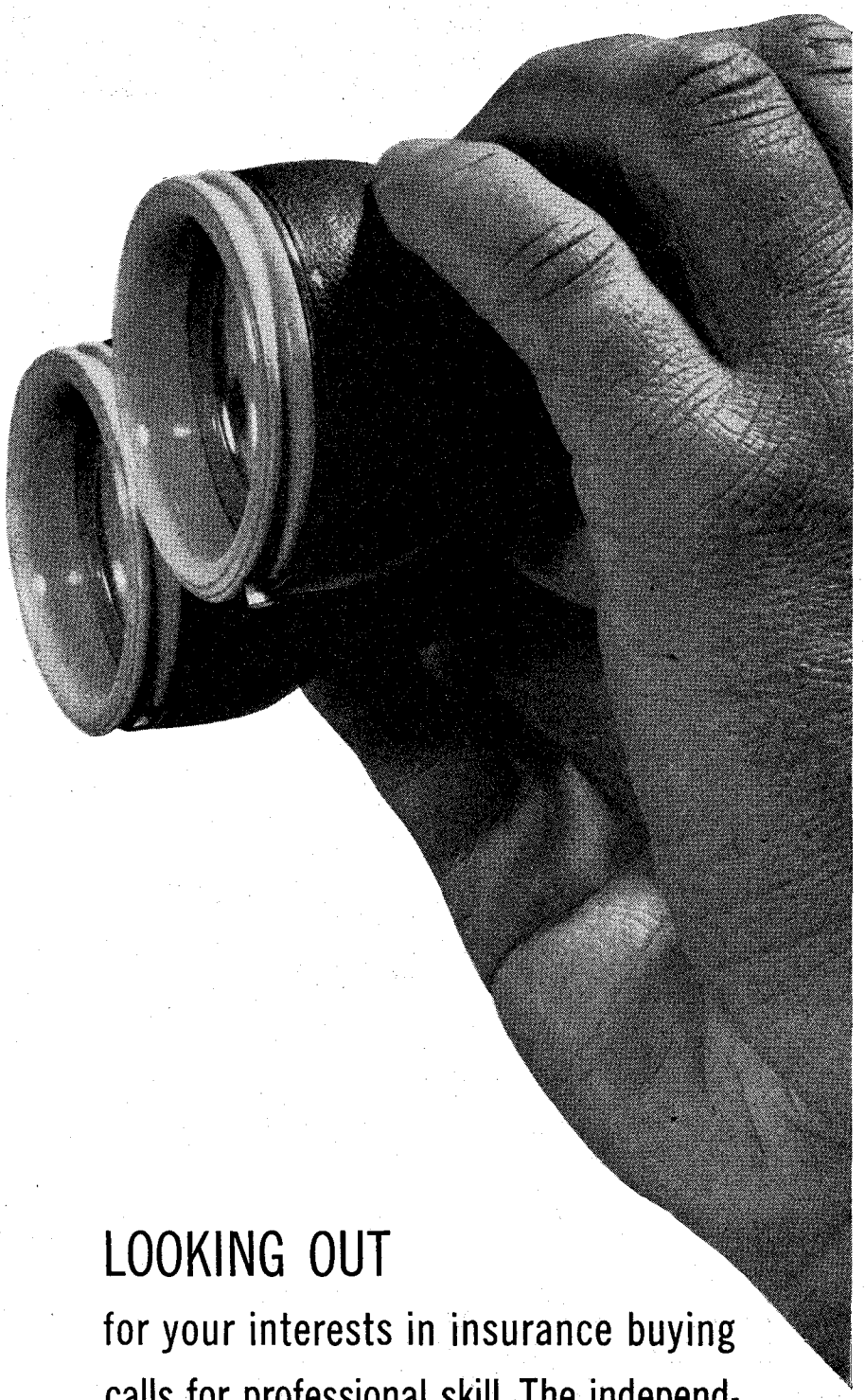
Each of these islands has its own well-defined personality. Each of them would reward the voyager with unexpected beauty. The only problem is getting around to them. The Greeks themselves, devoted island hoppers since Homeric times, will tell you that you'd need more than a lifetime to take the measure of their sea. "For the last twenty years," said one Athenian lady, "I've visited a few new islands every summer, and I still know barely half of them."

Charter a yacht? Why not? There is something to be said for the idea of skimming through this dream world in a dream boat of your own, picking your islands off the map and doing your sun-bathing, swimming, spear-fishing and loafing in blissful and aseptic isolation. What better family vacation can you think of? Mid-April to mid-June, and early autumn, hold the best promise for smooth sailing in the Aegean Sea, and in the windy summer months you might retreat up the Adriatic coast, past the Ionian Isles, and disembark at Venice.

You have the choice of all kinds of craft, from the converted fishing boat to the high-powered schooner. One saucy sixty-footer, the Aegean, is operated by a Harvard man and ex-U.S. Marine Corps colonel, Howard Fuller, who charters her a few times every year "to pay for upkeep." She carries, as a rule, a crew of four, including Skipper Fuller, is lavishly equipped with fishing gear and takes six (*Continued on Page 119*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now if you can give me a few bucks to have it framed."



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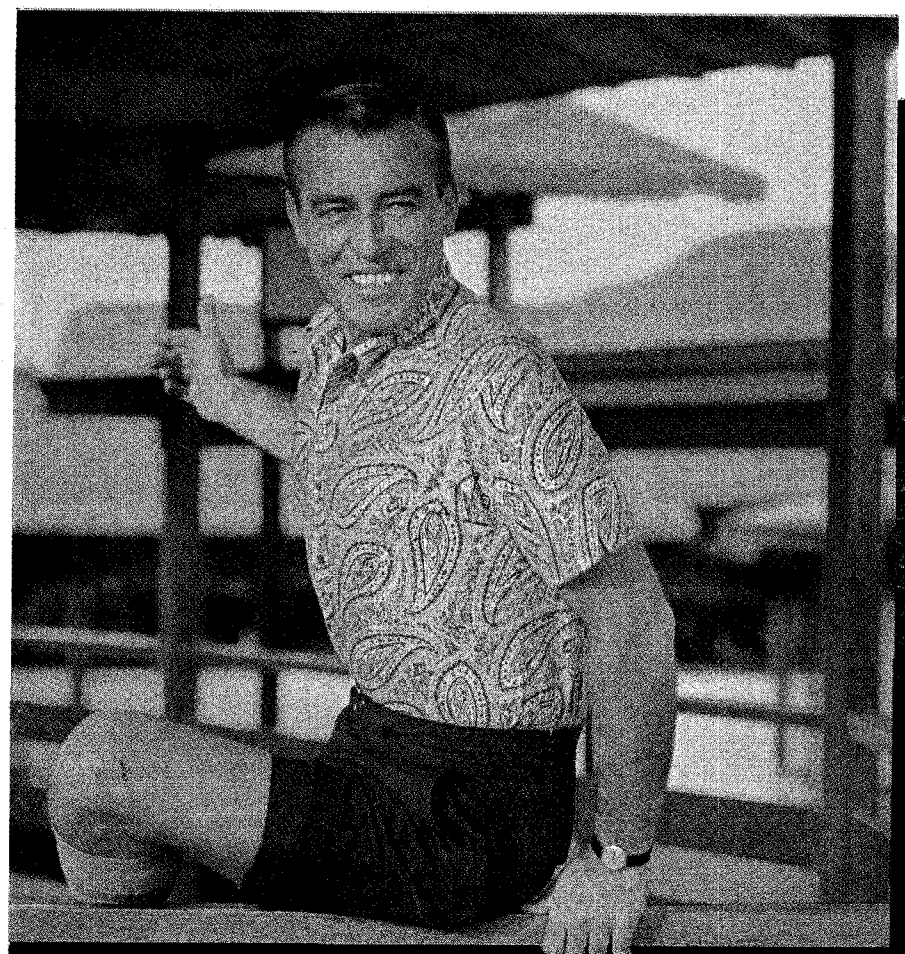

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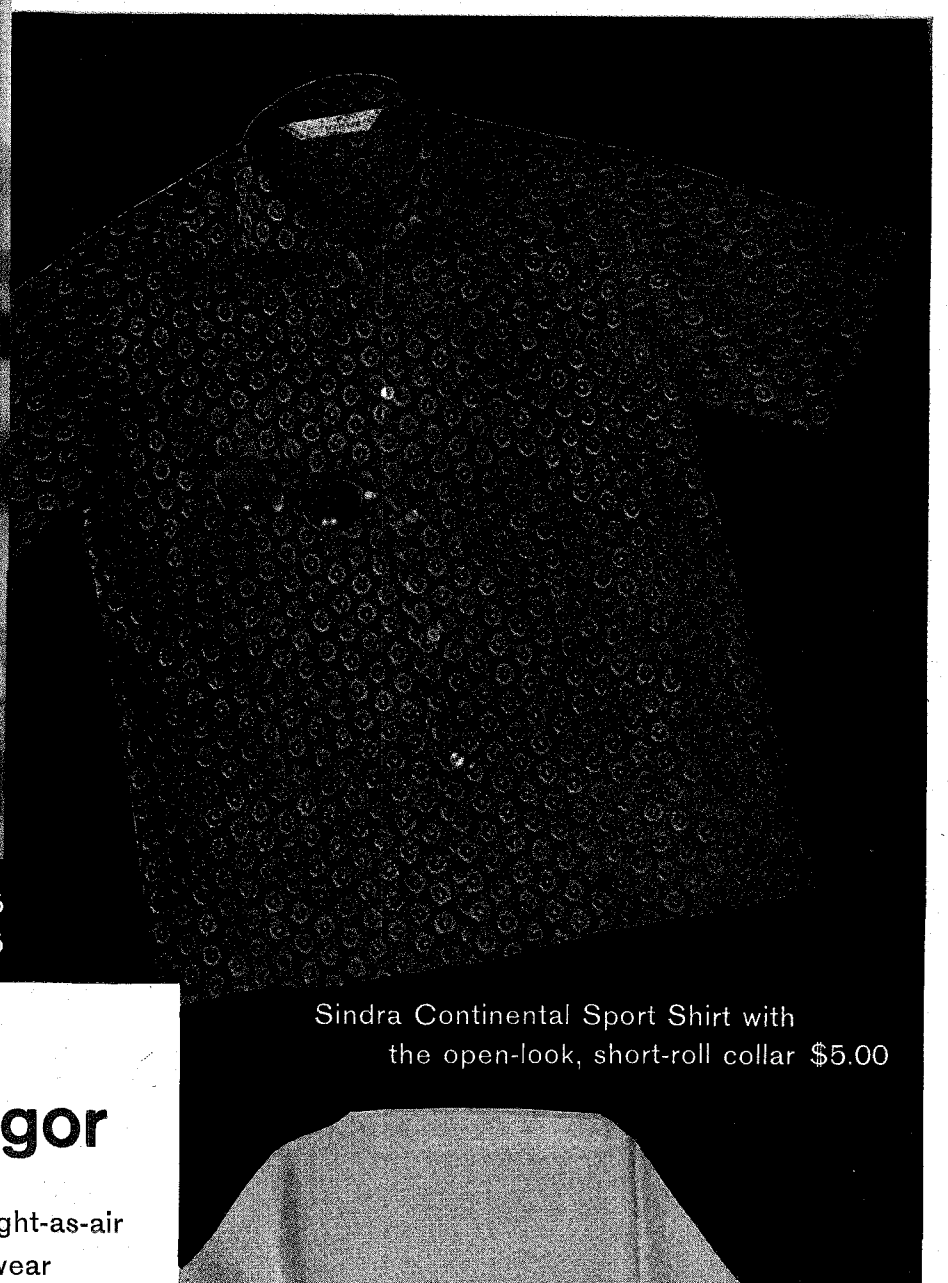

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(*Continued from Page 117*) passengers. An early-morning swim, breakfast on deck, a ride in the transparent dinghy, a nap, another splash, another island—the price: twenty-one dollars a day per passenger, no extras.

If what you had in mind was something slightly less ambitious—a sedentary holiday with wife and children—the place you want is Rhodes. There are good reasons why this large, flounder-shaped island off the Turkish coast is rapidly emerging as the No. 1 American vacation spot in this part of the world. An Italian possession until the end of World War II, Rhodes still retains, from its Italian days, a worldly air and a great deal of style. With the exception, possibly, of Corfu in the Ionian Sea, it has more class than any other island under the Greek flag. And it's a one-hundred-minute plane ride out of Athens.

Rhodes, you can tell at once, is a resort. With its great splash of brilliant flowers, its shops and restaurants, its well-groomed beaches and its luxury hotels, it is prepared for you. Where Mykonos' Bohemian flavor attracts the fancy-free whose pleasures must be improvised, Rhodes is for those who like their days well circumscribed. And just to prove that you are not in Southern California or Bermuda, there is a walled medieval town built by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; in the back country, you will find one of the loveliest Greek temples in existence, and, farther on, the Valley of the Butterflies, where thousands of pink moths rise up like clouds of smoke in one of the freak spectacles of nature.

Enough—we've crisscrossed the Aegean Sea from north to south, from Greece to Asia Minor, and our time is up. It was, perhaps, not what we had expected; with few exceptions, the islands are distinctly primitive, and pioneering isn't everybody's cup of tea. It's true, the Greeks, depending heavily on tourist dollars, are trying hard to open up more islands every year. Already you will find clean, adequate hotels in many a forgotten little harbor, roads now cut into mountainsides untrodden heretofore by anything but mule or donkey, and there are laudable attempts to improve interisland-steamer services. Still Greece has a long way to go before the spoiled-brat traveler finds what, in most parts of the world, he takes for granted.

And, once the islands are "developed," once tourism is fully "organized," will an Aegean Odyssey still have the rare, elusive charm it has today? For those who like their beauty undiluted, the islands are the thing. The time is now.

The Untold Story of Little Rock (Continued from Page 32)

replied at last, "then I will tell you what I am going to do."

The school board had asked me to talk to United States District Judge John E. Miller and to Police Chief Marvin Potts as well as to Faubus. I asked Judge Miller if he would state publicly that he would tolerate no interference with peaceful implementation of the integration plan which his court had approved. He was sympathetic but declined, saying he would deal with any problems as they arose.

Police Chief Potts obviously was opposed to desegregation, but he was a man of integrity. "I'll carry out my oath of office," he told me. "The police will protect life and property and preserve the peace. But let me make clear that I do not regard it as my job to integrate the schools."

Later Potts and I worked with Negro parents to assure protection of students en route to Central High School, and the chief persuaded all adult Negroes to remain away from the school area on opening day, which was all that prevented a race riot.

When I reported back to the school board on my efforts, I said that there was no question as to what Judge Miller and Chief Potts would do in an emergency. "But," I added, "Governor Faubus is unpredictable. I don't know what he will do. I believe it would be advisable for the entire board to meet with him."

The president, Dr. William G. Cooper, Jr., and other members of the board agreed; but, before a meeting could be arranged the biggest and most effective blow of the anti-integration campaign was struck by the Citizens' Council of Arkansas which invited Gov. Marvin Griffin, of Georgia, to speak at a ten-dollar-a-plate dinner in Little Rock on August twenty-second. The council obviously hoped Griffin would stir up maximum public prejudice and, especially, put the final ounce of pressure on Faubus. Griffin may or may not have seen an opportunity to make a fall guy out of Faubus by encouraging him to defy the Federal Government at Little Rock—and thus delay a showdown on integration in Georgia.

In any event, Faubus told me he wished Griffin would stay at home because he could "only muddy the issue."

"Didn't you invite him here?" I asked.

The 1957 Little Rock School Board. Seated (from left) are Harold Engstrom, Pres. William Cooper and R. A. Lile. At rear are Henry Rath, Dale Alford (now a U.S. congressman) and Wayne Upton, secretary.

"No," the governor said. "I haven't talked to him and I don't know whether I should entertain him while he's here."

"Why don't you telephone and ask him to stay away?"

"I'll think about it," Faubus said.

When Griffin arrived in a Georgia National Guard airplane he was put up at the governor's guest house, a fact that he repeatedly emphasized in public remarks. Faubus did not attend the dinner for Griffin because of a previous engagement, but he had breakfast with him the next morning at the governor's mansion.

The dinner for Griffin was attended by about 300 persons—many from out of town—and his speech was frequently interrupted by cheers and rebel yells. He attacked the Supreme Court and urged the South to resist integration by every legal means. He praised "this courageous group of Arkansas patriots" fighting for States' rights. But his main purpose was to imply—incorrectly—that the Arkansas state government could legally stop integration by the "Georgia formula."

Georgia had set up legal machinery to provide grants on an equal basis to citizens so they could provide for education of their own children without mixed schools, he said, "if, as and when the Federal Government prohibits operation of our schools. . . . If the public schools in Georgia are destroyed, the onus will be on the Federal court."

In Arkansas there was no such legal machinery, and the governor had no power at that time to close the schools. Yet, Griffin's speech was tremendously effective propaganda. Afterward, it was harder to deal with Faubus, and he remarked to me that Griffin's speech had "more to do with solidifying feeling against the integration plan than anything that has happened." He said he was being deluged with letters and calls from people who asked, "If Georgia has no plan to integrate, why do we?" That weekend an eight-foot-high cross was burned at the home of the state president of the N.A.A.C.P., and a sign found nearby said, GO BACK TO AFRICA—K.K.K.

We went ahead with preparations for integration. On Sunday, August twenty-fifth, for example, the nine children who had already enrolled at my office as the first Negroes to attend Central High were present at a meeting of about 500 Negro citizens at Dunbar Community Center. Upton and I attended the meeting and heard Negro leaders discuss at length all aspects of good citizenship and the responsibilities of the Negro students as well as the parents. Then, on Tuesday,

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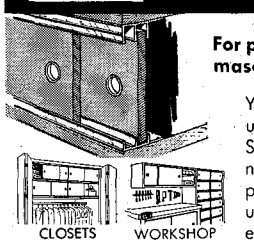

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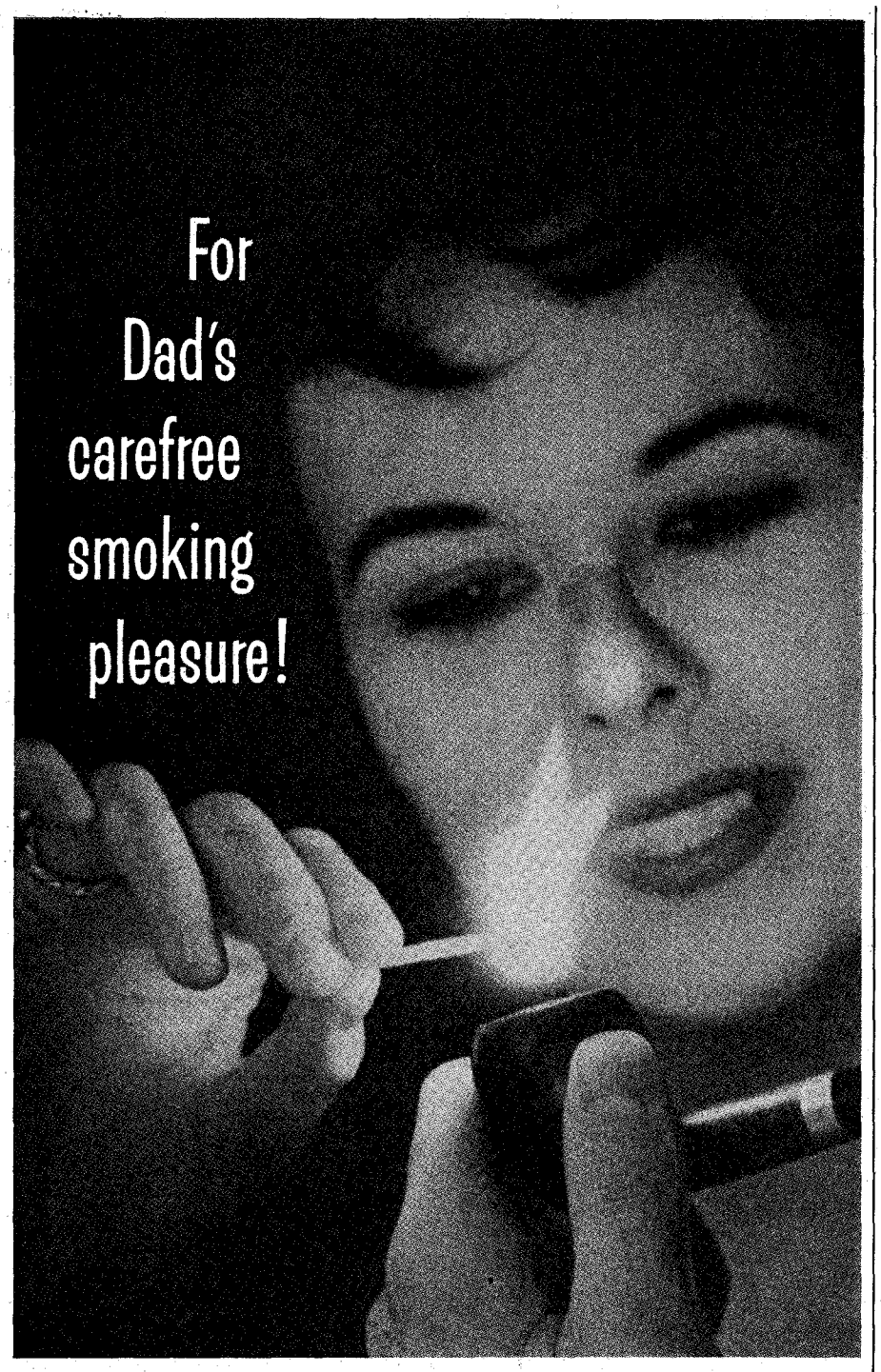

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THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH

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August twenty-seventh, the entire school board and Attorney A. F. House had a luncheon meeting with Faubus at a local hotel. It was just a week before school opened.

The governor was pleasant enough at first. Doctor Cooper, as president of the board, explained that we were not worried about the people of Little Rock causing any violence, but that we felt the need for support of the state government in event outsiders caused any trouble. "Will you," he asked, "issue a public statement that you will use state forces to uphold law and order, if necessary?"

The governor responded vaguely, but as the discussion went on he said he didn't know whether to issue a statement, because he felt that there should be a delay—that more time was needed before integration was initiated.

"How can there be a delay?" House asked. "We are under orders of the court, and if we delay we will be in contempt of court."

"If a state court suit were started," Faubus said, "it would mean delay. The school board could go into state court and seek further delay."

In this exchange, Faubus also remarked that the board and the school superintendent were "protected"—presumably from political or public retaliation—by the fact that they were acting under court order, but that he had no such protection.

House replied that the board wanted to co-operate in any legitimate way, but he added, "Under no circumstances will the board enter into collusion with a state agency to counteract the Federal court order. And if a court suit is brought we will have to fight it. And . . . it will not be a token fight."

Faubus' jaw tightened. "Well," he exclaimed, getting up to leave the room, "I will get a court suit! The chancellor will enjoin the board and the board can use that as an excuse for not going forward with the plan."

The next day a suit, brought in the name of Mrs. Clyde Thomason, recording secretary of the Mothers' League of Little Rock Central High School, was filed in Chancery Court, seeking a temporary injunction against school integration.

The action was heard two days later before Chancellor Murray O. Reed, with Mrs. Thomason as the first witness before a crowded court room. Mrs. Thomason testified that persons whom she declined to identify, even privately to the judge, had told her "in strict confidence" that violence was "brewing" in connection with opening of school the following Tuesday. She had heard "rumors that two gangs are forming, one of white boys and the other colored boys," and that one gang had guns and knives.

"The mothers are terrified," she concluded, "and are afraid to send their children to Central High School."

Police Chief Potts, Doctor Cooper and I also testified. Potts said he had found no evidence of planned violence, and Doctor Cooper said none was expected. I explained preparations being made for school opening and said I had been assured the police would be ready to act if necessary, although no violence was anticipated. We made clear, however, that we did not know what might be planned by persons from outside Little Rock.

But the main witness of the day was Governor Faubus himself, who had been subpoenaed by the plaintiff. As he walked into the tense courtroom, a young mother rushed up to him with her hands clasped and cried: "Governor, just see that there isn't any violence! We don't want our children mixed up in violence!"

Faubus testified that, to his personal knowledge, revolvers had been taken from both white and Negro students, but he did not elaborate. He said that until a month previous he had believed that Little Rock residents, while opposed to desegregation, were prepared to respect the Supreme Court's order. But, he continued, there had been a change recently, particularly since the visit of Governor Griffin, and he was now of the opinion that it was the worst possible time to start school integration. He noted that spokesmen for the segregationists disavowed violence, but that "a crowd can assemble with the best intentions and become a mob just because of two or three hotheaded people." This, he said, was not a matter that could be safely left in the hands of school officials.

In this way the governor put himself on the side of the White Citizens' Council and, as the Arkansas Gazette said editorially, "abjectly surrendered when it was no longer possible to continue straddling the major issue."

Judge Reed put special emphasis on the opinions of the governor in granting the injunction against starting integration. The ruling left the school board dangling between conflicting Federal and state court orders, and Attorney House, on instructions of the board, went immediately to the Federal District Court to ask for instructions. Judge Ronald N. Davies of North Dakota had just arrived on temporary assignment to the Eastern Arkansas District Court, where there had been a vacancy due to retirement, and the case was assigned to him. He agreed to hear it the next day, August thirtieth.

In this period agitators were becoming more and more active in Little Rock and various anonymous threats were telephoned or written to school-board members and to me. Some were obviously from harmless crackpots, but I reported them to the police and once mentioned them to Faubus, who remarked that he was familiar with that kind of thing and they were just threats. I also told him that some months earlier Amis Guthridge, attorney for the Capital Citizens' Council, had told me a group of extremists not connected with the council was planning to "take over with guns" if necessary. He would not mention names.

Then, on the eve of the hearing before Judge Davies, my eldest daughter received a call from an unidentified man. "You girls will not be alive this time tomorrow," he said and hung up. As a result of such threats, the police and the school board advised me to send my family away, and they did go to another town to visit relatives for a few days.

On Friday—four days before school opened—Judge Davies listened to arguments of attorneys for both sides and then nullified the temporary injunction granted by the state court to Mrs. Thomason, ordered the board to proceed with integration on the following Tuesday and issued an injunction of his own restraining all persons from interfering.

That evening the school board once more tried to enlist the aid of the governor, who met with us at a hotel. Gov. Luther Hodges of North Carolina had just issued a warning that he would not tolerate violence in connection with school integration in that state, and we hoped Faubus would follow his example.

"We are concerned only about possible violence from the outside," R. A. Lile, a member of the board, told the governor. "We don't know whether we could get the help of the National Guard if it is needed. But if you would issue a statement like the Hodges' statement, we won't need the National Guard."

"If I make such a statement," Faubus replied, "it would make me look like an integrationist."

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"Well, issue the statement," Upton suggested, "but add that you will use any legal means under the state segregation laws to oppose integration. That will make your position clear."

Faubus was angry, almost belligerent, as he arose to leave. "I don't know what I'll do," he exclaimed, looking at me, "but when I decide I'll tell Virgil."

I was not hopeful. I felt that the segregationist pressure on Faubus had now become almost intolerable, and developments the next day seemed to confirm this. I must go back a little to explain what happened. At one time when the governor had expressed concern about "what the Federals are going to do," I had said to him, "Why don't you ask them?"

"Whom would you talk to?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "the Attorney General is Herbert Brownell."

Faubus did get in touch with the Department of Justice, and late in August a former Arkansan, Arthur B. Caldwell, assistant to the Assistant Attorney General in Washington, arrived in Little Rock and discussed all phases of the integration problem with me. He didn't give me any idea what, if anything, the "Federals" were going to do, but he said he would talk with Faubus and others. And he asked that his visit be kept a close secret.

I heard nothing more about Caldwell's efforts until the day after Judge Davies' order to proceed—Saturday—when big headlines in the local newspaper said that it had been disclosed in Washington that Faubus had conferred with the Department of Justice representative. The disclosure did the governor no good politically, and his quick, angry reaction to Washington's "betrayal" of a confidence indicated the intense pressure to which he was being subjected.

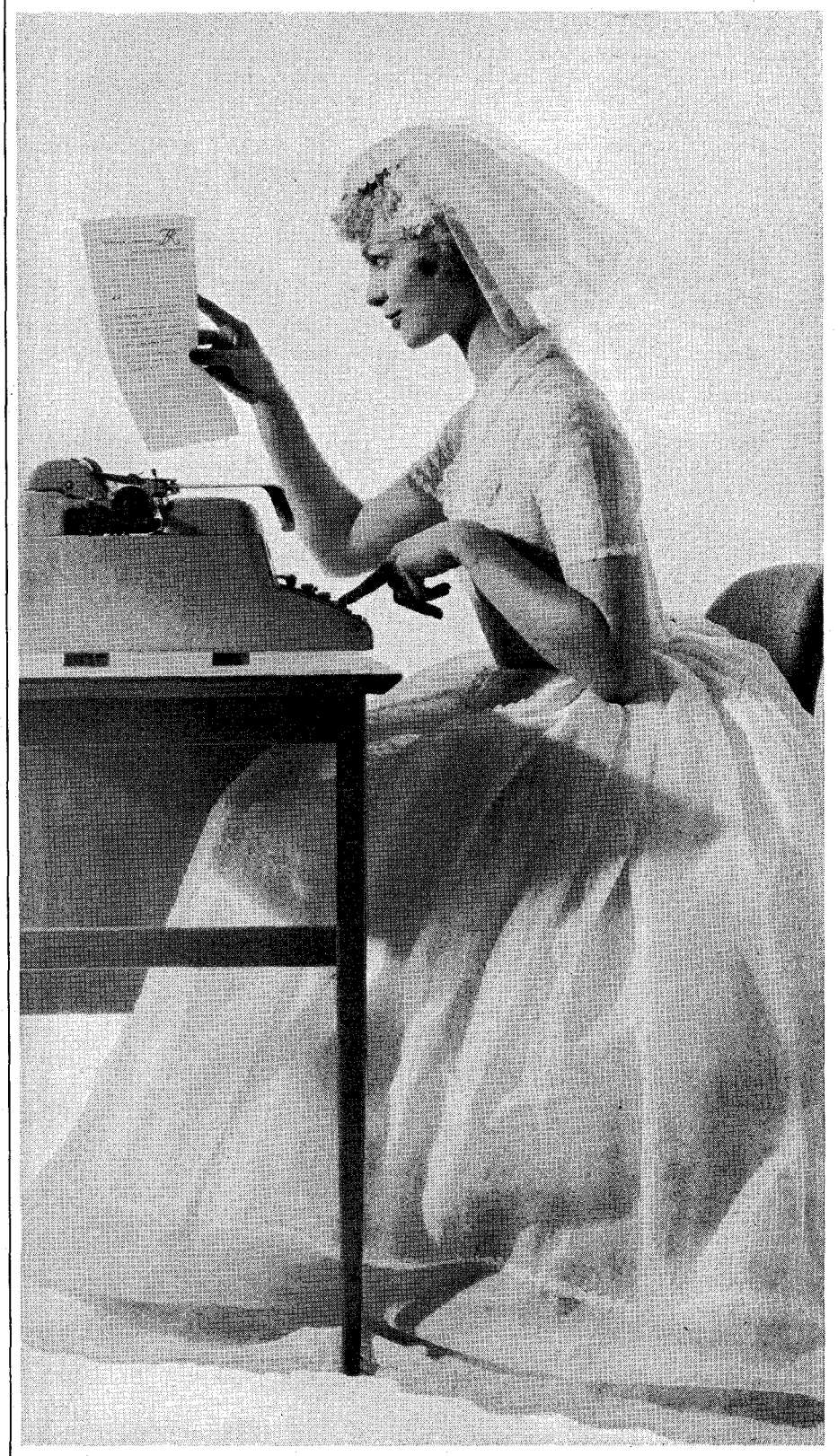
"I wanted to know," he told reporters bitterly, "what, if anything, could be expected from the Federal Government in the way of assistance if disorders occur. This man (Caldwell) talked about court procedures and ended by saying there was virtually nothing they could do to help, except issue court decrees."

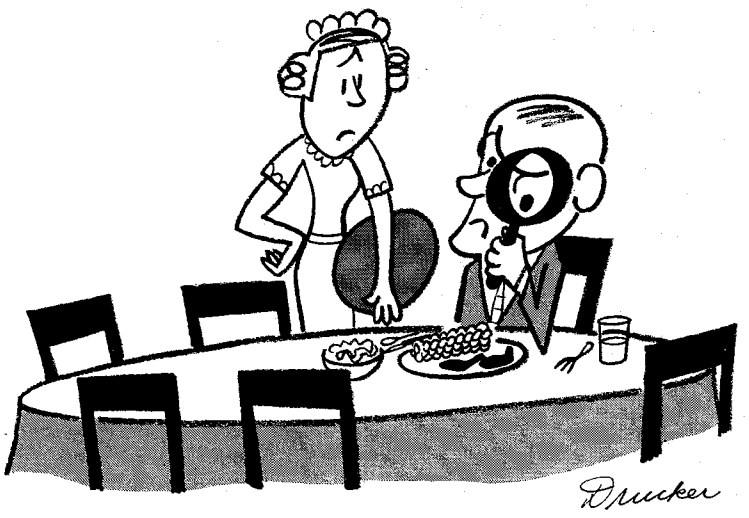
He added that the Federal Government was trying to "make an object lesson" out of Arkansas and "use us to breach the South" on integration. But, he said, the Department of Justice had broken the agreement to keep the Caldwell talks confidential, and "now you can see how much faith you can put in the National Administration." As for the school board's integration plan, he said, "I know the people don't want it."

The school board was meeting every day now in preparation for the opening of school, and on Saturday it issued a formal statement saying that in view of the Federal court orders it was "compelled to proceed with the first phase of desegregation of the schools. We earnestly solicit and confidently expect the understanding and co-operation of all students and adults in the peaceful solution of this problem."

Both Little Rock daily newspapers published editorials urging co-operation. The Arkansas Democrat said the board had "a right to community support" because it had handled the problem "with rare diplomacy and skill." The Arkansas Gazette said it did not believe any organized group would "do violence to school children. . . . The school board is simply carrying out its clear duty—and is doing so in the ultimate best interests of all."

Late Saturday Lile and I were talking about whether it might still be possible to influence Faubus to make a public statement, and we agreed that it might be wise





The Perfect Squelch

The one busy waitress on duty in the small restaurant was doing her best, but her best was not good enough for the fussy little man seated alone at a six-person table. He kept sending her back to the kitchen with special instructions for the cook: The corn must be freshly cut from the cob. Be sure that the pork chops are small and lean. Have the salad dressing prepared with a minimum of oil.

After running the waitress ragged throughout the meal, the man asked loudly for his check and added: "I suppose you must think I'm very particular?"

"Not at all," the waitress replied as she prepared to total the check. "How would you like this, in pencil or in ink?"

Joan C. Ballezza.

Dear Boss,

Just a few words from your departing secretary. Ever since you got me this new brighter, whiter Hammermill Bond, our lives have changed. Haven't your letters simply glowed? Haven't we had a big sales year? Didn't you get promoted? And haven't I been getting out on time for my dates? (That's because Hammermill Bond erases so neatly I didn't have to do your letters over again when I made a mistake.)

Thanks, boss dear, for remembering to ask for Hammermill Bond. Now, will you please wind up that conference? You and I are getting married today. Remember?

HAMMERMILL BOND

Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania

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to ask Winthrop Rockefeller, whom Faubus had made head of the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, to talk to the governor. We telephoned Rockefeller and then drove sixty-five miles to his mountaintop farm, Winrock, to discuss our idea. Rockefeller felt that a peaceful solution of the integration problem was important to the work of the A.I.D.C., and he arranged to confer with Faubus Sunday afternoon. After their talk, Lile and I met him at a hotel. He said, "I don't think I got very far, and I don't know what he's going to do."

Discouraged, I went home and was in bed around ten P.M., but the telephone awakened me half an hour later. It was the governor, asking me to come to the mansion. We talked for about three hours with no one else present. On this occasion, Faubus said that he personally believed we could integrate the senior high school on Tuesday with only minor incidents. He agreed that there was no prospect of violence unless it came from the outside, and he considered that unlikely. He again referred to his "commitments" to use the state segregation laws against integration, but he said he believed that when these laws were overturned by the Federal courts most schools in the state would want to use the Little Rock program as a pattern for integration.

"Governor," I said, "we have worked almost three years to get past this problem peacefully. We will now succeed if only you will issue a statement that you will not tolerate defiance of the law."

He shook his head. "I'll call you," he said, "when I decide. But I'm not going to let you do it"—presumably meaning integration.

On Monday the newspapers were filled with articles and comments on integration plans. There were reports on sermons that had been preached on both sides of the issue. Segregationist leaders, sensing success, sent Faubus telegrams of encouragement. The United States Attorney's office issued a statement that the full resources of the Department of Justice, including the Federal Bureau of Investigation and United States Marshals, stood ready to investigate any complaints of interference with Federal court orders. Faubus told reporters he had heard new reports of possible violence but said that rumors he would declare martial law were "strictly rumors." A former chief justice of the state supreme court said in a Labor Day speech at Prairie Grove that "unless cool heads prevail there is danger of bloodshed" at Little Rock. Tension was so high that eight of the seventeen Negro students who had enrolled and been approved to attend Central High came to my office and withdrew. The remaining nine and 2000 white children prepared to start the school term on Tuesday.

At noon on Monday I talked with Police Chief Potts, and he asked me to find out from the governor whether he would make the National Guard available if it were needed and, if so, whom the police should call in an emergency. I was unable to reach the governor immediately by telephone, and then I was tied up in my office until about 2:30 P.M. At that time, my secretary, Mrs. Marguerite Warr, told me that an anonymous telephone call had just been received that several extremist segregation leaders from other parts of the state had arrived or would soon arrive in Little Rock with more than 150 others who were "out to get Blossom."

Mrs. Warr was pale and shaken as she gave me the message. Fred Graham, my assistant superintendent, looked at me and asked, "Shall I lock the front door?"

"No," I answered. "Call the police and ask them to investigate."

I went back into my office and again tried to call the governor, but was not able to get him until after the police had arrived and Lt. Carl Jackson was sitting beside my desk. I told Faubus that the police chief wanted to know if the National Guard would be available in an emergency and whom he should call if he needed help. I also mentioned the anonymous warning I had received and asked him where I could get in touch with the director of state police in an emergency.

"Do you need protection?" the governor asked.

"I don't know whether I do or not," I said. "Lieutenant Jackson is sitting here beside me."

"Do you need protection?" he repeated.

"Do you think I need protection?"

"I wish you would write me a letter asking for it," he said.

"You know I won't do that," I replied and hung up the telephone. Turning to Jackson, I said, "I think Governor Faubus himself is behind this program of intimidation." Then I realized that the governor had not answered any of the questions I had asked him.

That evening officers of the police department met with the school board for a final check of plans. They told us they had not been able to find any signs of impending trouble and believed the telephone warning to me was without foundation. While we were discussing plans for the next day, I was called to the telephone. It was a newspaperman.

"The governor has just called out the National Guard!" he said. "They're on the move to Central High right now, and Faubus says he will go on television at 10:15 P.M. to make a statement."

I informed the board and, upon checking, we learned that guardsmen had started surrounding the school grounds at about 8:30 P.M. We did not, of course, then know what orders had been given the troops, but we were hopeful that the governor's television speech would make his position clear. We listened tensely as he began his explanation to the people.

He said the guardsmen would not act as segregationists or integrationists. But then he asserted that since Friday "evidence of discord, anger and resentment has come from so many sources as to become a deluge." He said that I had appealed to him for help, that a telephone campaign "of massive proportions" was under way urging mothers of white children to assemble at Central High early Tuesday, that "caravans" of persons from other parts of the state were moving "peaceably" on the city, that there was an unusually large sale of weapons in the Little Rock area and that litigation over validity of the state segregation laws had not been concluded.

"We are faced . . . with forcible integration of public schools against the overwhelming sentiment of the people of the area," he continued. "The attempt will bring about widespread disorder and violence. . . . It is my . . . conviction that it will not be possible to restore or to maintain order. . . . The inevitable conclusion, therefore, must be that the schools . . . for the time being must be operated on the same basis as they have been operated in the past. . . .The public peace will be preserved."

The governor's position was still slightly muddled when he finished. He had said the guardsmen would not take sides, but there was little doubt that he was acting to prevent integration. The school board, although still under Federal court orders to proceed with integration, issued a public statement that night requesting Negro students for their own safety not to attempt to enter Central High the next morning.

Later—about two A.M. Tuesday morning—Maj. Gen. Sherman T. Clinger, state adjutant general, came to my office to discuss procedure when school opened. I asked him whether everybody entering the school would need special identification of some kind.

"Well," he replied, "no Negroes will be permitted to enter."

"Does that include janitors and cooks and maids?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Those are orders from my chief, and I intend to carry them out."

As members of my staff and I worked all night on emergency measures for physical operation of the school, I felt that the governor was not just acting to prevent integration, but to keep the school from opening under any conditions. The segregationists had pushed him over the brink. When, at dawn, I saw the soldiers standing almost shoulder to shoulder around Central High School, I felt that—under the pressure and propaganda and threats and flattery of extremist leaders—Faubus had struck a blow that would do more than anything else to convince the people they did not have to obey the law. No Negroes appeared at the school, but about 500 white persons gathered, and an air of defiance spread among them.

The school board had no choice except to report to Judge Davies what it had done and to ask if it should rescind its request to Negro students to remain away from school. Wasting no time, the judge noted that Faubus had said the troops were called out only to maintain order. Then he instructed the board to "put into effect forthwith" its integration plan. The board announced that Central High would be open to Negro students the next day.

The governor was still trying to pretend he was not openly defying the Federal Government. He told reporters that evening that he didn't know whether the guardsmen would be ordered to admit Negro students to the school. But at eight o'clock the next morning—Wednesday—a slight, dusky girl wearing sunglasses and a freshly ironed white dress and carrying school books under her arm found her approach to the school building blocked by a solid row of soldiers wearing helmets and with billy clubs on their hips. The guardsmen stared straight ahead and said nothing.

Looking neither to the right nor left, the girl turned and crossed the street. She walked a few steps and then recrossed toward the main school entrance. Again the guardsmen lining the sidewalk pressed together to block her path and she swerved to walk steadily down the line of troops, seeking an opening to the school grounds. She found none.

Suddenly, about 200 white adults farther down the street saw her and broke into a run to intercept her line of march, shouting, "Don't let her in our school—that nigger!" . . . "Why don't you go to your own school?"

A woman lunged at the girl, crying, "Go back where you came from!" But a guardsman pushed her back.

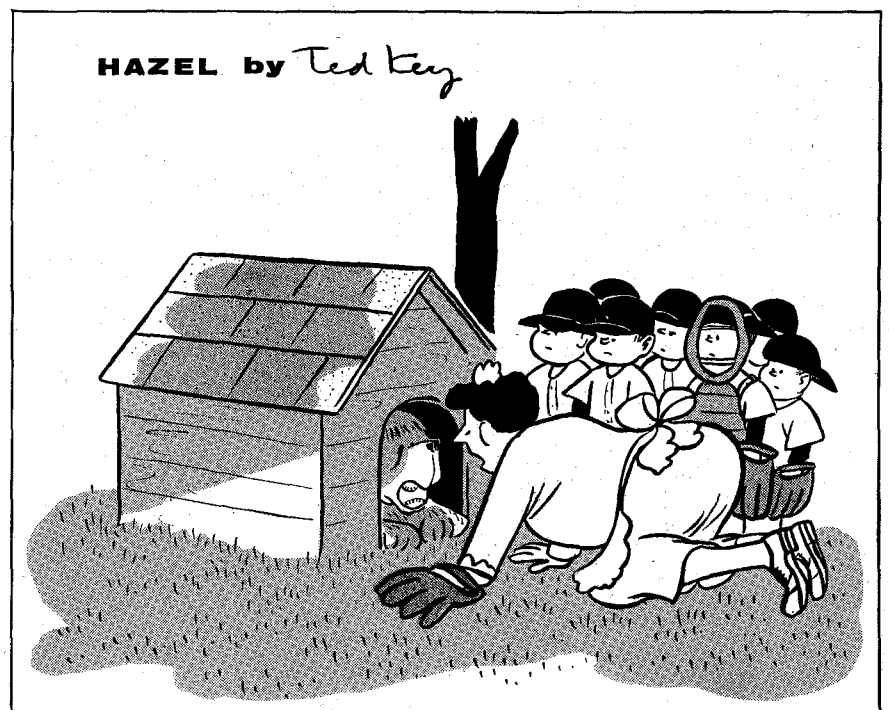
Trembling, but never losing her dignity, the Negro girl made a third vain effort to walk through the line of soldiers. She walked back across the street and sat down on a bus-stop bench at the corner. Some of the crowd followed, shouting abuse. A newspaper reporter learned only that her name was Elizabeth Eckford, that she was fifteen years old, and legally enrolled in Central High School. A bus came along and she climbed aboard.

That was the pattern of the first, futile day of "integration." Eight other Negro students, all fully approved and enrolled, appeared later, but none got through the line of guardsmen. A few demonstrators attempted to reach the Negro children but the soldiers were quick to intervene and, when white youths were involved, they were searched for weapons and then thrust back into the crowd. No effort was made to disperse the demonstrators and, as the morning wore on, segregation extremists became jubilant because they realized nobody would interfere with them unless they committed acts of violence. Conditions were ideal for rule by the mob.

Governor Faubus still insisted he had called out the National Guard only to preserve the peace. But if anybody had any doubt as to his true purpose, it was resolved when a reporter heard a National Guard officer ask one of the soldiers if he remembered what his orders were.

"Yes, sir," the soldier replied briskly. "Keep the niggers out!"

In his fourth article, next week, Mr. Blossom describes the nightmarish incidents of the first week of classes. —THE EDITORS



"Speaking for the club . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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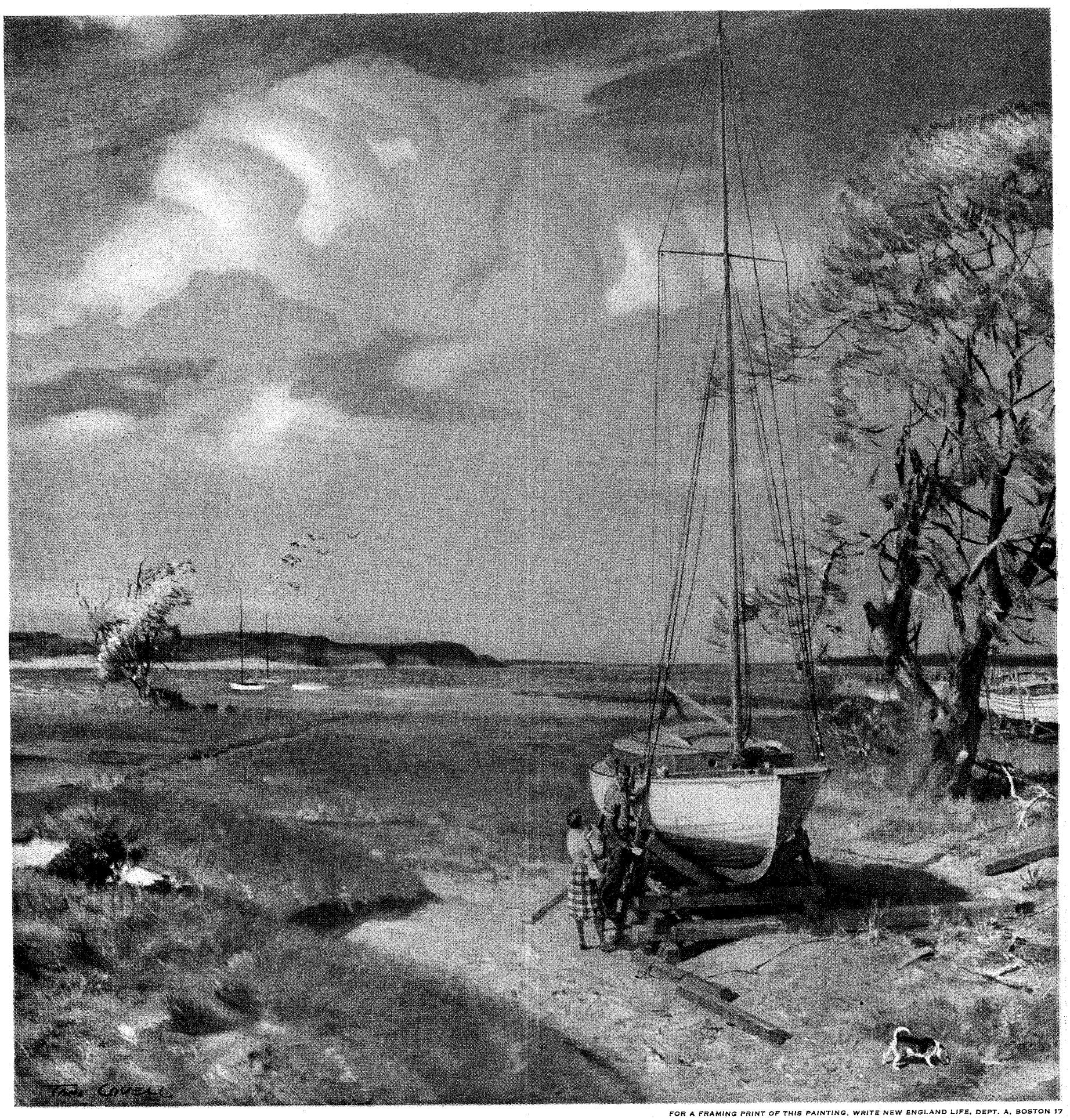

FOR A FRAMING PRINT OF THIS PAINTING, WRITE NEW ENGLAND LIFE, DEPT. A, BOSTON 17

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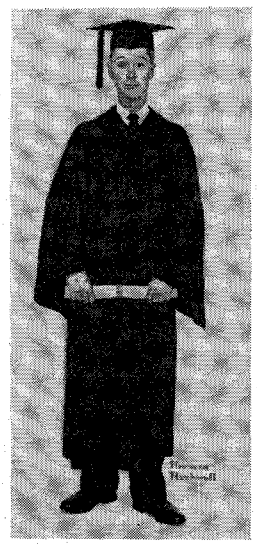
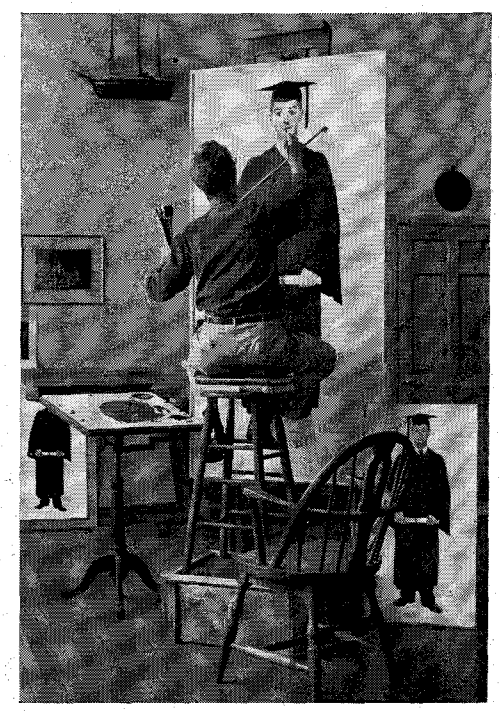
Keeping Posted



Bewilderment

Quiet Confidence

Loud Confidence



Norman Rockwell and skyscraper painting.

Norman Rockwell Up in the Air

Norman Rockwell elected to make a life-size painting of the cap-and-gowner on this week's cover, and in the photo you see a rear elevation of the artist working on the upper story of his composition. Before tackling this final phase of his task, he submitted to the art department sketches in which the young graduate expressed different types of character and varying attitudes toward the state of the world. There was unanimous agreement on one of them, the reason for which is set forth in the cover commentary on page 3. By examining those reproductions of the sketches, you can see if you also agree.

When Norman was asked if he ever toppled off that stool while reaching down for more paint—which would tend to land him head first on his palette—he explained that when the photo was taken he was just making a few finishing touches; the table was extended upward for long sessions aloft. To paint the lower details he came downstairs and sat in the chair. Many painters vacillate between large and medium-size canvases for reasons of technique and mood, but Rockwell reports a motive of loyalty for this colossal production. Since he did not have to paint any background—the newspaper backdrop was provided by editors—he felt he should give the Post its money's worth in square feet.

Compassionate Warriors

F. de Sales Meyers' wartime article on page 24, telling how men can be compassionate at the same time they are destroying one another, is his first published writing, and he is very excited about this. The event he describes occurred while he was a sailor on the United States submarine Hammerhead, while making war patrols northward out of Perth, Australia. Although he takes deep satisfaction in his present work as librarian at a tuberculosis sanitarium at Mt. Wilson, Maryland, Meyers says that sometimes of an evening he feels vaguely nervous and excited, which he figures to be a psychological hang-over from his prewar profession of dance-band musician. He writes in longhand because he can't think in the neighborhood of a typewriter. His wife Peggy does the typing, and daughter Kathy, aged two, helps more or less.

The Girl Grew Taller

Alice Lake (short), daughter Ellen (perfect).

Alice Lake's (page 20) article about doctors who specialize in children's growth evolved gradually after a period of anxiety about her daughter Ellen. Mrs. L., who is five feet three and a half inches, has short forebears, while her husband, six feet one, comes from a tall family. When Ellen reached her twelfth birthday she already was looking down to talk to her mother, and at thirteen she was five feet seven. Then the young lady—without resort to doctors, but probably with the hereditary help of two aunts who had developed similarly—proceeded to relieve parental concern; at fourteen she seems to have stopped growing at five feet eight—just about perfect, wouldn't you say? Mrs. Lake adds an unlikely postscript: "Ellen and I can still wear each other's clothes—more accurately, she wears mine." One day the author went downtown in her favorite tweed skirt—having rescued it from her daughter's closet—and a friend of Ellen greeted her with, "Oh, you've got on Ellen's skirt."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"How We Broke the Montana Prison Riot"

By the prison sociologist who faced death as a hostage.

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